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PICTORIAL REVIEW

DECEMBER 1934

A.N.C. P.D.C. SUBS.
Lucile Patterson Marsh

Martha Ostenso Selma Lagerlöf
Eleanore Griffin Gerald Mygatt
Dr. William S. Woods
R. C. Washburn

TEN CENTS

PRINTED IN CANADA

The TIGER in the House

Drawn from life by Dan Smith

> "The daily use of a mouth wash," says one noted medical authority, "will prevent much of the sickness which is so common in the mouth, nose, and throat. Children should be taught the disinfection of the mouth from their earliest years."

YOU call it a cold, but physicians call it the Tiger in the House because their experience teaches them how potentially dangerous a cold really is; how often it may lead to prolonged ill-health.

Unchecked, a cold may run through entire families. Unless treated, it frequently leads to sinus, ear, and mastoid trouble, as well as bronchitis and pneumonia (particularly in the case of babies). Eighty per cent of acute illnesses in children up to 5 are due to respiratory infections. Every year colds cause industry a loss estimated to be between $450,000,000 and $2,000,000,000.

The cause of colds, many scientists now believe, is a filtrable virus, invisible but potent. It lodges in the mouth and throat, which also welcome millions of the equally dangerous "secondary invaders"—the pneumonia, streptococcus and influenza germs. These often complicate a cold, make it dangerous.

Gargle Listerine

Recognizing the throat as the breeding ground of bacteria, it is evident that the daily use of an antiseptic is of vital importance. Many authorities declare it a valuable precaution against disease.

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DEC.-1934 Vol. XXXVI. No. 3

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Scoop!

CAROLINE MILLER

Winner of the Pulitzer Prize for her novel
"LAMB IN HIS BOSOM"

will present in the January issue of Pictorial Review her very first short story

Also in January: Kathleen Norris, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Irvin S. Cobb, Fannie Ferber Fox and more fiction, and some startling special features

HOW CAN WE KEEP A SECRET AND TELL IT, TOO? For quite a while—for as far back as those mean and sultry days of early July—we have been busy, busy, busy arranging for Pictorial Review new and enlarged editorial plans for the year 1935. There have been so *many* meetings, consultations, conferences: with the great authors of the world, so that, beginning next month, they would be *your* authors, in Pictorial Review; with the finest illustrators here and in Europe, so that, beginning next month, their broad and colorful canvases would be yours to behold, in Pictorial Review; with news gatherers—alert men and women in the know—who, beginning January, will bring to you via Pictorial Review the important events and the pleasant gossip from crossroad towns and village streets, from national capitals and fashionable boulevards.

This labor, this planning, have been our deep and happy secret. As one of the more famous magazines of America since the turn of the century, Pictorial Review deserves the loving care which has gone into the building of the program for the ensuing year.

From the housetops we'd like to shout the details of our secret: to tell you all about the stories to be found in the very next issue, to tell about all the splendid special features which we know will delight you. We'd like to take the full length of this page and more to discuss the exciting fashion information which the January issue will set forth, or the surprising but sensible articles that have to do with home and the making and the remaking of the home.

We'd like to have you know that Caroline Miller, whose novel "Lamb in His Bosom" won the famous Pulitzer Prize but a few months ago, will have her very, very first short story in Pictorial Review for January and that it will represent the great literary sensation of the new year. And that Mary Roberts Rinehart (who would get *several* Pulitzer prizes if *we* had anything to do with it) will be in the January issue with a marvelous new feature, and that Kathleen Norris will be there too with one of the most beautiful stories ever written, and . . .

So we're beginning to give our secret away! But what you have just read is so small a part, just so very little of what you may expect, that the secret practically is still all ours. In January, and the pleasant months to follow, it will be entirely yours.

THE EDITORS.

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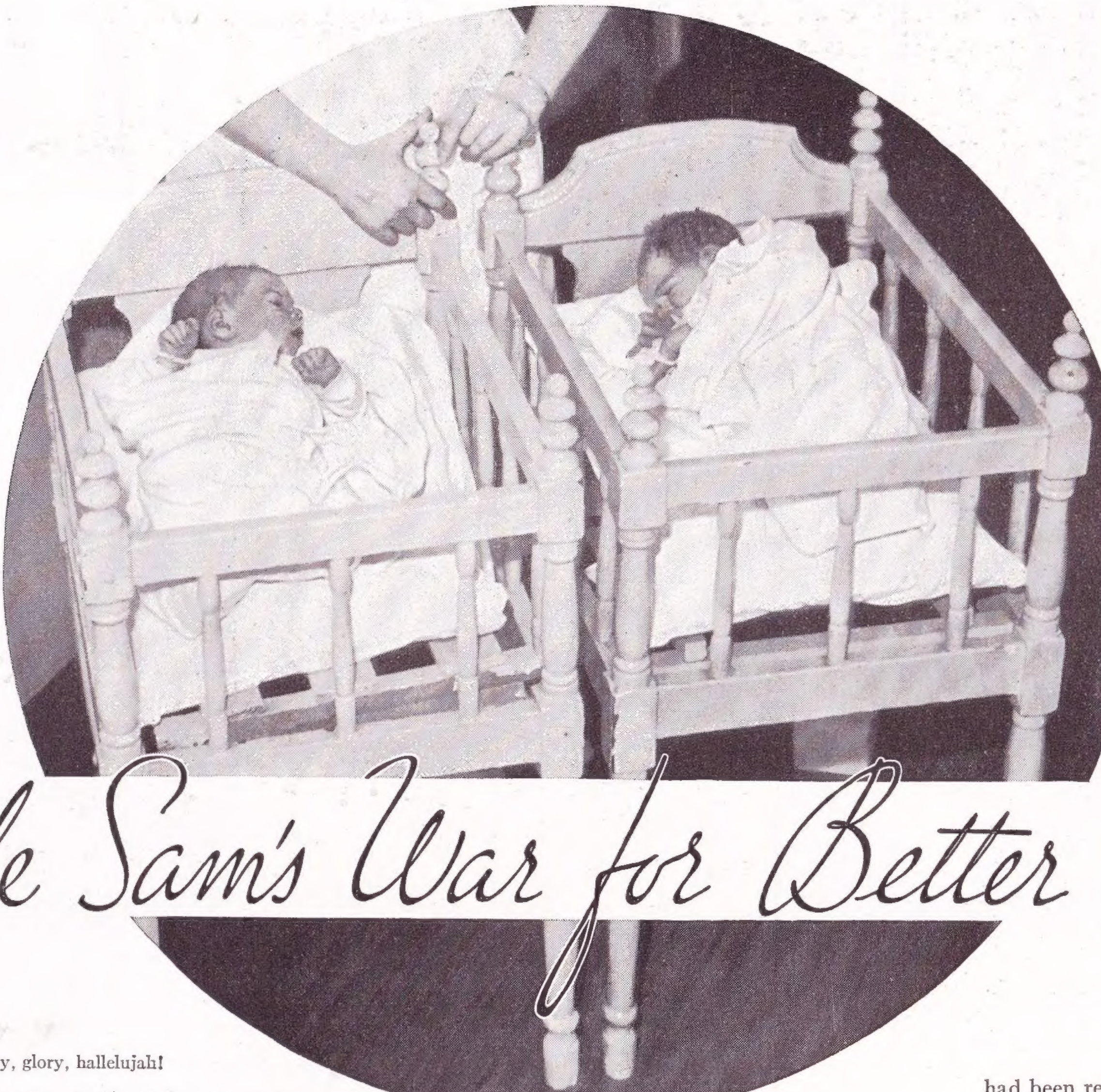

Uncle Sam's War for Better Babies

By

DR. WILLIAM SEAVER WOODS

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!

THE white-clad figures sway to the swing of the rhythm, the rich voices swell in chorus, the dark faces glow, dark eyes shine, rows of white ivory gleam, as hands clap and toes tap time.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
We tell our mothers they should breathe fresh air,
We show them what they need to prepare,
We teach them what the baby should wear,
As we go marching on!

It is a monthly meeting of a Mississippi midwives' club. In the front row is an elderly colored woman who is a survival of the old days of ignorance. She cannot read or write, but she has a keen mind; she was "brought up with quality folks"; she has learned all the new hygiene of modern aseptic midwifery, and she is the leader of the club. Next to her sit her daughter and granddaughter, also excellent midwives.

The secretary reads the minutes of the previous meeting; then the voices rise in another song:

Why does the midwife scrub her hands?
Scrub her hands, scrub her hands?
Why does the midwife scrub her hands?
To protect the mother and baby!

This song has eight stanzas, and the glory song the same number. Every stanza tells something the midwife must do.

Comic-opera stuff? Maybe; but it's Grade A psychology. Dr. Felix J. Underwood, Chief of the Mississippi State Board of Health, who gave me copies of these songs, also gave me the figures for maternal and infant mortality in the State. The death rate for Negro mothers in 1930 was 121 per 10,000 live births; in 1932 it had been cut to 74. The death rate for Negro babies in 1930 was 83 per 1,000 live births; in 1932 it was down to 62. No wonder they sing glory songs.

And the interesting thing for white folks is that Mississippi has also made a big reduction in the mortality of white mothers, by a totally different method, of course, but with the same keen knowledge of human nature. From 1930 to 1932 white maternal mortality was cut from 70 to 50, and white infant mortality cut from 51 to 44.

How is it done? Briefly, instead of leaving it all in the hands of the public-health officers and nurses, Mississippi organizes a strong local committee of the leading women in every community, coördinating the women's clubs, church societies, women's lodges, King's Daughters, Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and American Legion Auxiliary, and linking the women's committee up with the local medical society. If any one can think of a more efficient scheme he will be entitled to a blue ribbon. It produces results; that is the acid test.

And Mississippi is only one State on our far-flung battle-line. She mothered only 45,000 of our 2,000,000 babies born last year. That is the size of the army that is landing on our shores, 2,000,000 arriving every year, invading our country with the intention of taking it away from us a little later and running it to suit themselves.

This large force is composed entirely of infantry, but its members are up in arms; their war cries are something fearsome, and it is nothing for a single one of them to reduce an entire family to complete submission. One war whoop is often enough to produce a panic. A mere gurgle, or utterance of a new word, has a hypnotic effect.

A STRANGE feature of the invasion is that the population, far from fighting off the invaders who are destined in a few years to take over their homes, land, businesses, everything, is straining every effort instead to save the invaders' lives, to make them stronger and more fit for the conquest.

But a crisis has come. The battle to save them is beginning to falter a bit for lack of sinews of war. Some of the invaders, when they arrive on the scene, take one look at our country and decide not to stay. They find our wonderful America is not so hospitable as had been represented. For years now we have been inducing more and more of them to stay with us, but last year just a little larger proportion of them decided to go back than in the year before. And that is not all.

Many of those who came in earlier years are less fit for the struggle than they were. "Underweight" is the verdict of the medical officers. And we can treat it lightly if we like, but it is a serious and desperate business for these little infantrymen and for the mothers who bring them into being in the marvelous miracle of birth and babyhood.

For we now find that while we have saved more and more of the babies' lives, we are losing the lives of too many mothers. But we see daylight. A crisis means a turning point, and at last we have put our fingers on the chief causes of maternal mortality, and finding the cause is half the cure. It is, it should be, it must be, the turning point. More mothers will be saved in 1935 than in 1934, or the people will ask the reason why.

NOTE this: In the political campaign just closed a physician ran for the Legislature in a Western State on a platform demanding measures to reduce maternal and infant mortality, and he used the material in this series of articles in his campaign speeches. It is just one sign that the country is aroused over this question.

From ocean to ocean the fight is on, in the cañons of New York, the mountains of Kentucky, on the Western prairie, on the Pacific slope, in the empire of King Cotton. We have the rare privilege of casting our eyes over the whole field, and we soon realize that it is practically certain that at the very moment when these words are being read a kindly nurse somewhere under the Stars and Stripes is telling a young expectant mother for the first time the good news that the right care and preparation will save her life and health, and bring her a fine, strong baby boy or girl.

Take first the cañons of New York. From street to street the nurses go, questioning janitors, policemen, postmen, icemen, storekeepers, doctors, ministers. "Do you know of any woman who is expecting a baby?" Posters in windows, stuffers in the mail box, search out the expectant mother. But the expectant mother is shy. She does not wish to discuss her condition with a stranger. She holds the door half shut when the nurse calls, her whole attitude cold and indifferent. But the

Continued on page 42

We are emerging from the "Dark Ages" in our fight to save mothers and children

"I'm a Widow...with 5 Children

...and I can't afford to take chances with cheap, doubtful baking powder.

(*An interview with* Mrs. Merle Brown, *of Kansas City, Missouri*)

"MY husband left no insurance, so I have to be the breadwinner. But we manage somehow on our $100 a month. It isn't easy, though, with five growing youngsters to feed, clothe and educate.

"When we had more money, I always used Royal Baking Powder because it made my cakes so fine-textured and delicious.

"And now I wouldn't risk using any other, because I just couldn't afford a baking failure. Good butter, eggs and milk cost too much to be trusted to cheap, doubtful baking powder."

VERY SENSIBLE, MRS. BROWN! Women who stop to figure the cost of the ingredients they put in a cake know it is always poor economy to take chances with inferior baking powder.

After all, how much baking powder do you need to make a cake? Two or three teaspoons for the average recipe. And three teaspoons of Royal cost only about one cent.

Only 1¢ for Royal! And this trifling sum gives you sure results—*every time.*

You already know what a fine baking job Royal does . . . and what an exceptionally delicious flavor you get in cakes made with this famous baking powder.

In fact, no matter what you bake with Royal, you can be sure of above-the-ordinary results—finer flavor . . . more even texture . . . better keeping quality.

Next time you buy baking powder, remember how little it costs to use Royal. The price is now the lowest in seventeen years. Practice the true economy of using the best—reliable Royal!

Skimp as I must, I won't give up Royal"

- **"Our $10 a week food allowance certainly won't cover any waste of good butter, eggs, and milk. My baking *has* to be successful—and with Royal Baking Powder it *is—every time!***

ROYAL
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- "Goodness knows, it takes little enough baking powder to make a cake. I certainly can't see the sense of using any but the very best—and that's Royal!"

- "Nobody can talk me into changing from Royal Baking Powder. I've used it ever since I was married and I've never had a failure."

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When you bake at home, make sure of success and delicious flavor by using Royal Baking Powder for your cakes and hot breads. But don't forget that you can rely on your baker for delicious coffee cakes, Parker House rolls, crisp dinner rolls, cinnamon buns, and other goodies to lend variety to your table. Fine cakes—from plain cup cakes to delicious layer cake—are now available to the busy housewife.

With careful attention to the housewife's needs and wishes, trained skill and the best scientific equipment, the modern bakery offers a wider and ever-increasing service to the home.

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CHILD OF ADVENTURE

The unusual career of an ambitious girl who is camera-wise and danger fool-proof

By

Helen McLean Sprackling

"Margaret Bourke-White is an entirely objective person. Camera in hand, the picture is the thing; self is completely forgotten"

IMAGINE if you can the depths of a dark and shadowy coal mine. There is a narrow passage ahead so low that you can proceed only in a crouching fashion; at times it is necessary to lie flat, crawling slowly and tortuously along. There are frequent pools of water two and three inches deep. You are dragging a camera. You manage fairly well on hands and knees, but when you must slide like a snake on its belly it is difficult to keep the box out of the water.

This continues for several hundred feet, but at last the passage widens; you can stand up; you are scratched, torn, and covered with dirt. Furthermore, you are soaking wet. But the camera, thank Heaven, is dry—and now you can get to work. This is only one of the many exciting experiences that are all in the day's work to Margaret Bourke-White, photographer of industry and commerce.

In a former incarnation she must have donned man's clothing, thrown her cape over her shoulder and gone out to meet the world. Gautier or de Maupassant might have written a novel about her. To-day she puts on overalls, slings a camera over her shoulder, and climbs skeleton girders one thousand feet into the air to take breath-taking pictures of skyscrapers in the making. Or a thousand feet down into the gaseous bowels of the earth to hazardously photograph miners at work.

And in between she travels north to the highest point of navigation to catch the breaking up of the logs in the spring, to a temperature of thirty degrees below zero, so cold that her lenses freeze, or south to the Texas oil fields. Her fame mounts with the smoke from the molten lava of the steel furnace. She glorifies the humble nut and bolt, and through her exacting lens machinery transcends the commonplace and stands revealed in all its potent grandeur.

Nor is this all. She conquers new worlds, and in Germany finds herself one of the very few women ever permitted inside the secret walls of the I. G. Farben Industrie—the German Chemical Trust. From Germany it is but a step to Russia, albeit to some a long and tedious one. But eager, undaunted, she makes her way into that difficult country and finds herself the guest of the government through the sheer beauty of her pictures.

Margaret Bourke-White is twenty-nine years old. Into those few brief years she has, however, packed the experience of several lifetimes. I could scarcely believe my eyes when I first met her. (It was just before her second trip to Russia, over three years ago, and she had just passed her twenty-sixth birthday.)

I had expected to find a woman forty years old at least. She must be, of course, I thought, to have accomplished all that she has. And I visualized her as tall, competent, and self-possessed, and undoubtedly indifferent to dress and cosmetics. I was sure her eyes would be a steely gray.

Her picture will tell you about as clearly as my pencil what I found. Her hair is a soft brown and her eyes a very dark blue. She is of medium height and slender. Several years of climbing scaffolds on skyscrapers under construction, of swinging down cranes in steel mills, and of scrambling up piers of bridges have turned her thoughts to other subjects than that of dieting, she tells you laughingly.

She radiates a most extraordinary vitality, and you are very conscious of her abundant health and energy. Her eyes sparkle constantly with the joy of living. She talks very fast as she tells you of her work and her experiences; her mind leaps ahead quickly and her words hurry to keep up with it. Her marvelous enthusiasm for life itself bespeaks her youth.

She was born in New York City, but when she was very young her parents moved to the Middle West. Through her father, who was a naturalist, she learned how to see the very essence of life, to feel the wonders of the universe. Often at night they took long walks together under the stars. In her childhood years she developed a growing fondness for reptiles, and hers were many strange pets.

ONCE she had twenty-five turtles; once a baby boa constrictor; another time two hundred caterpillars. Her mother, who always stimulated her interest in every way, gave her a room apart in which to keep them. The whole family shared this same interest, and she recalls the night when they *all* sat up all night to watch a chrysalis for the exact moment when it should split. One understands now why it is so easy for Margaret Bourke-White to forget physical self in the thrill of sharing life's great moments.

Through her high-school years, spent in Cleveland, she specialized in Natural History, and in the summer time went as a counselor of natural history to a girls' camp. She spent her first college year at Columbia, including some art and design in her course, together with a very amateurish course in photography, taken chiefly for credits. But her interest in reptiles asserted itself, and, acting on wise advice, she went for the next two years to the University of Michigan, where she studied biology and majored in herpetology, which, you must know, is "the study of the structure, habits, and classification of reptiles."

And then a serious situation arose. At the end of her junior year she was completely "broke." Since there was nothing else to be done about it she left college and obtained for herself a job at the Natural History Museum in Cleveland. Here she saved enough to go back to college, and after a year's absence began her senior year, this time at Cornell. When I asked her why she felt it necessary to go back she replied: "Because I have a passion to complete things—for a good job done. I had to go back."

IT IS well that she did. Of course her money didn't hold out, and in desperation she turned to photography to pay her way through, taking various pictures of the surrounding campus and buildings. With characteristic business acumen she employed student salesmen, and her pictures sprang into instant popularity. They sold.

She kept taking more, and finally in the year of 1927 she graduated from Cornell. The man who said character was fate knew what he was talking about. Because Margaret Bourke-White had to see the college job through to the end, she is to-day one of our outstanding young women and a brilliant photographer.

In the meantime the fascination of photography had taken a quick and unexpected hold. It revealed a new world. People said her pictures were beautiful, extraordinary. She wanted to believe that they were, but she had no unbiased opinion. Those who bought them she feared were sentimentalizing over their alma mater—

Continued on page 62

CAMEL
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Miss Richardson's Bergdorf-Goodman gown is golden beige satin; the quilted wrap is full-length

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MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*
MRS. BYRD WARWICK DAVENPORT, *New York*
MRS. HENRY FIELD, *Chicago*
MISS ANNE GOULD, *New York*
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *New York*
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, *Chicago*
MISS EVELYN WATTS, *New York*

"Keeping on the go is easy now"

says MISS MIMI RICHARDSON

Luncheons, teas, dinners, dances — through crowded days a débutante must be gay, vivacious, at her best all the time.

"I can dance all night long and never feel tired if I smoke a Camel now and then," says Miss Mimi Richardson, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Courtlandt Richardson of New York, who was voted the most popular débutante of the season.

"Smoking a Camel is the quickest way to relieve fatigue that I know. It always gives me a 'lift.' And I love their taste. They seem to be milder and smoother than other cigarettes, for, even if I smoke more than usual, Camels never upset my nerves."

Smoking a Camel does release your latent energy in a natural, harmless manner. Fatigue vanishes, your spirits rise — and you can safely enjoy this "lift" as often as you want because Camels never affect healthy nerves.

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TOBACCOS — *Turkish*
and Domestic — than any
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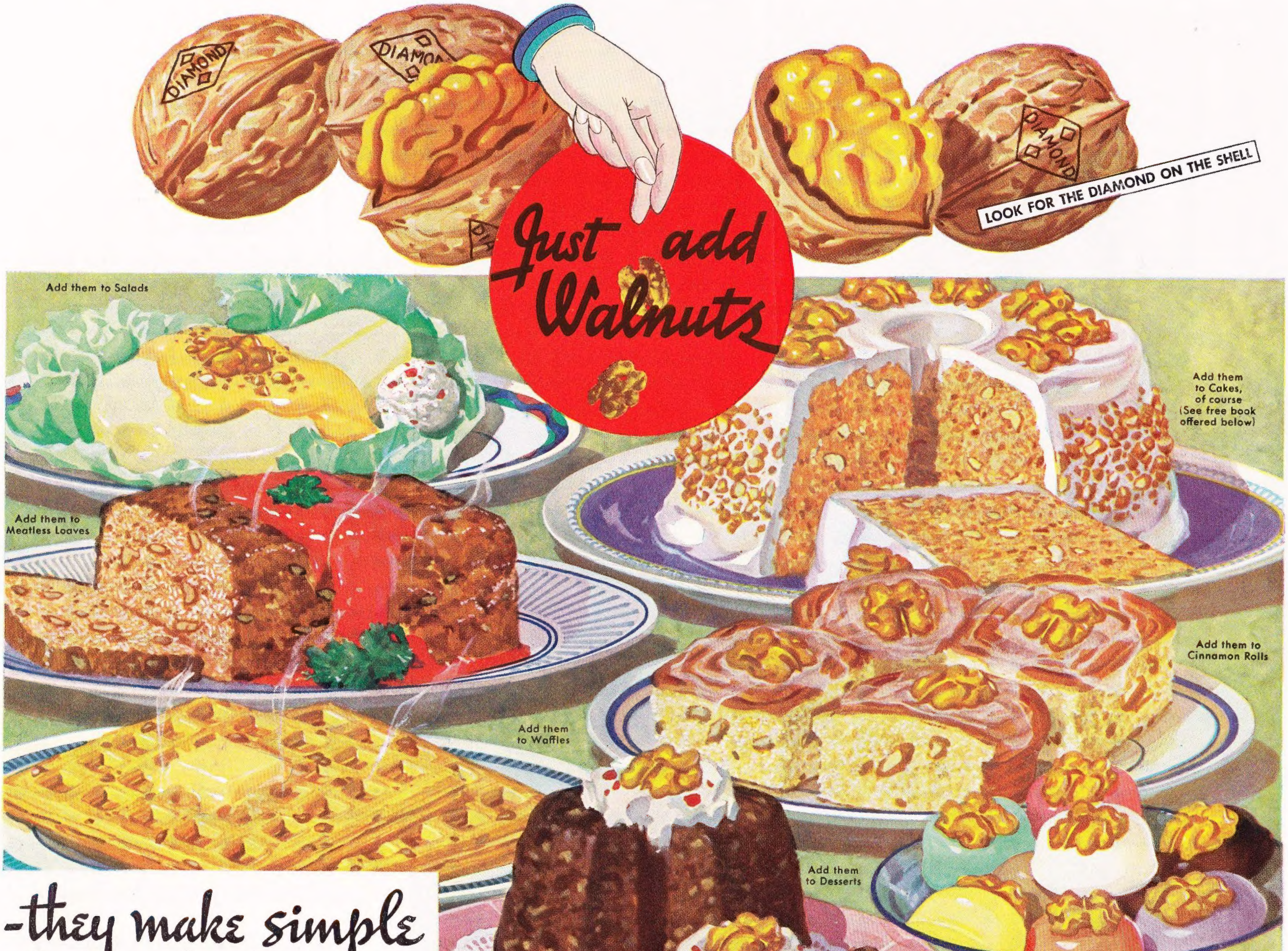
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DIAMOND
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Add them to Cakes, of course (See free book offered below)
Add them to Meatless Loaves
Add them to Cinnamon Rolls
Add them to Waffles
Add them to Desserts
Add them to Bon Bons

-they make simple dishes look and taste expensive

—AND THEY MAKE YOU CHEW

Are you a "recipe hunter"? Are you forever searching for something new to serve?

Well, search no more. Your grocer has the answer . . . his holiday supply of new-crop Diamond Walnuts has arrived.

There's nothing like Walnuts, you know, to turn *old* recipes into *new* ones—nothing like them to give a "holiday touch" to everyday foods. Take almost any good dish . . . make it up as usual, but *just add Walnuts!* You'll be amazed at the improvement . . . mighty pleased to see how it is welcomed at mealtime. You'll find that you've created another "family favorite."

And, of course, that's just part of the miracle you work when you add Walnuts—especially to cakes, breads, soufflés, puddings, salads and other soft foods. Such dishes are generally "Spoon Foods." They practically melt in your mouth and rob you of nature's exercise—*vigorous chewing.* But add crisp, crunchy Walnut kernels and you'll *have to chew*—to the lasting benefit of your teeth . . . your beauty . . . and your digestion.

Why not prove it yourself? Add Walnuts regularly to at least one soft food at every meal—then see how much more you chew—and see how you've improved your daily menus.

This is a fine time to start. New-crop Diamond Walnuts are at your grocer's now—*at prices even lower than last year's.*

"Diamonds," you know, are *always* the cheapest in the long run (for they give you more perfect kernels per pound). And it's easy to be sure of getting them. Just look for the "Diamond" stamped on every nut. That's your assurance of plump kernels, full shells—your full money's worth—every time.

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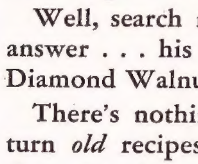
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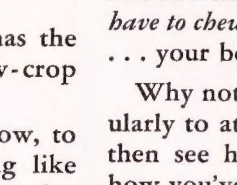
What Vigorous Chewing Means to Good Digestion Sound Teeth and Lasting Beauty
Around the Kitchen Clock with Walnuts

SEND COUPON FOR TWO FREE BOOKS!
One is full of suggestions for adding Walnuts to favorite dishes—including tested recipes for the dishes illustrated here, and many others just as tempting. The other—"What Vigorous Chewing Means to Good Digestion, Sound Teeth and Lasting Beauty"—is a collection of scientific facts, important to every family. For free copies of both, sign the coupon and mail.

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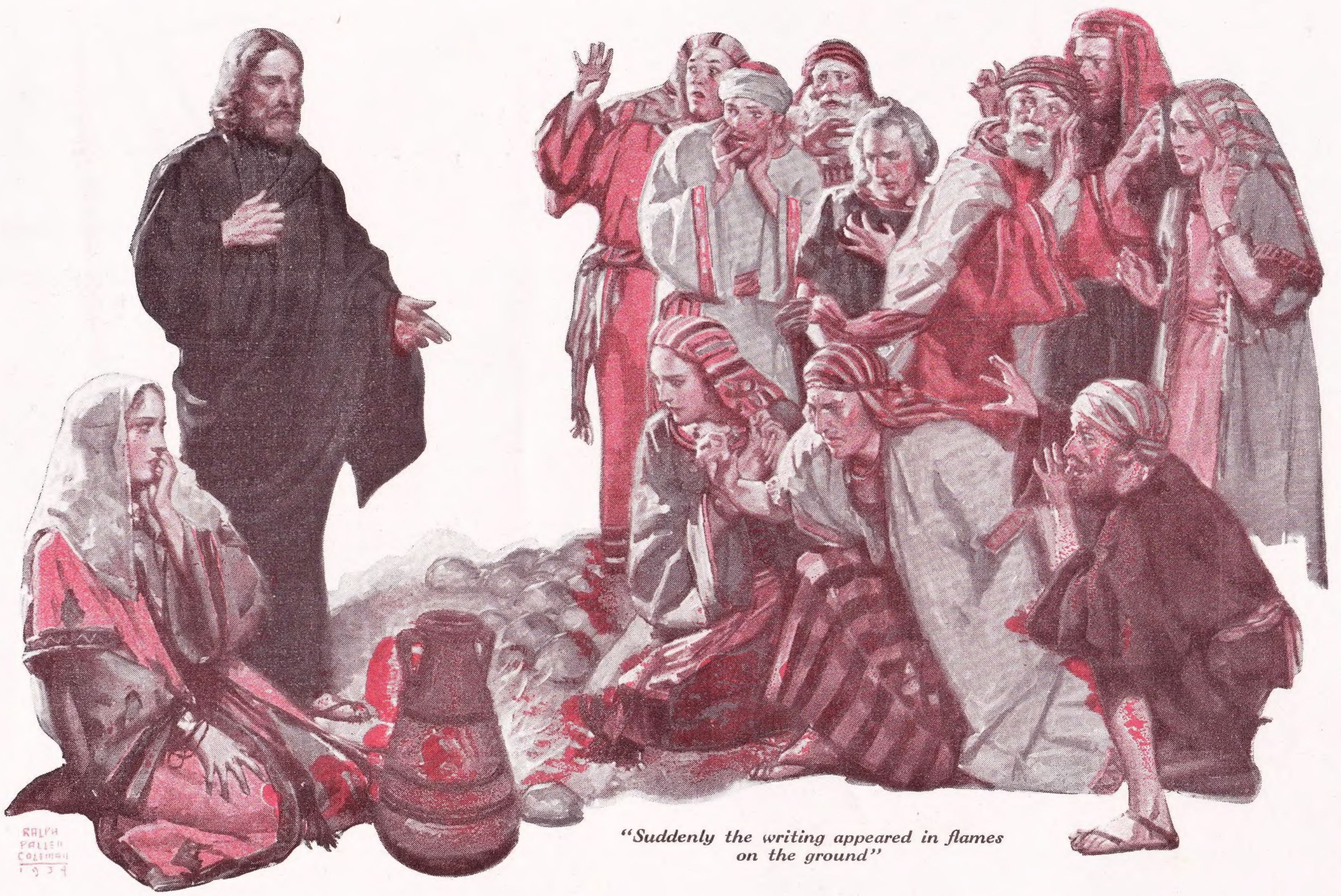

"Suddenly the writing appeared in flames on the ground"

The Writing on the Ground

AN OLD LEGEND

By

SELMA LAGERLÖF

Illustration by **RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN**

THE adulteress had received her judgment. She knew that she was going to die. Those who had found her, surprised her in her sin, had dragged her up to the Temple before the priests and the scribes. These had declared that according to the Law of Moses she should be stoned.

The adulteress was a poor, miserable creature. She stood before her judges in torn clothes, her face bruised and wounded, and nearly frightened to death. She made no attempt to plead for herself, but kept quite quiet. Neither did she attempt to struggle when the men who had brought her to the Temple pushed and dragged her to the place where she must go now, after the judgment.

However broken she seemed, her whole being was shaken with hatred and anger. She felt no remorse. Her husband had been harsh to her, beaten her, let her do all the striving and the work, and never gave her a kind word. She owed no duty of fidelity to him. The neighboring women who knew her daily life often wondered at her long patience and submission and admired her for never having attempted to revenge herself.

All of a sudden she gave a great scream and threw herself backwards. She had realized where she was to be taken.

Already in childhood she had heard whispers about a place of horrors inside the Temple of Jerusalem, a place where nobody went except under duress. It was a narrow, square courtyard, its ground of black earth entirely closed in between walls of enormous slabs of stone. There were no altars there, no cages of pigeons, no desks for money-changers, only a tremendous heap of ordinary stones such as were to be found everywhere in the fields, whitish gray, about the size of a man's head.

She had never seen the place herself, but now when a white door was opened and a heap of whitish gray stones became suddenly visible she knew where she was. Every time she had heard the story of this empty courtyard with its heap of stones, where the women found in adultery were to atone for their sin according to the Law of Moses, she had shuddered. It had seemed more terrible than Gehenna, and now she was herself on her way there.

But what was the use of screaming and struggling? The men threw her violently inside the door and did not trouble afterwards to keep her standing on her feet, but let her fall down on the floor. She crept into a corner and remained there helpless and pitiable, unable to take her eyes off the heap of stones as if they were the source of all her terrors.

However frightened she was, her anger and her hatred remained just as strong, and hindered her from realizing her own transgression. If she had been able to speak she would not have pleaded for herself or prayed for mercy. No, on the contrary, she would have cried out to those raging men that their sin toward her was greater than hers, and that the God of Israel would punish them if they took her life.

But at the moment she was unable to think of anything except those stones, and therefore did not know from where a Man, Who suddenly stood before her in front of the heap of stones, had come. Had He been in the courtyard when she arrived, or was He, perhaps, one of the many curious in the big courtyard of the Temple who had followed her?

Why did He place Himself between her and the stones? What did He want? Would He be the first to begin?

HE WAS a tall, slender Man in a black tunic and a black mantle, His hair falling in even waves down on His shoulders. His face was beautiful, but many wrinkles round the eyes and the mouth told of great suffering. She was certain that she had never seen Him before. "I am sure I have never sinned against You," she thought. "Why do You want to judge me?"

The idea that He might have come in to help her never entered her head, but the moment she had seen Him there was a change in her. The oppression in her breast was less. She was able to breathe without choking like some one struggling with death.

The others, her father, her husband, her brother, and the men from the neighborhood who had brought her in and now were going to kill her, had stopped for an instant. A crowd of men who spent their days in the Temple in prayer or in discussing holy subjects had followed into the dark courtyard, and one of

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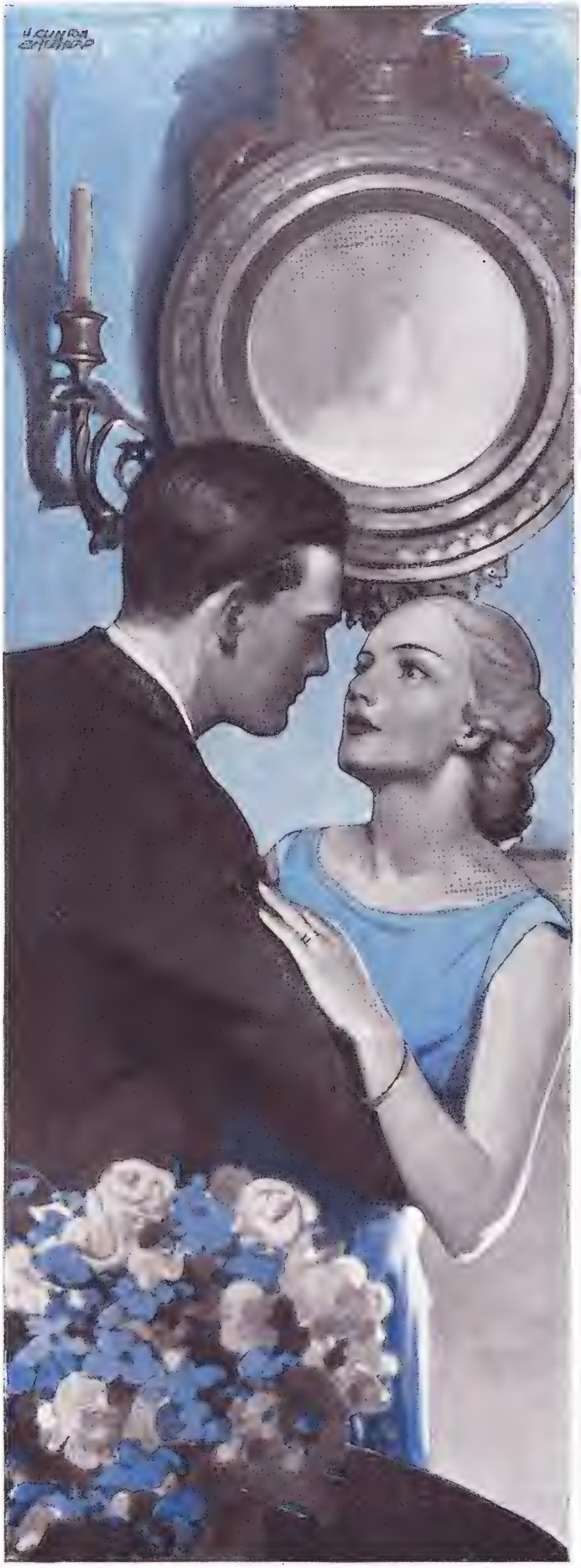

"It seemed an eternity before Charlotte turned her head, with a sob"

The

By Martha Ostenso

Illustrations by **J. CLINTON SHEPHERD**

IT WAS a black-and-silver land now in the anonymous season between winter and spring. On the lake margins the muskrat huts were tattered cones of straw and reed, disintegrating and drifting among the floes. Ice, hurled by waters livid in release, pounded the shore and built new shelves of white sand at the very feet of the great Norway pines, heavy and somber from a week of rain.

The man had come up from the cranberry bog where the red sedges grew. He had not gone there for rabbits or any other living thing—unless the color of the marsh could be called that. He was through with taking life, as he was through with giving it—or restoring it, even. Life, its affirmation and its denial, was no longer the fountained ecstasy of Doctor William Oliver's soul.

He had gone to the marsh on to look at its inanimate beauty, because his love of beauty was a thing that stubbornly refused to die in him. While he had stood there on the rain-curtained slope, leaning against a wetly fragrant balsam, he had resisted the inpressing thought that soon the swamp hollow would be a small and urgent sea of buds, with a tiding up to flower and then another ebbing into death.

Tennyson's lines had come to him—striding out with grisly tread from his poetry-loving boyhood—

> I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little wood. . . .

His own tragedy had taken place in neither hollow nor wood, but that was the way with everything: any chance joy he might have gleaned from his lonely existence in the north woods since his flight last November had been obliterated at once by the play of his own imagination upon it.

He leaned forward now against the wind and the rain of the April morning, his leather jacket soggy about his neck, thorns of the underbrush clawing at his high laced boots. Once, sinking to his knee in the winter fastness of some forest denizen, he grasped a tree to steady himself. His woolen glove, catching on the stump of a broken branch, came off and bared his right hand.

The sick feeling came over him again as he saw his naked hand limned there against the raw darkness of the tree with pocked snow at its roots, rain in its noded branches. Hastily he thrust his hand back into the glove and wondered bleakly what he would do when summer came, when it would be only pointed torment to keep his hands covered. For during the winter he had been in his cabin only to eat and sleep, even on the coldest days.

His trained mind told him that this was obsession of a corrosive sort, but he had got beyond caring what it was. He could not endure the shape and strength and skill of those hands that should have saved a man's life—that *might* have saved it, too! For more than four months he had kept them hidden from his own sight.

Gaunt and tall and broad as this north region itself, Doctor Bill Oliver made his way across the mile and a half toward the cabin that had seemed to be waiting for him when he had come here and found it last fall. The snows that had lain eight feet deep had sunk like fallen cakes, and now in open glades rivulets chattered above the groan of pine and hemlock and oak in the lashing wind and rain.

A baby ribbon of a brook had gorged itself on the melting snow until now it was twelve feet wide and passable only by the grace of two or three boulders still scarping above its testy white swirl.

At last he gained the upper ridge. He would have to cross the county road now into another stretch of timber. It was a roadway but little frequented at this time of year, except by the few settlers who drove their nags or their dilapidated cars to and from the village seven miles away. In the summer it would be different, with campers dotting the lakes. But by that time Bill Oliver would have made his way farther north, perhaps even across the border, into more certain oblivion.

A high stand of sumac, still rustily tasseled, and scrub oak lined the saw-tooth bank of the road. Bill Oliver climbed out of the little gully, thrusting aside the densely woven branches, and stood a moment later looking down at the highway. His gray, black-lashed eyes narrowed in quick appraisal of the automobile on the road below—and of the two men changing a tire with angry haste. But his appraisal was not quite quick enough. One of the men glanced up and stared at him standing there in the scrub on the rise, not fifty feet away.

BILL OLIVER, quicker than thought, flung himself to the ground. Half rolling, half scrambling, he reached the bottom of the gully. Then, on a crouching run, he darted through a growth of evergreen so thick that only a man possessed could have made his way through it. When instinct told him he had gone far enough he finally stretched himself out on a dark bed of pine needles and wet snow, his lungs aching, his ears pounding with blood.

Charlotte's cousin, Jim Huron, might not have recognized him, after all, in these clothes and with a full week's beard on a face reddened with weather. If he had only grown his beard all winter and not feared the suspicions of the natives! Well, Jim Huron had probably not recognized him—they had seemed in a deuce of a hurry about changing that tire!—and even if he *had*, Jim wouldn't spend time looking for him in these woods.

It was clear enough to Bill Oliver why Charlotte's cousin had been on that road at all. Jim had always wanted a summer place in the north woods. He would go as far as the Rainy Lake country if he could find nothing attractive closer to the city. Jim had probably been scouting around. It was just one of those coincidences of fiction that he, Bill Oliver, should have seen him.

BRIDGE

The story of a man who turned his back on life

But that glimpse of Jim had brought everything back, horribly vivid as a recurring nightmare.

DOCTOR OLIVER was driving home again, in the citron-colored November twilight, from the city where the conference in the clinic had been postponed because of the illness of the chief speaker. He was driving home alone to his neat little town of Corliss, where he was head surgeon in the neat little hospital, and where, in his neat little bungalow, Charlotte had been unbelievably his wife for three years. Charlotte, of the red-gold coronet of smooth braids, eyes blue as star flowers, and limbs like those of Diana—Charlotte who had been so patient with him during those three years of his complete devotion to his work!

She would not be expecting him until after two o'clock in the morning. Purposely he had not telephoned her that the conference had been put off. He would be at home by ten o'clock. He would tiptoe in to where she would be at her piano or reading a book—she had said she would spend the evening at home—and gather her into his arms for one of those precious hours of love which his work had cheated them of these weeks back.

While he drove, swiftly but carefully, his eyes lightened at the thought that probably now, two years after that near disaster, he and Charlotte might risk another baby. His work was absorbing him more and more, with the prospect of his appointment to the staff of the General Hospital in the city as a reward for his intensive research in brain surgery.

Charlotte was twelve years younger than he—only twenty-four—and she should have something to interest her besides small-town bridge parties and teas and tennis and golf. In another two years, of course, they would be established in the city, where they would have a little leisure. He would be able to play a little, to be again Charlotte's proud courtier—not merely an overworked medico of a husband with cases in every nook of the county.

His grin carved happy creases in his lean cheeks as he turned his car into the service station two blocks from his home. In another five minutes he would be seated beside his own log fire, in his deep chair, with Charlotte, a warm, dear part of him, in his arms—quiet, and yet not quiet at all!

"Change the oil, Pete," he instructed the overalled attendant, "and check the tires."

"Right you are, Doc!" Pete replied.

Bill Oliver got out of the car. "You won't mind running her up the street for me, eh? I feel like stretching my legs before I turn in."

"Not a bit, Doc," Pete assured him with the genial familiarity of the small town. "Flynn's still on duty."

A drug store was just across the street. Bill Oliver went into it and bought, without a blush, two pounds of the peanut brittle Charlotte loved. He liked it tolerably himself, but he adored hearing Charlotte's white teeth crunching it with such gusto. He hurried out again, his blood rising, and the moonless autumn darkness of his street enveloped him with its immediate promise.

Was the house completely dark? he wondered in surprise as he came around from the front entrance past the crisply whispering lilacs to the side veranda. No, the window drapes of the tiny library, where Charlotte would be sitting reading before the fire, were drawn, but a sliver of light between them made his heart leap.

As he stole up the steps he remembered, irrelevantly, that it was Queenie's night off—unfashionably, the Olivers gave Queenie Sundays and a night during the week. Not so irrelevant, after all, he thought, smiling at the clumsy workings of his own brain when he was supposed to be a specialist in brains! The rest of the house was dark because Queenie always frugally turned out every light before she left, except those in the room her mistress happened to be occupying at the moment.

Bill opened the door noiselessly. He held the paper bag full of peanut brittle well away from him so that it would not crackle. Then he stepped through the little foyer and looked, grinning, into the dimly lit, friendly room with its fireplace, where the logs snapped, red-tongued. On the hearth-rug stood Charlotte, her body curved and half swaying, in the arms of Roy Ferris, Doctor Oliver's young assistant surgeon at the hospital.

Perhaps it was only two seconds, but it seemed an eternity before Charlotte turned her head in his direction, with a sob from the depths of her body, a sob that was not for him. Then, as she stared at him, her eyes widened and closed drunkenly. But Charlotte was not drunk—not in the ordinary way of being drunk.

Doctor Ferris stepped back from her as though a knife had been run through him, and he was trying not to believe it. In the firelight he was white-lipped, straight as a ramrod, and Bill realized for the first time that Ferris was handsome in a slender, intense, and dark way.

"I seem to have come back at an inopportune moment," Bill heard himself say dully. The candy crackled in the bag as his palms closed upon it.

"Bill!" Charlotte was awake now, out of that trance of her body. She was plunging toward him across the room, her lips parted, her eyes dark and terrible.

The telephone rang in the entry, the extension telephone that meant the hospital around the corner. Bill walked over, dropping the bag of peanut brittle on an end table as he strode past. He spoke curtly into the transmitter.

"Yes? Yes . . . certainly . . . yes. Right over!"

He moved back into the library, and so deliberately that neither Charlotte nor Roy Ferris could know that he felt as though he were walking on a bank of fog.

"There's been an automobile accident," he said, leaning forward with his hands in his pockets and bowing to his assistant. "Elderly man—skull fracture—pressure in occipital area. Immediate operation indicated. It's the chance you've been waiting for, isn't it, Doctor Ferris?"

Before Bill's eyes, Roy Ferris seemed to snap into many parts. His hands fumbled across the back of a chair, but they seemed to be in rigid sections, like a mechanical toy.

"For God's sake, Bill!" he stammered. "I—I——"

He broke off, staring blindly around at Charlotte, who stood with clenched hands, gazing at Bill Oliver in terrified silence.

"Let's go!" Bill said. The sound issued from his throat like the rattle of poker chips. "We haven't a minute to lose. It's your big chance."

FOR only an instant longer Roy Ferris remained as though spellbound, his fists knotted on the back of the chair. Then, without a word, he walked across the room to the hall, picked up his hat and coat, and went out through the front door, Bill Oliver following him.

Their arrival at the hospital dressing room seemed to Bill to have been accomplished instantaneously, as when, in a dream, one is whisked without interim from one place to another. There had been no conversation between the two men, Roy Ferris having walked a pace ahead of Bill on the way. Now, in silence, they were scrubbing up, adjusting caps and masks, and the two swift nurses were fastening their gowns at the back. Kimball, the young interne, was methodically, conscientiously giving his report.

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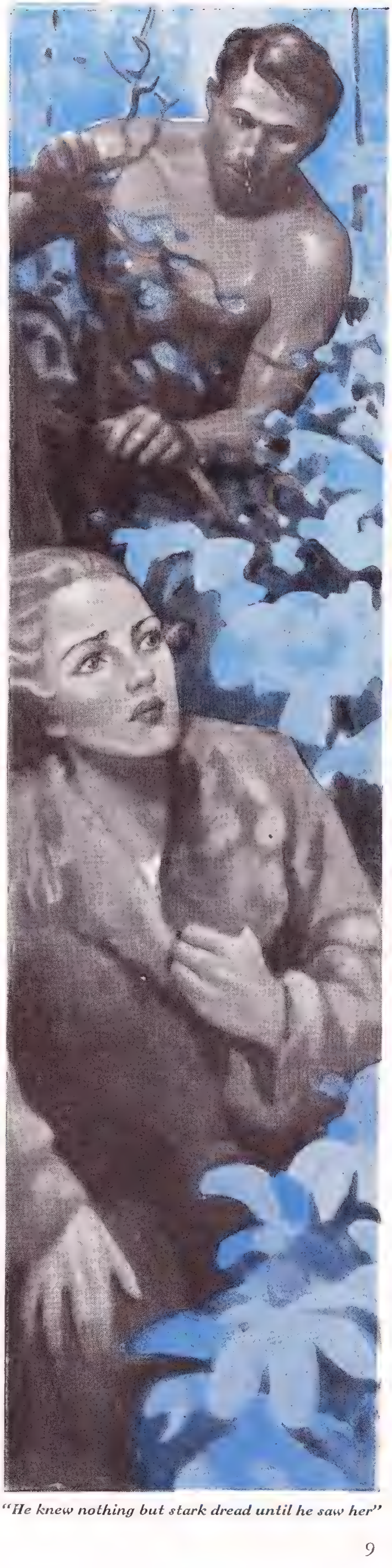


"He knew nothing but stark dread until he saw her"

Engaged GIRL

Sylvia thought she knew the art of handling boys and men

By

GERALD MYGATT

Illustrations by

EARL BLOSSOM

TOMMY, who was that way, had made the initial mistake of telling the truth to Sylvia's father. He told that he was earning seventy-five dollars a week, which, he added hopefully, lots of people lived on.

"Mmm—not bad these days," Sylvia's father mumbled.

"The thing is," said Tommy, anxious to impress, "I've taken three big cuts. Two years ago I was getting one hundred and fifty dollars."

That, it proved later, had been the mistake. For Sylvia's father brightened at once and seized upon one hundred and fifty dollars a week as Tommy's passing mark. He didn't mean to be arbitrary; Sylvia's father explained that carefully. He was thinking merely of his daughter's good.

Young people were inclined to consider only the present, forgetting the future.

"That's what I'm thinking of," expounded Tommy earnestly. "We can get by for the present, and then when I begin earning more again——"

But that wouldn't do. If Tommy really loved Sylvia, and Sylvia's father had no doubt he did, Tommy would not want to gamble with Sylvia's happiness.

"As I say, I don't mean to be arbitrary. I don't insist upon one hundred and fifty dollars a week to the penny. Work back to within reaching distance of it, Tommy, and I think you'll find me prepared to meet you halfway. Otherwise——"

The "otherwise" boiled down to the paternal theorem that Sylvia was young and Sylvia was beautiful—and even Tommy must understand that it would be unfair to spoil her chances.

"Chances?" Tommy said. "What does she want with chances? I happen to be her chance."

"Have a cigar," said Sylvia's father, and lit one himself. Then, "You and the kid make quite a team."

"Don't we!" agreed Tommy, preening.

"Yes," said Sylvia's father. "You're both sure of yourselves, and that always makes things interesting. But have you noticed, by any chance, that she happens to be a rather handsome girl?"

"She's gorgeous," said Tommy.

"She's all of that," remarked Sylvia's father. "That's why she's something of a special case. You see, I happen to have known her for a few years, and I've noticed that the wine of being gorgeous is a rather heady one. It intoxicates women in strange ways. What I'm trying to say is I don't care whether she marries you or somebody else or nobody. All I want to know is that the man she chooses for keeps, is man enough to handle a special sort of job. That's why I'm laying down a few rules."

"I see," said Tommy stolidly.

Sylvia's father smiled. He said, "If I'm riding you, Tommy, it's not because I don't like you. And what I said about handling women is, as you know, pure bunk. If they love you, you don't have to handle them. If they don't love you, you can't. What's the answer?"

"You mean you're asking me what's the answer?" Tommy inquired.

"That's what I'm asking you."

"It's whether they love you or not," said Tommy.

"Correct," said Sylvia's father, smiling once more. "Unquestionably that's the ultimate criterion. Therefore we're agreed that there'll be no announcement. I leave it to you two kids to keep the secret reasonably to yourselves, so that if we have to retreat there shall remain no visible scars. Social scars, I mean—gossip. Personally I doubt that Sylvia is quite ready to be halter-broken, but whether I'm wrong or right I nevertheless want her to have her head and her youth for a little time still."

"Meaning exactly what?" demanded Tommy, looking not too happy.

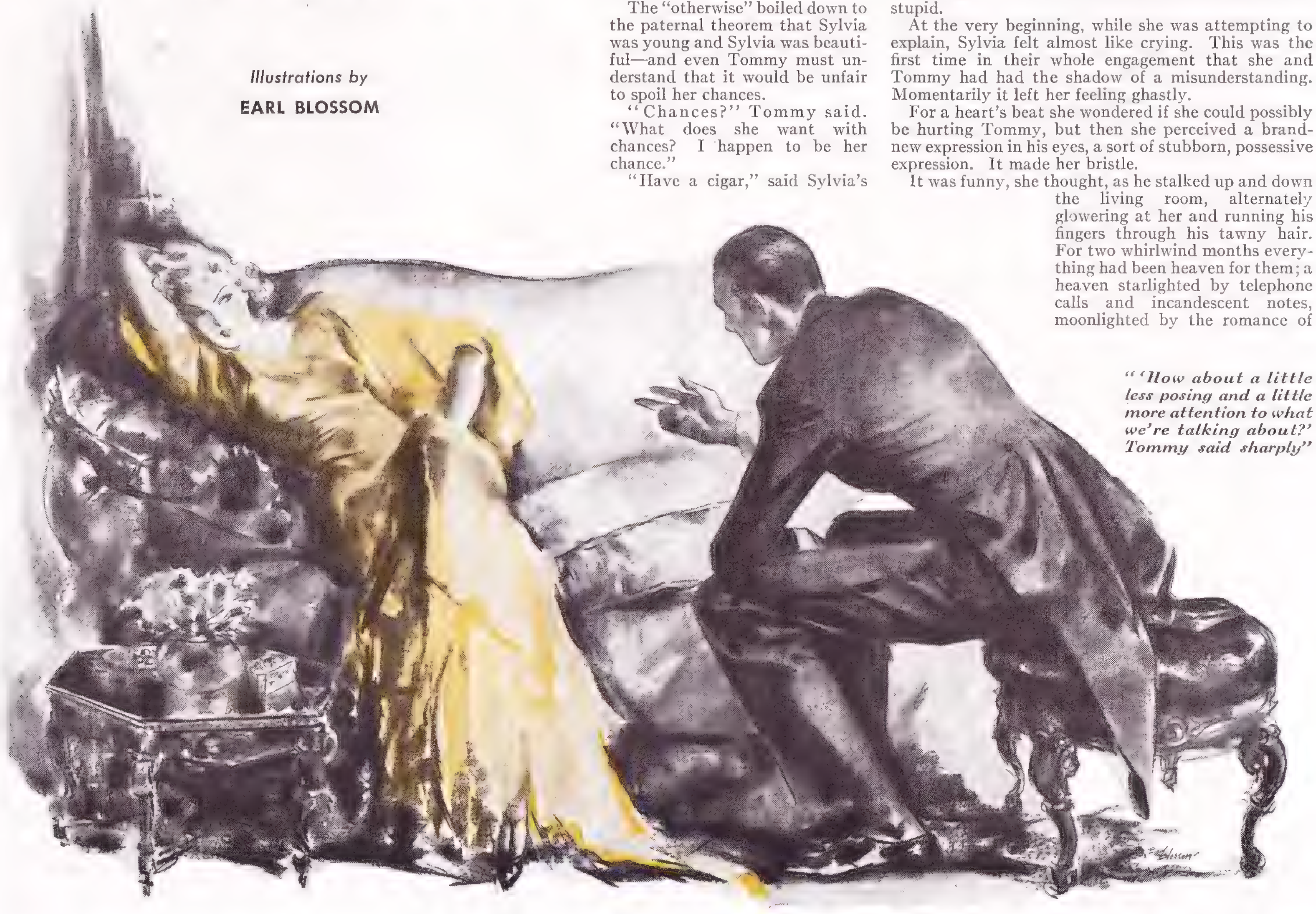
"Meaning I don't know exactly what," said Sylvia's father, "but just the same it's what I mean."

And that was what Tommy was thinking about now, for at last, after two blissful months, he and Sylvia were quarreling. And Sylvia was being plain stubborn and stupid.

At the very beginning, while she was attempting to explain, Sylvia felt almost like crying. This was the first time in their whole engagement that she and Tommy had had the shadow of a misunderstanding. Momentarily it left her feeling ghastly.

For a heart's beat she wondered if she could possibly be hurting Tommy, but then she perceived a brand-new expression in his eyes, a sort of stubborn, possessive expression. It made her bristle.

It was funny, she thought, as he stalked up and down the living room, alternately glowering at her and running his fingers through his tawny hair. For two whirlwind months everything had been heaven for them; a heaven starlighted by telephone calls and incandescent notes, moonlighted by the romance of



"'How about a little less posing and a little more attention to what we're talking about?' Tommy said sharply"

secret meetings and gay walks in the park—and the whole of it made precious by the shared knowledge that practically nobody else in the world knew about them, but that some day soon everybody would know.

It had suited Sylvia. It had suited him. But now all at once it didn't suit him.

She made another effort. "It's really awfully simple, Tommy. Mother simply wants——"

"She wants you to marry this Tavening bird, is my guess."

Sylvia shook her head helplessly. "Mother wants me to be seen with different people. As long as our engagement isn't announced she doesn't want me to be conspicuous with anybody."

"Why shouldn't you be conspicuous with me? You're going to marry me. We don't have to shove ourselves down people's throats, but I can't see any reason why I have to duck into doorways every time we see somebody you know on the street."

"That isn't fair, Tommy."

"IT IS too," he said hotly. "For instance, night before last at the Riverside, when you stepped on me for cutting in on you!"

"You kept cutting in all the time."

"Why shouldn't I? Anyway I was cutting in mostly on this bird Tavening we're talking about."

"We're not talking about him."

"I am," said Tommy, scowling.

He was certainly being unreasonable, thought Sylvia. There was no reason on earth for bringing Chester Tavening into the discussion at all. Of course Chester was quaint and flattering and a sort of dramatic person—being older and rich and horsy and everything—but Tommy ought to know that it was just one of those things. After all, she couldn't be blamed for preferring caviar to spinach. If she had to drive up to Great Barrington with somebody, why not Chester?

Tommy was peering at her. He said rather jerkily, "I don't see why you want to go up to Great Barrington anyway and leave me flat for a week-end. I think it's a dirty trick. People aren't supposed to know about us, maybe, but a lot do, and then when you go off with this woman tamer——"

"I don't want to go," said Sylvia. "But I've got to. I've promised."

"Break your promise. After all, you made something of a promise to me too."

"And am I breaking my promise to you?" she asked.

"My idea, you are."

"My idea's different," she informed him calmly. Although she was a little annoyed she really felt very calm, sitting where she was in the corner of the big couch that angled toward the Park Avenue windows. She knew she looked rather intriguing, and as long as she looked that way, handling Tommy would be easy. Even handling her father; that had been easy too.

She smiled half forgivingly at Tommy because he was looking at her, and she always liked to be looked at. Her best point was her eyes. They were grayish green and very darkly lashed. She didn't need mascara. Mascara made them look too-too. But the rest of her wasn't bad either. Her hair was done in the latest mode, smooth and slick in front, a lot of tiny curls framing it in back. And her frock was just a love! It was of transparent velvet, and it had a tricky neck and long, floppy sleeves, and it was tight down to the waist, and long and wide in the skirt.

Sylvia was pleased because Tommy was staring at her. Her lip stick, she reflected, matched her frock to the very shade. Being a man he wouldn't notice that, probably, but he would absorb the effect. Instinctively she moved one of her arms and just shifted the position of a slim peeping ankle. It was really funny how easy it was to handle men if you were good-looking enough and knew how to wear clothes. In a minute now——

Tommy said sharply, "How about a little less posing and a little more attention to what we're talking about?"

His attack startled her. She sat up straight. She had been so sure of Tommy's capitulation that for a moment she felt totally lost. What she said was, "I don't like to be talked to that way."

"You're acting like a smack," said Tommy.

Sylvia eyed him coldly. "I wonder if I made a mistake in letting myself get crazy about you, Tommy Thomas?" she said.

He laughed a brief laugh. He said, "Of course you made a mistake."

"I certainly did," she agreed.

"You don't love me," he said.

"Probably not," said she.

"If you loved me," he said, "you wouldn't think about money. You'd take a chance and run away with me. Maybe I wouldn't let you—but at least you'd be willing to take the chance."

"If you wouldn't let me, what would be the sense? Besides I think you're ridiculous," said Sylvia.

Tommy stood over her, his eyes narrowed. He said deliberately, "I tell you I won't stand for your driving up to Great Barrington with this Tavening smack. I don't care how swanky the house party is. I just don't like the idea."

Said Sylvia, smiling past him, "Are you by any chance forbidding me?"

"Yes."

"That's interesting," she said icily, "because I'm going."

This time Tommy walked the length of the room and back. Then he said with apparent sadness, "I just can't believe you're shallow and dumb. I'd rather believe you're too pretty—and that you're stuck on yourself."

"I'm not stuck on myself."

"Then you're dumb," said Tommy. "The way you're acting, you're one or the other. Take your choice."

That was too much. It brought Sylvia to her feet in a swirl of Oporto red velvet. She pointed toward the door. "You can get out!" she flared. "Get out and don't come back!"

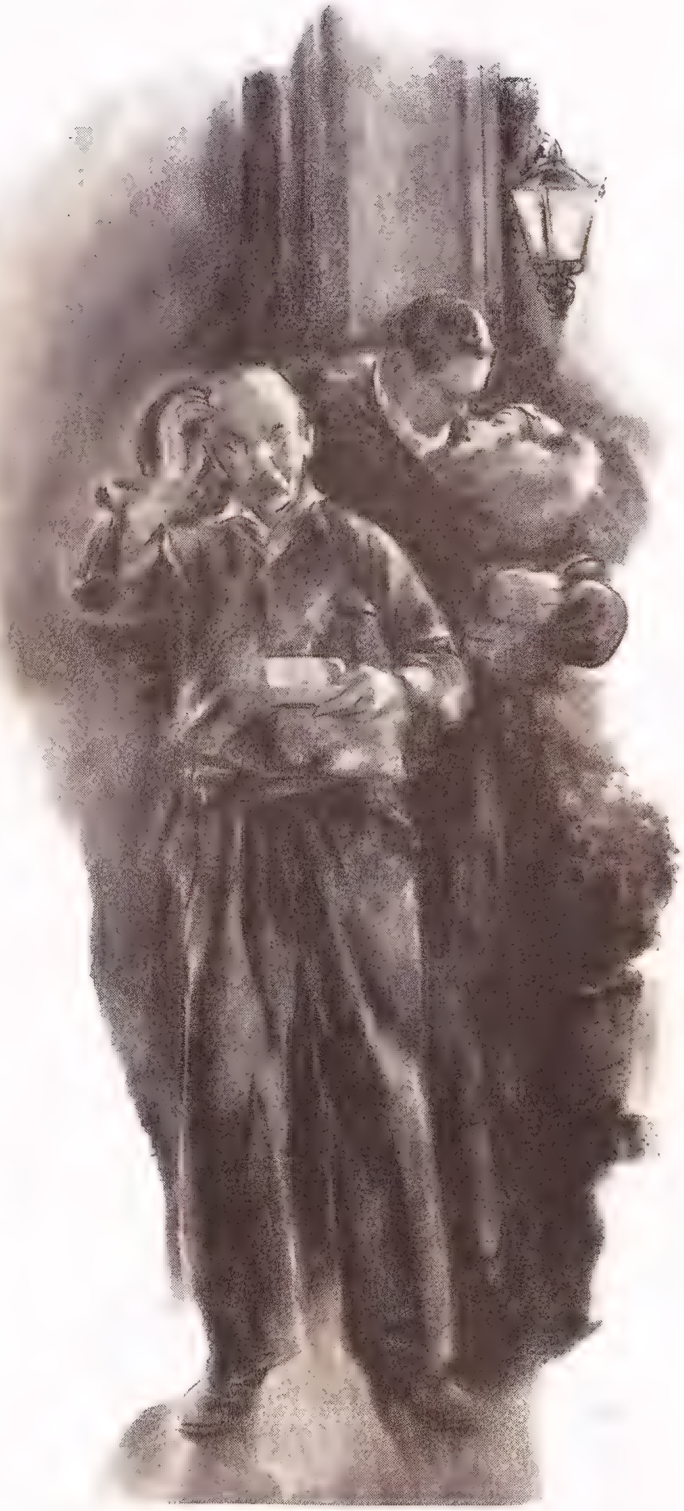
"Suits me," said Tommy stiffly, and went.

Sylvia watched him go, and then once more settled herself upon the couch. She took a chocolate from a box, nibbled it. Of course Tommy would be waiting in the outer hall now, expecting her to rush after him. Well, she just wasn't going to. He could stand there and cool off and then he could ring the bell again.

It would teach him that she was not going to be bossed by him or anybody. The way for a woman to handle a man—all the magazine articles said that—was never to let him boss her. A woman must remain free, independent—er—well, free. Wait a minute! Was that the bell? It was hard to hear because it rang in the pantry.

Sylvia stood up and moved through the dining room toward the pantry. She was glad her father and mother were out at the theater. They would not be back till eleven-thirty. It was only nine now, thank goodness. Nine-five.

Poor Tommy, standing out there in the hall! Well, a little of it would do him good. Softly, with her red velvet draperies trailing, Sylvia moved nearer to the entrance doorway. He couldn't hear her, but maybe she could hear him. She stood there listening for some little time. She heard nothing. Perhaps——



"'Have you got any objections to marrying me this morning?' she said"

SHE turned the knob noiselessly, pulled open the door. For a moment it confused her that Tommy was not in the hall—a typical New York apartment-house hall, consisting solely of walls, floor, ceiling, and doors. But no Tommy!

She stared blankly at the walls and doors, then providentially she remembered where Tommy would be. He would be on the stair landing, of course, just beyond the elevators. Picking up the train of her velvet skirt, she tiptoed the length of the hall.

Momentarily, peering at the stair landing, she could not believe that Tommy wasn't there. But perhaps he had gone a flight up or down to fool her. Softly she called, "Tommy! Tommy!" It was then that she heard her own apartment door slam behind her.

With her skirt clutched in her fingers she raced back. The door was unquestionably shut. She rang the bell and waited.

The maid looked startled and then smirked at her. It was the smirk that enraged Sylvia. She said to the maid loftily, "The wind blew it shut. I was taking Mr. Thomas to the elevator."

Inside the apartment Sylvia boiled. She had been humiliated. Tommy had walked out on her without a word! And, more than that, he had made her a laughingstock in front of one of her own servants.

Now Sylvia began swishing vehemently up and down the living room, till presently a pier glass caught her eye. She found herself looking at what she saw in it. And the sight she saw made her extremely sad, for it seemed a sudden shame that her Oporto red velvet frock and all the rest of her should go to waste on an unappreciative world. She peered closer. No sense not admitting it. She was beautiful.

She lifted her chin, feeling better. She would show Tommy Thomas that she was not to be trifled with. She moved regally to the telephone. She called the Registry Club. She waited.

Glory of glories, Chester Tavening was in! She said, making her voice casual, "Oh, hello, Chester. I just thought I'd call. I had a date and it fiffed. Are you doing anything for the next couple of hours?"

AND that was how Sylvia became unengaged to Tommy Thomas, and that was how she became engaged to a somewhat bewildered Chester Tavening, the same Chester Tavening whom the newspapers referred to as clubman, sportsman, millionaire.

Sylvia was a little bewildered, too, not only at what she had done, but also by the immediate competency with which Tavening took possession. He was a very trim, precise, youngish man. He wore a waxed blond mustache and evening clothes made by a fashionable London tailor. He spoke of polo ponies by the string and hunters by the stable and hounds by the plural. Even when he did an incorrect thing he nevertheless did it correctly.

But now he was doing a correct thing. A beautiful young girl had perhaps misunderstood the unim-

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A MODERN ROMANCE OF A CASUAL WIFE AND A CAREFUL HUSBAND

By

CLARISSA FAIRCHILD CUSHMAN

Judith

SYNOPSIS OF THE STORY

JUDITH COLBY is twenty when Hilary Webb comes to visit her and her father on their plantation in Virginia. Hilary is an architect from New York with a New England background and a Puritanic inheritance.

A son of a college classmate of old Mr. Colby's, Hilary has come to the South in search of romance and beauty. He is at once fascinated with the architecture of the Colby mansion, with Southern hospitality, and with Judith's charm.

Judith has always lived in the South and knows nothing of Northern men, and Hilary interests her. In spite of her attachment to young Randolph, who owns the adjoining acres, and who has always thought to marry her and combine their old plantations, Judith falls in love with Hilary.

After a brief wooing Hilary marries her and takes her to live in an apartment in New York, where Judith is for a time content to cook and clean after her own careless fashion. She has been used to the devoted service of colored retainers, to horses and dogs, congenial neighbors, and a gracious way of life.

Though happy to be with Hilary she finds the city confining. In her need for breathing space she discovers a musty flat in Brooklyn that overlooks the water. But will Hilary be satisfied with antiquated plumbing and a dilapidated neighborhood? The view of the boats and the sunsets on the water compensate Judith for the lack of material comforts.

She pays a small deposit on the place and goes back to her conventional young husband with hope in her heart and more peace in her mind than she has had since she bade good-by to the fields and mountains of her girlhood home.

PART II.

JUDITH came to Hilary, bursting with the excitement of her find. "It is just gorgeous, honey! It is everything I thought it would be to come to New York. You stand in the windows and the kingdoms of the earth are all spread out before you. You know, Hilary, I think that when I looked out and saw the bay and the steamers and the millions of windows with sun on them and all the great pageant of New York shining with life, I had the second most beautiful moment of my life. And you know what the first one was, Hilary." Her voice dropped to a soft whisper. "Never, never, not even being married to you, Hilary, will be quite like that first kiss at the bottom of the stairs."

But even in spite of her enthusiasm Hilary was able to comprehend that it was not such a place as he would have picked out. Yet he was helpless under the magic of her desire. And when the following afternoon he was dragged there perforce, he tried gallantly not to see the disreputability of the street, not to smell the closeness of the dark stairs, not to flinch from the tall old rooms with their tiny fireplaces of soiled marble. For Judith saw only the bright west windows.

"You know, Hilary," she said, "it is like life—those windows. Everything around us is close and tight, but out there everything is free. It's like being able to see out from our bodies with the eyes of our mind."

Suddenly she turned, and flung herself against him with more abandon than she had ever shown him. She pressed herself against him and raised a face moved by emotion. "I want our life to be like that, Hilary. Beautiful and free. You know, Hilary, I just barely remember my mother, but she was like that—beautiful and free. Father has often told me that she used to have a sort of creed she lived by. She used to say that no matter what one's life was, or who one was, still one could live with grace. I know that we are just ordinary folks, you and I, not destined to be famous, or wealthy, or fine; but one thing we can have is a life of grace. A life suited just to ourselves and our place in the world. Not grasping and pretending, like those apartments we were in, with the bed letting down from the wall and the kitchen shutting up behind a mirror."

HER voice rushed on, and Hilary, while still disturbed, yet let his mind lose itself in the enchantment of her vision. "It's like this, Hilary. We've taken up life together, and you'll put in your bit and I'll put in mine, and soon between us there will be such a wealth of beauty of living as every one can see and feel as if it were a tangible thing, like the harbor.

"See, Hilary." She pulled him to the window. "Little dingy tugs, black wharves and oily water, garbage and ashes, old dark streets where people fight for money and power—but look at it, honey—just look at it! It is all asparkle with magic. And if we can't put a magic over our lives, sweetheart, we are going to lose half our living." She leaned to him. "That's all our love is, Hilary, just a magic."

It was a magic that Hilary felt and responded to. If this place was not exactly what he wanted, after all she would spend her whole day there. And the financial easement was no small item to a young man about to support a wife and buy dining-room furniture. He looked at the flat with new eyes. It had possibilities. Paint would do wonders. It was stately, in its way. The marble mantels, if Victorian, were very much in vogue. Some of the old mahogany of Judith's home would go beautifully.

Hilary forgot the windows. He walked through the rooms, looking at them now with a more tolerant eye. Dark waxed floors with no rugs at all on them—that would give space. Something colorful in old brocade over the fireplaces would give the place an artistic air. He did not look in the kitchen either.

"You have some beautiful old stuff in your home, Judith," he suggested, "if your father would let you have it. Some of the things—refinished, of course—would look exceedingly well in these old rooms."

"Wouldn't they! Some of grandmother's; they are my very own. There's a little kidney table, for instance, that I could hardly bear to leave."

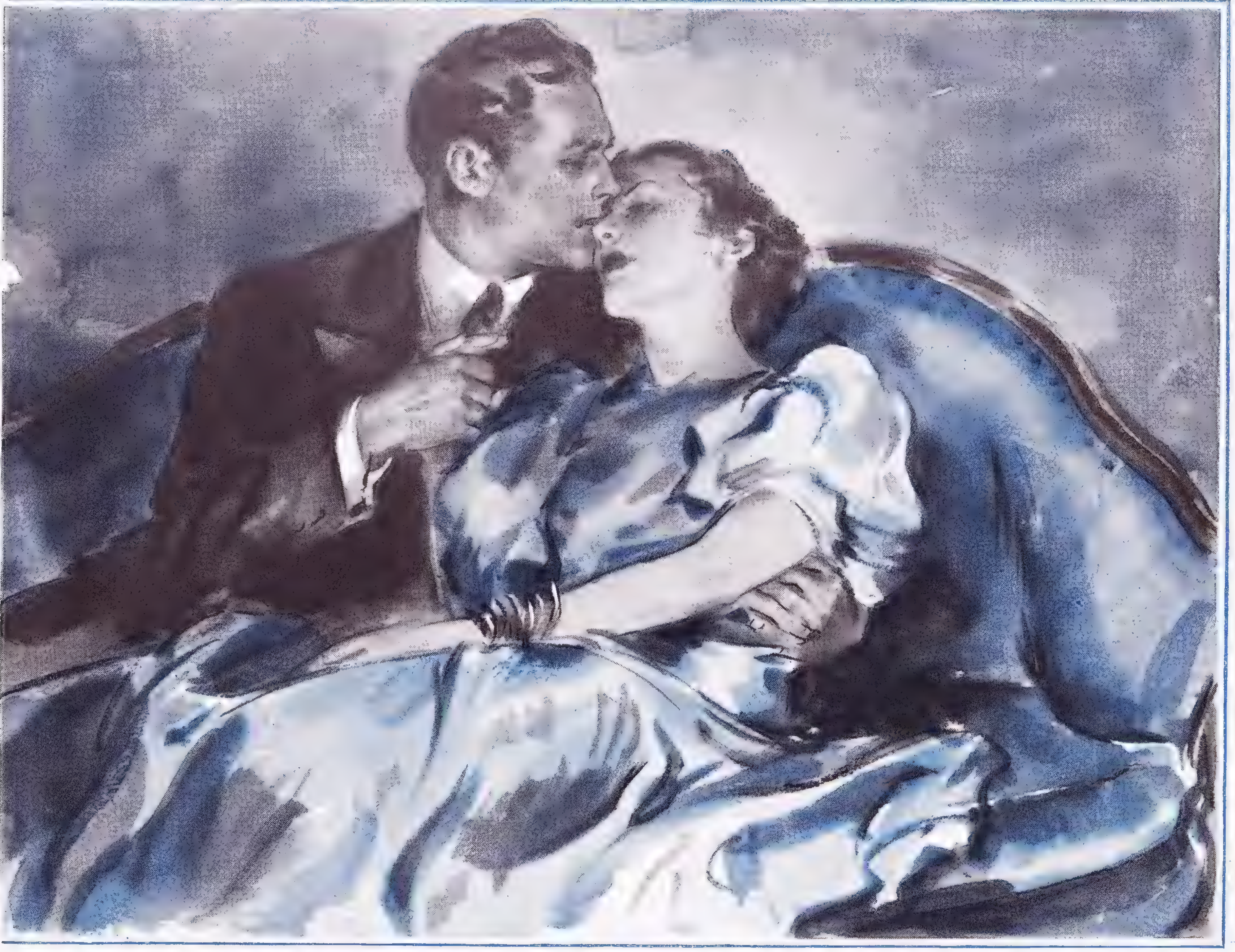
"Grand!" Hilary was enthusiastic. "It'll help a lot. What else have you?"

"Oh—a lot of things, but naturally I wouldn't take them away from home."

Hilary was puzzled. "But aren't they yours, sweetheart?" He laughed indulgently. "Jubeth, you are forgetting again. You forget that you are a married woman and I am your home."

JUDITH'S face warmed with color. "I don't forget, Hilary. How could I? Silly! But the furniture. Nobody ever takes anything away from home. You don't suppose that just because I'm married my home is not home to me and always will be, do you? Why, it's home to all of us, you and me, for always. Whatever happened we could always go there. But what would it be like if all of us took away from there the things that belong there, just because we call them ours for a little while?"

Hilary laughed. "You're a fiery little thing, Judith. But I like you to be loyal like that. Only it strikes me as funny that you of all people should suppose a home is made up of things like furniture. It seems to me that



"'But you are mine. You were always mine. Judy, my love! And I lost you!'"

if the things are yours you would want them with you."

"But they are not mine in that sense, Hilary. Don't you see? They belong to the part of my life that belongs to my family. Generations back—generations ahead. What am I? I have no permanence. But our family does. It will go on, through you and me. Our—children, Hilary. Their home, too, will be there. But if you take the things out of it, it would be like taking away the land itself. The home wouldn't exist and I'd be just a floating soul. How silly we are being, Hilary, over just some beds and tables!"

BUT Hilary was disturbed. "But, Judy, listen a moment, dear. Do you mean that you don't think of our home as permanent, as real?"

With a movement of infinite love Judith put her arm around Hilary and laid her head on his coat.

"Silly! It's just because that home means so very much, Hilary, that it is like a miracle to me that you and I are starting one. No one knows better than I that nothing can ever tear up the blood roots from a place that's been called home."

A queer lump choked in Hilary's throat. "Then we'll start our own—here, darling, where you want it."

The first year in the Brooklyn flat passed to all outward semblance happily. To Judith the life was not, in a way, so very different from what she had idealized. The bird's-eye view of harbor and city compensated somewhat for the things she most missed from her Virginia home—the far hills and the flowing Potomac. She was content to sit for hours and watch the dignity of the steamers and the importance of the tugs; and always the city was to her a castled Camelot.

Sometimes she would fix a particularly romantic-looking place in her eye, then spend hours trying to find it—to find it, with refuse in the gutters and trucks noisy on the cobbles. But being the child of her father and accustomed to being alone, this change from Camelot to slum only tended to strengthen in her a philosophy of life. She used to chatter of it to Hilary in the evenings.

"It's what distinguishes us most from the animals," she once said to Hilary. "To see beyond our fleshly eyes with the eyes of the mind. And the eyes of the mind can create for us another reality, more beautiful, yes—more true, Hilary, than this life around us. Some women never see their home for the dust in it. It's a mistake, Hilary. We must always have dust in our lives. What every person should learn to do is to see right through it into the reality beneath."

HILARY could not quite follow. Nor was he to be blamed. Too often he was the first to come home, home to an empty house with dirty dishes stacked in the sink and rolls of dust still under the bed. The fact that Judith would arrive, breathless and loving—she had only meant to be gone a little while—always surprised to find that in her absence the dishes had not somehow gotten themselves done, did nothing to alter the matter.

The casualness of Judith's life disturbed him. Disorder and dirt aroused in him shudders of distaste. He never got used to the soft brown coffee dust that settled on the cloth of his dresser top. He touched his brushes with distaste and wore his collars with distrust. And the kitchen and the queer old bathroom, in spite of their fresh paint, grew gradually to have a kind of horror for him. Could it honestly be that Judith, personally so dainty, did not see all this?

HE HAD been a motherless child; he had thought that marriage would bring into his life the grace which he always associated with the femininity he had always idealized. Whereas it was that Judith, also a motherless child and as untrained as Hilary in the art of dusting and dishwashing, found the answer to life's drabness in her imagination, until her mind colored the fabric of her life, endowing it with a rosy mist through which she saw dirt and disorder hazily.

The result was that she made seemingly an easy adaptation to her new life. She found ready employment for her active mind and body. If she missed her horse, it did not occur to her to complain of it. Just to be with Hilary was joy enough. When he ventured once to show a distaste for dishes left unwashed and beds unmade, she was quick to feel regretful, and nothing for a while thereafter seemed to her more worth while than to scrub and shine for Hilary.

She felt that she did it diligently—as indeed she did. And then something intervened important to her, and she locked dirt and disorder behind her with a rusty

Illustrations by J. KARL

iron key and took out the bright gold key of a new adventure and danced away with it. The lapse to her was nothing; to him everything. He never dared to bring any one home, because he was never sure what he would find.

So, during the whole of that year, each had his own sense of virtue; each felt that he was making genuine efforts toward their mutual adjustment. But below everything was the wide gulf of difference in nature—his that wanted to be safe, sure, bound by actuality; hers that absorbed from every facet of life a light that illumined her mind and made her free.

SO THAT while he was outwardly far less adaptable than she, fundamentally hers was a nature that would keep always to its course because it was never inwardly affected by circumstances. Thus it was that the cross-current of their lives only met with external understanding.

But they loved each other. And those things in her which always seemed to him inconsistencies, because he never comprehended how true they ran to the deeper dictates of her nature, were a matter for indulgence and special love. He liked her to say, as she did now and then, that she was not a modern woman.

"Aren't you ever thankful, Hilary, that I'm not one of those efficient girls that want to have a career? I haven't the dimmest interest in a career. Which reminds me that I met Professor Ballenbeck up at the library the other day. He's the curator of medieval literature up there, you know, and I was browsing around, and I suppose he was surprised to see a young female wisp in there, and he came up and talked to me. And of course he knows father. And when he found out I had helped dad he wanted to know if I'd help him with a bit of work. I said I'd love to. Funny coincidence, wasn't it?"

It gave Hilary a very indulgent feeling toward her. "Oh! And so you're not a modern bit of feminism that wants a career? Just a bit of fluff, browsing among medieval manuscripts?"

She came and sat indignantly on his knee. "Of course that's not a career. A career is being serious and having stern principles."

She sighed happily and pulled a lock of hair over his eyes. "I used to hate working with father at first. But the poor lamb so wanted to make a scholar out of me. You know, I went to college for part of a year, and for a long time I was angry with father because I thought he had spoiled everything for me. I knew such a strange medley of things, and often the professors were wrong and I knew they were, and that's a bit embarrassing, don't you think? And the girls seemed so silly. Anyway I left. And after that I loved working with father. After all he's got marvelous intelligence and background, and I've missed working with him. And you've no idea how awfully silly you look with your hair like that."

He swept his hair back with a quick gesture. He hated to look silly.

"You know, Hilary," she continued, thoughtfully pulling the lock back again, "I'm not much of a person if you were to take me all apart and analyze me. I'm really not much on housekeeping. And it's only by accident that I'm a good cook, because I do it like Liza, by guess and by golly, and I'm not really faithful at it. Though don't you think I've been really grand about it lately?

"And I'm not handsome, and I'm not ambitious. I don't honestly care whether you are rich or famous. And Heaven knows I'm not clever or smart. I think I ought to have told you all that before I married you, Hilary." She stopped making spit curls on his forehead to inquire anxiously, "Do you care, honey, very much? Because after all there's one thing I do want."

"What's that, sweetheart?"

"Just to be nice, and have you love me," she said.

SO FOR Judith the winter danced away on light feet; and if to Hilary it was faintly redolent with the odor of cabbage, it was because he perceived the cabbage and she did not. Once, when Judith developed grippe, the idea of having help burst upon them both as a new idea. But neither one of them knew anything about hiring help, and the kind of help that was willing to work in their unfashionable flat was such as made Judith after two weeks thankful to be well again.

There was also the matter of money. Hilary found that for all his dislike of the odor of cabbage the little flat was all he could afford. Women's clothes, he discovered, were scandalously expensive. When the Jacksons, whose apartment they had occupied, began to entertain again, naturally they included the young Webbs. The cost of a really creditable dinner dress appalled him; and at that he was chagrined because Judith was the only woman there who wore her street coat instead of an evening cloak.

When, therefore, the Jacksons gave a theater party he was relieved when Judith sent for an old silk-brocaded coat of her grandmother's, really a beautiful thing in dull blues and gold which called forth enough comment to comfort Hilary's anxious pride. But they could not afford a taxi all the way from Brooklyn, and it was the cause of Judith's grippe.

All the way to Brooklyn! Judith was unaware what that phrase meant, but Hilary was not. He heard it often enough.

"BROOKLYN! Dear old boy! Really!" was the opinion of the office. Brooklyn! To a dweller in Manhattan the far reaches of New Jersey or Long Island are but a step, but Brooklyn is always just Brooklyn.

Poor Hilary! He had been so sure that marriage would be an open sesame to that gay and bantering relation of young people to each other from which he had always stood apart. But it was not so. The noise and the jokes of the young unmarried still excluded them; and the noisy freedom of the young married ones went on around them and took no heed of them. Judith was startlingly lovely among the thin, painted girls she met; but she was not one of them.

Her low, slow voice and her Southern accent set her apart. As an unmarried girl she might possibly have been a "riot"; as a young married woman it was to older people that her unspoiled charm appealed. Hilary was uneasy. Judith wasn't taking; he himself never had taken. He was distressed for her, for himself. Judith, quietly listening with her half smile and her serene eyes, had no slightest wish to be a part of it. It was to her a pageant, beautiful to watch.

Only once there was a break in the winter. Judith's father came up for a week in the spring, and then the rooms were invaded by earnest people to whom Brooklyn was not a foreign land and a distinguished scholar

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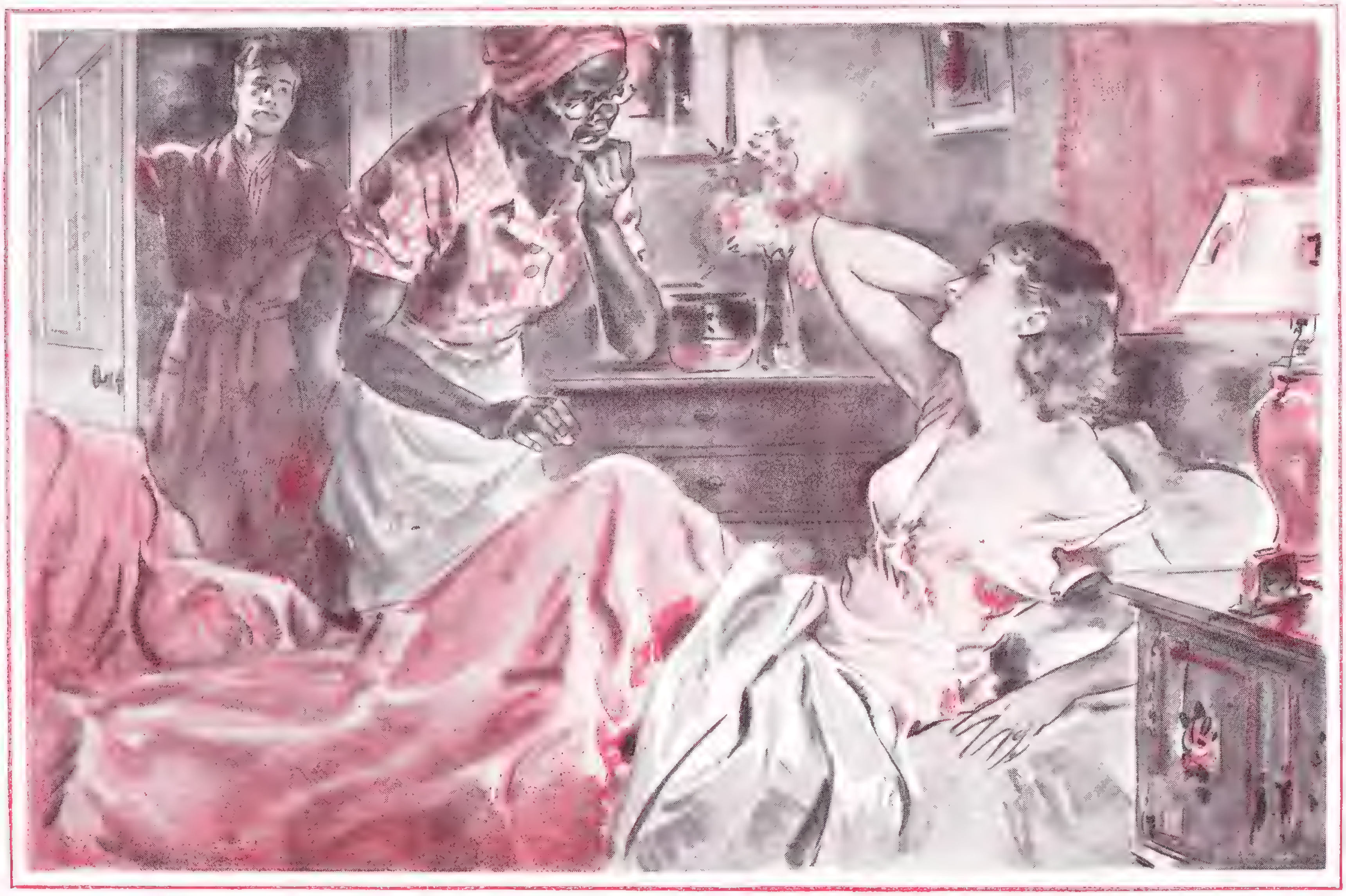
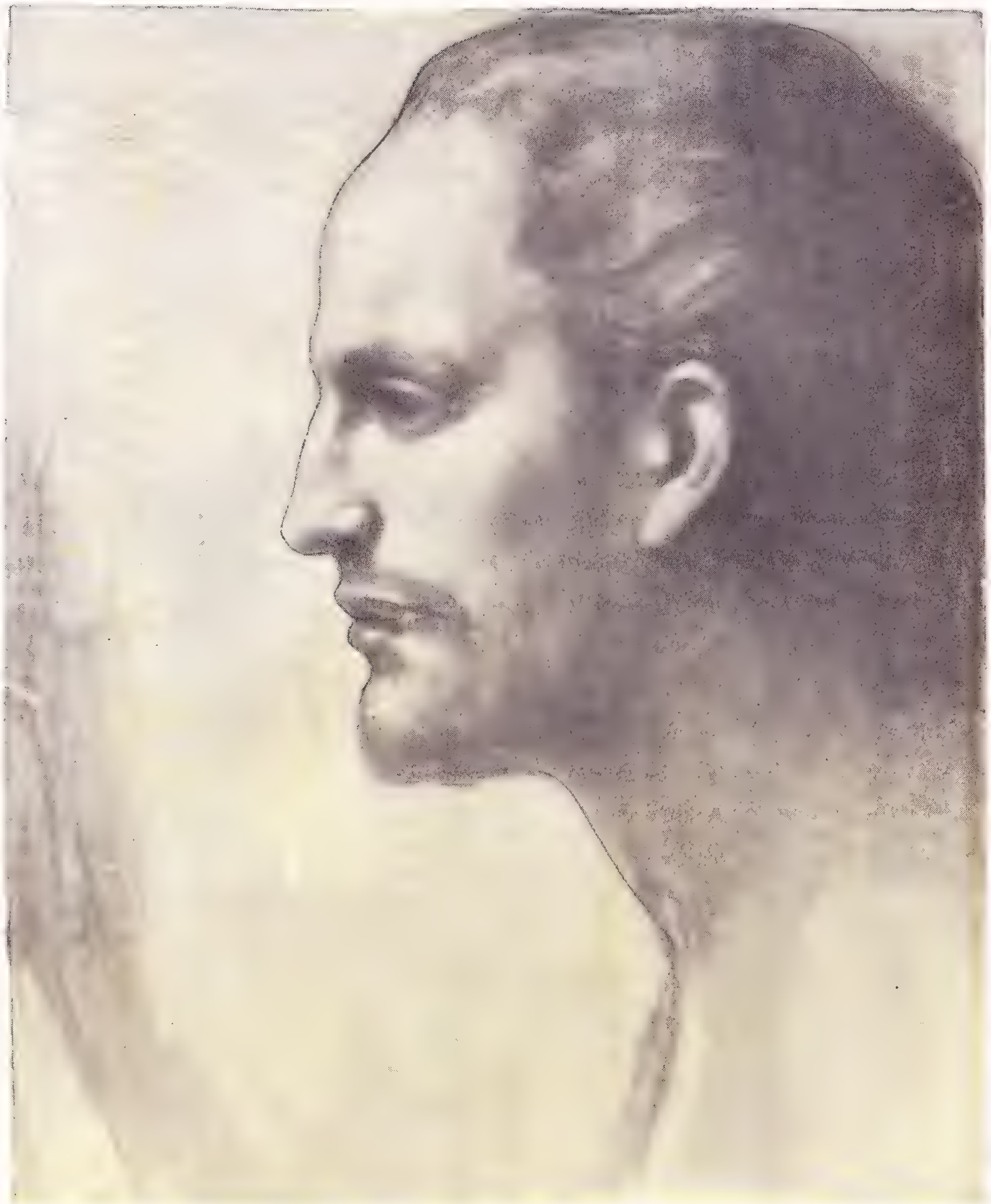


"The whole household was reduced to slavery; everything in the world had to revolve around her chile"



THIS is the famous portrait of Christ by the late Kahlil Gibran, great Syrian author and artist. Drawn in 1928, it was the first of two, and has been exhibited in many parts of the world. The artist considered it his masterpiece, and many of the world's leading museums have tried in vain to obtain it. Gibran, a great mystic, said, "This is His portrait. I have seen Him three times"

THE SON OF MAN

By **KAHLIL GIBRAN**

HEREWITH Pictorial Review presents to the American public a unique achievement in the combination of a literary and art treasure by a famous master, published posthumously. Kahlil Gibran, the great Syrian poet and painter, author of "The Prophet," "Jesus the Son of Man," "The Garden of the Prophet," "Sand and Foam," and other masterpieces, drew two pictures of the Christ. The first one, Gibran's favorite, has been exhibited in many parts of the world since Gibran's death in New York City in 1931, but never has been reproduced heretofore.

It is our great privilege to present it on this page. The accompanying text is of excerpts from letters which the genius wrote to a friend between the years 1924 and 1931. Contained in it is the artist's interpretation of how he conceived this magnificent profile of Jesus, which differs so completely from the usual.

The other writings indicate that Gibran carried even into his private correspondence the sheer beauty and power which brought such response from his readers that his writings were translated into more languages than any works except Shakespeare and the Bible.

LAST night I saw His face again, clearer than I have ever seen it. It was not turned toward my face—it was looking far out into the vast night. I saw the profile. It was at once serene and stern, and I thought for a moment that He would smile, but He did not. He was youth, ageless and immortal; not God, no, but the Son of Man, facing all that man must face, knowing all that man has ever known or shall ever know. His was the face of one invincible; it was the face of a Lover and a Brother and a Friend.

His hair was blown back from His face, and like unto small shining wings each side His head. His throat was brown and strong; His eyes were like dark embers. Now, my friend, for the first time I feel sure that I can draw that face. It shall be like a figurehead for the prow of a great ship.

He walked as a man facing into a strong wind, yet who was stronger than the wind. He wore again the rough woolen garment, and again His feet were bare and dusty from the curving roads. I saw again His firm, large hands and stalwart wrists, like branches of a tree. His head was high, and upon His countenance I beheld a vast purpose and a silent yearning . . . To-day I cannot write nor draw one line. But to-morrow, when I return, I shall draw that Face!

It is two o'clock in the morning, and I am still listening to the gentle rapping of the rain upon my window. I am sad, but my sadness is dear to my soul, and this sadness I would not drive away for joy. In the house of the night when dreams are seeking dreamers, I love to sit alone, though sometimes I call old friends from eternity to come and sit with me, and sometimes I go to them.

When it is raining I can almost see bright spirits entering my room for shelter!

I remember—I seem to remember—that when Jesus was with us here He looked at us and at the world we

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South American Beauty

PRINCETON'S MERRY MONARCH TAKES A STRANGE GUEST TO THE PROM

By

ROBERT COLLYER WASHBURN

NO, I'M not taking a girl to the prom. I'm not even going myself." Charles held up a Daumier lithograph to the light, studied it thoughtfully. "I've been chairman of three prom committees," he continued. "I've provided any number of girls just to give the boys a treat, and I think I'm entitled to spend one prom in peace and comfort."

"But this is your last chance, your last prom."

"Yes, and I shall stroll by the gym to look in at the window and see all the nice little boys sweating over their friends' sisters and all the nice little girls occupied by disorderly alumni. And then I shall walk peacefully down to Joe's for a quiet glass of beer." He wrapped the lithograph methodically, packed it in a wooden crate, and laid a print of El Greco's "Toledo" face down on the brown paper.

"You have lost your hold on romance, Charles Second." Bill Thomas looked at him reproachfully. "Every beautiful girl is somebody's sister."

"Not for me; not one of them is going to be a sister to me," said Charles Second firmly. He started work on a collection of first editions, placing them carefully in a box built to fit.

Bill grinned. He thought over the early years of Charles at Princeton. The desirable beauties escorted by him had not indeed appeared to regard their relations with Charles as particularly sisterly.

It was during that time that he had acquired his name of Charles Second, from a somewhat imagined resemblance to the Merry Monarch. But what girls they had been! Perhaps it was only natural that Charles, after such early triumphs, should have become a bit bored.

A knock at the door announced that Mr. Carleon was wanted on the telephone. Charles dumped an armload of books on the bed and went quickly downstairs. It was his mother with the word that she and his father would not be able to get up from Philadelphia for his graduation. He said he was sorry, and thought the conversation over. There was a pause.

"There's—there's something else," she almost faltered. He knew his mother's voice when it rose to that pitch. He waited.

"You remember that Mr. Palmer, your father's partner, was coming on with his daughter from the Argentine Chaco?" she began casually. "Well, they're here."

"Yes," said Charles.

"Yes. And you know how important it is to your father that Mr. Palmer has a pleasant visit. Charles, dear, we have made very few demands on you for the family. And when Mr. Palmer heard about your graduating he thought it would be so nice to have you take her to the prom."

"Mother! Oh, Mother!" groaned Charles in a voice that he knew would convey his sentiments perfectly, but he recognized his mother's finality. "All right, if I have to. But I'll need some money. Wire me two hundred."

"Anything you want, dear boy. And she really is awfully sweet. Her name is Ann Louise Palmer. Of course she isn't exactly what you'd call pretty, and her clothes aren't exactly what girls wear here, but she really is sweet. And all you'll have to do is take her and dance with her. You can take her home early. She's rather shy, brought up in a convent."

"Wait a minute. Listen, Mother. You'd better make it five hundred. Send her on the eight o'clock train to-morrow morning. It gets to the Junction at eight fifty-five. I've taken it for classes lots of times. I'll meet it."

"That's just like my dear boy. I knew we could depend on you. Get Mrs. Edward to chaperon her. I'll wire the money right away."

Charles turned from the telephone. He wandered thoughtfully across the campus. In his desperation his mind raced frantically from one scheme to another. He spent the night in such perturbation that he overslept. His taxi raced across the bridge to the New York side of the tracks just as the Philadelphia express paused on its way to New York. Several classmates greeted him. He groaned. He had not figured on any one else coming to this early train.

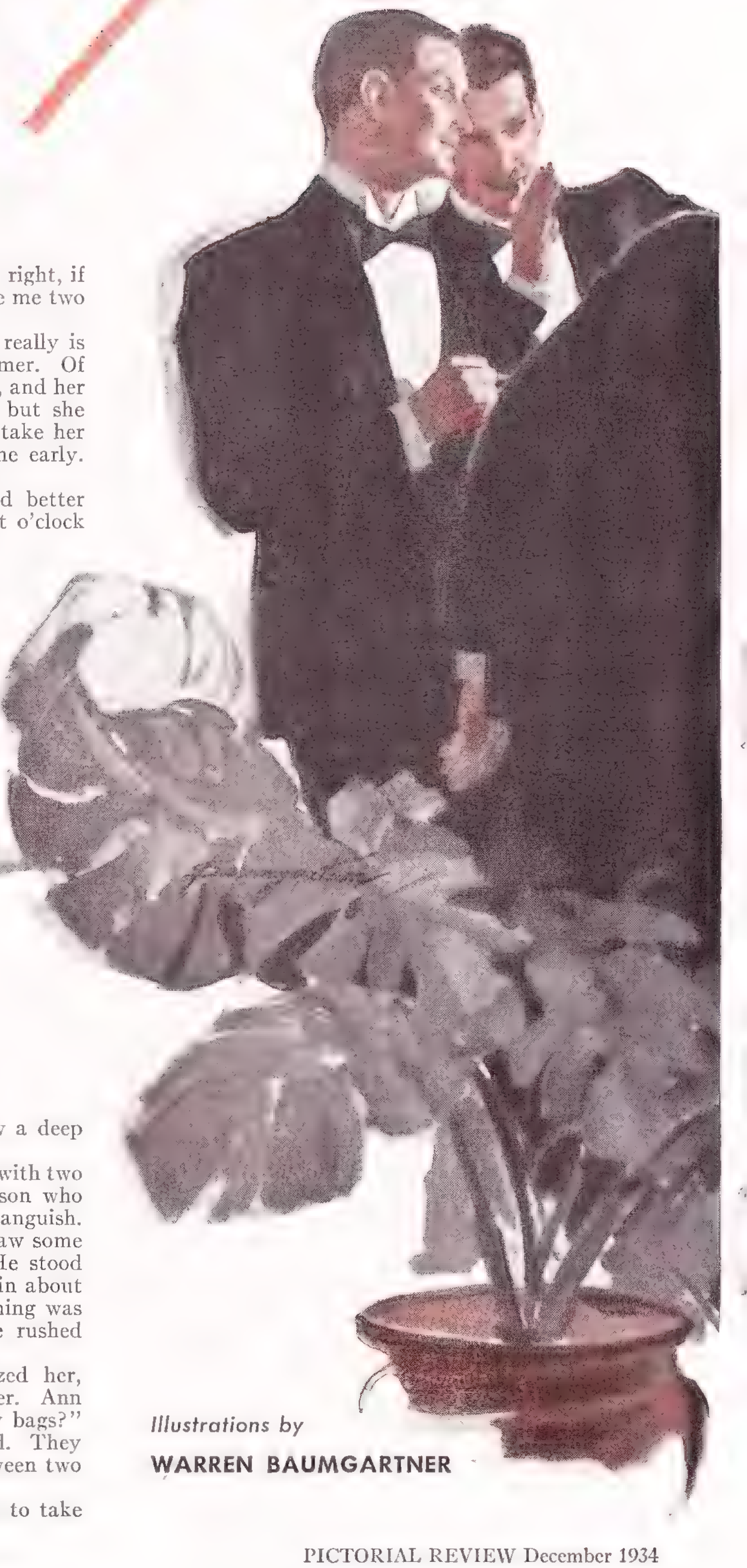
A MOTHER escorting two enchanting smart girls was met enthusiastically and taken away rejoicing. No one emerged who could have been Ann Louise Palmer. Charles started to draw a deep breath of relief.

Suddenly a porter jumped from a parlor car with two gaudy yellow bags, followed by a young person who turned Charles's breath of relief into a gasp of anguish.

Hot embarrassment rose to his face as he saw some of his classmates glance at her curiously. He stood paralyzed for a moment. The toot of the train about to depart roused him. The one important thing was that no one should see them together. He rushed to her side.

The train had begun to move. He seized her, bundled her back aboard, and climbed on after. Ann Louise peered out in surprise and cried, "My bags?" She burst into tears. The train gathered speed. They lurched in confusion through the passage between two cars, found her seat.

"Shut up!" said Charles grimly. "I've got to take



Illustrations by
WARREN BAUMGARTNER

you to the prom to-night, but I'm not going to be seen with you like this."

"I don't want to go." She sobbed louder.

"And I don't want to take you, either!" he snapped sincerely. "But it has to be done. Let's make the best of it."

"I thought the prom was here."

"It is. We're going in a back way."

"Tickets?" asked the conductor.

"Two for New York," said Charles. Ann Louise stifled her tears to a low sob, and he studied her as he tried to figure some way out. It seemed to him that she cut the most extraordinary figure he had ever seen. She was small, timid, and wore what Charles remembered dimly that the little girls he had played with years ago had called a Peter Thompson, a white one, with a large sailor collar ornamented with navy-blue stripes. Red anchors were embroidered at intervals. A large white hat slumped on the back of her head, not quite concealing the heavy braids of fair hair down her shoulders.

He wondered if he couldn't take her to Roseland, or somewhere, and tell her it was the prom. No, that would probably leak out, and it wouldn't be right. The Carleons had a strong sense of family duty. Suddenly an idea came to him. He swung his chair around, placed his hand on hers.

"Buck up," he said. "Come on. Let's try to have a good time of this as long as we have to do it. We are going to have a lot of fun right now anyway. We are going to New York to buy you some clothes, some real clothes. Have you any money on you?"

"Father gave me what he said was two hundred dollars. I don't understand your money very well."

"With what I have that'll be fine." He held her hand reassuringly, smiled at her. "Now tell me all about yourself."

"You see, mother is dead, long ago," she said with a charming liquid accent that he seized on as the first hint that there might be something to work with here after all. "I have been placed in a convent in Buenos Aires. Father, he lives at a mine up in the jungle. I am very happy in the convent school, but father is sad that I am not an American girl. He has brought me back here and said I must become an American girl, must go to dances. But in the convent young men were wrong to see. Sometimes they would play a guitar, but one could not speak. One could drop, sometimes, a handkerchief through the grille."

FROM the Pennsylvania Station Charles took Ann Louise to a small shop on Fifty-seventh Street, marched her in past the salesgirl, and demanded M. Gaston. M. Gaston appeared and exchanged warm greetings. "An evening dress for this young lady?" he said. "Certainly. We have nothing at the moment, but it will be easy to create. White tulle, pink rosebuds—a dream of youth."

"Please," said Charles. "If she wanted that she could go to a department store. That is why she throws herself on your hands. She is to go to a dance to-night, to impersonate a beautiful South American señorita of the very highest family, well born, well bred, reserved, aristocratic and yet with the possibilities of passion. Outdo yourself."

Ann Louise shrank back, blushed. Charles was beginning to be himself again, to enjoy himself as an artist. He enjoyed the way Gaston considered the problem profoundly while murmuring, "*C'est facile, c'est facile.*" Gaston gave order for Rosalie to come out in the green.

In a moment a lovely girl came with a seductive swaying walk that went straight to Charles's imagination. Charles ignored the dress and asked Ann Louise, "Could you walk like that?"

"I could try," she said. "Perhaps she would show me."

"But certainly," said Gaston. "And do you like the costume?"

Charles regarded the exquisite creation, a satin mold for the figure, cut low over the back and bosom. "A beautiful dress, Monsieur," he said, "but not quite suitable. For a young girl of good family the possi-

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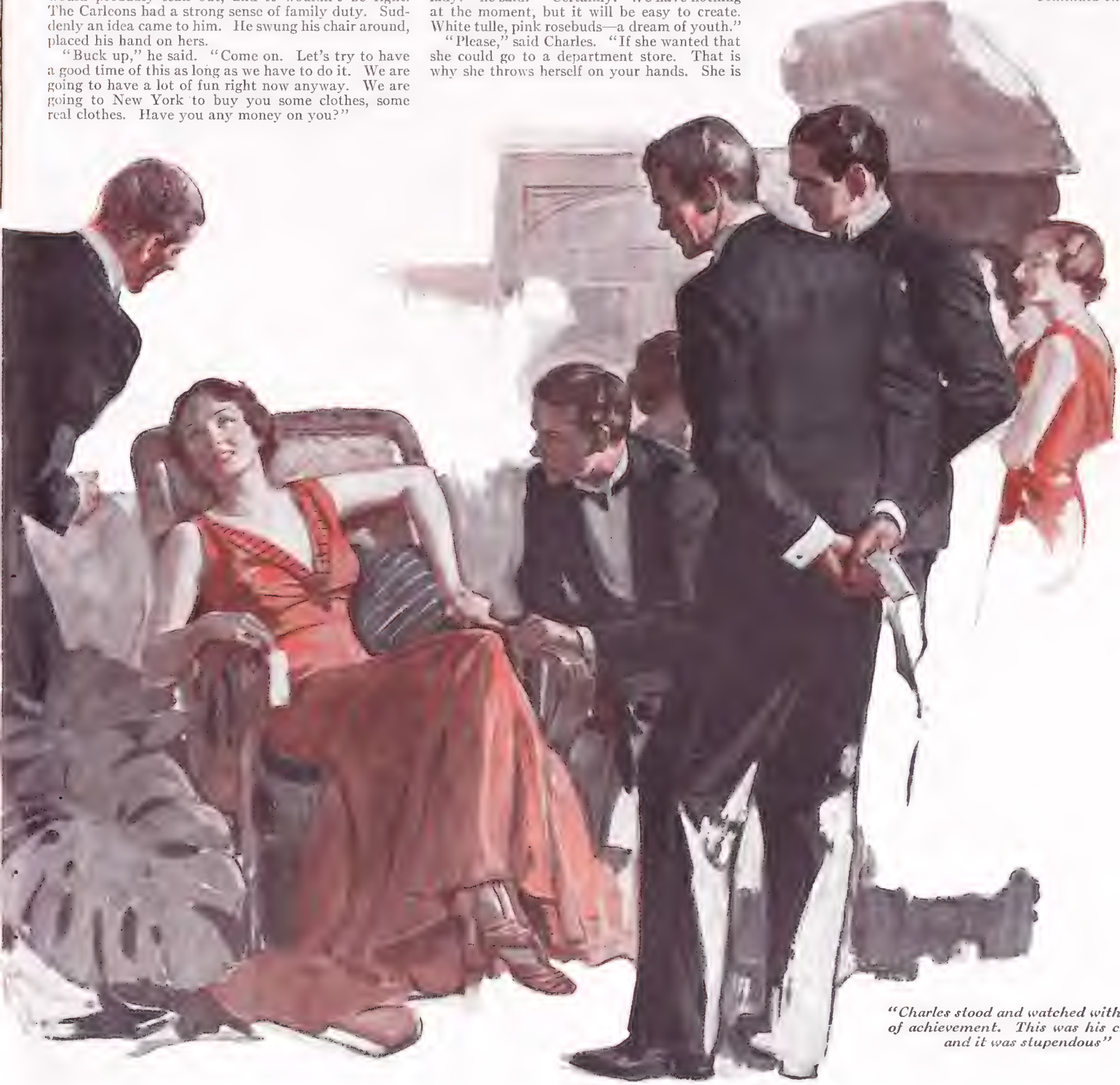
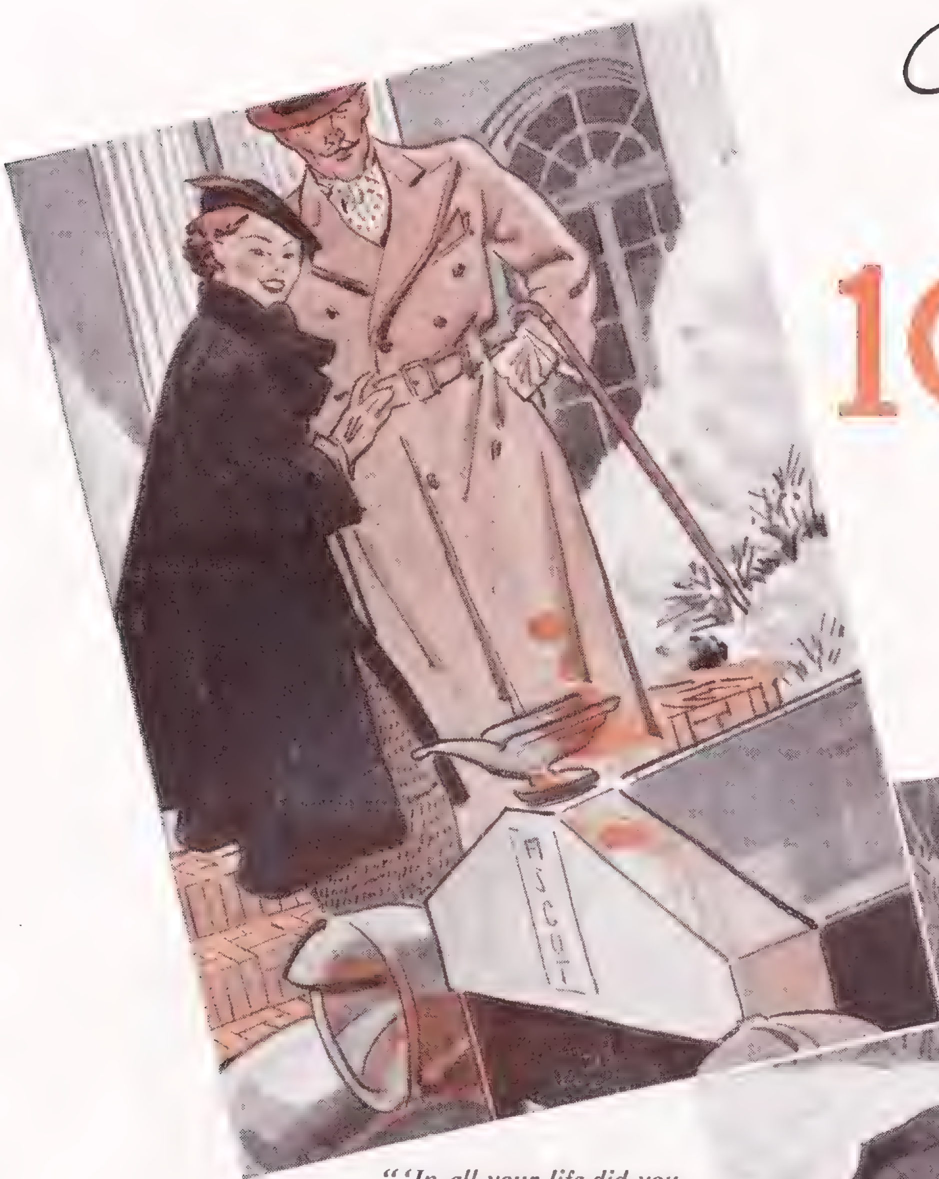
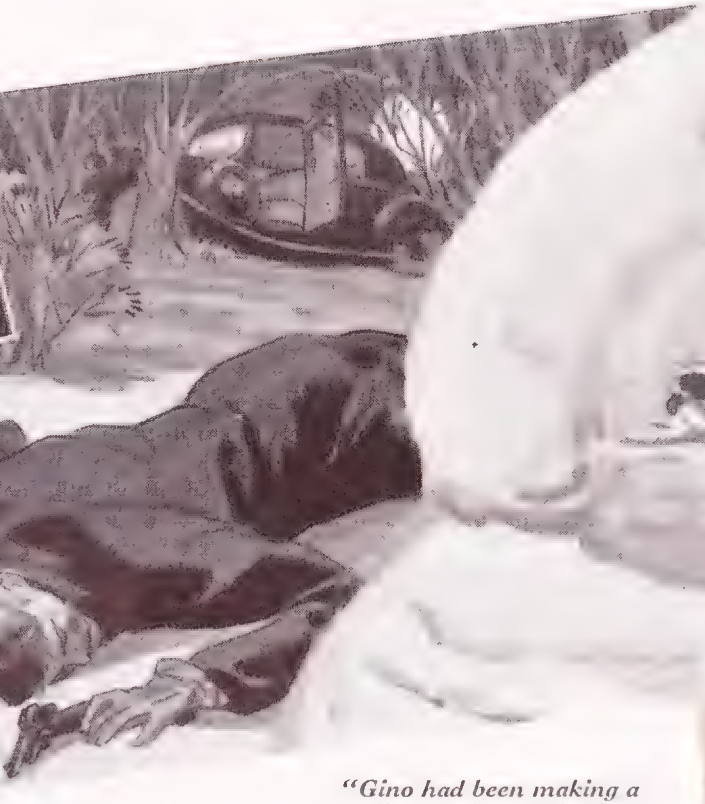


"Charles stood and watched with a glow of achievement. This was his creation and it was stupendous"

The First 100,000 Miles



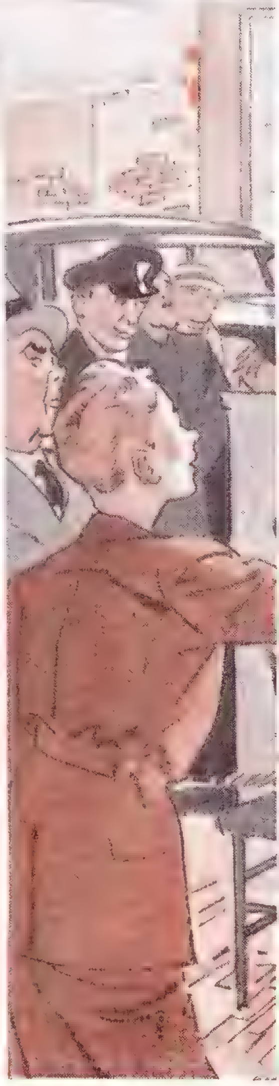
"'In all your life did you ever hear of such a wedding present?'"



"Gino had been making a delivery himself in forbidden territory"

By Eleanore Griffin

Illustrations by **CLARK AGNEW**



AT NIGHT it seemed like a graveyard of great dismembered beasts that lay for some reason unburied. But beneath the California sun it indicated no more and no less than the black-and-white-painted sign over the gap in the green picket fence through which the doomed cars were driven. "Joe's Junk Yard," the sign informed in very large letters. "Auto Parts Bought and Sold."

For three days the Ascot waited patiently. Its headlights turned like hopeless eyes on the mauve-colored mountains before Joe gave the order for the execution. "Might as well start on the Ascot, boys."

His two assistants began the work. Pete, who was almost sixty years old, tore into the car's vital organs. He started to remove the battery; but Dave, who had just turned twenty, hung back. He touched the hood of the car gently. He patted it, not as if it were some good old horse that had done its work, but as if he caressed a thoroughbred, a champion, whose hourglass of glory had run out.

"Gosh, Pete, don't you hate to do it?"

"Do what?" Pete grunted.

"To tear her up," the boy said softly. "After all, she's an Ascot. It doesn't seem right. She must have been a beauty five years ago. But she's evidently moved high, wide, and handsome. I'll bet things have happened in this car; don't you, Pete?"

Pete removed his pipe from his mouth. "Say, why didn't you tell me this was a funeral so I coulda sent some flowers?"

MR. HENRY SEAVERS smiled cryptically beneath his small, very neat mustache as the car came circling up the driveway. He had been expecting it, but to Anne it came as a complete surprise. It was amusing to have married a woman as young as Anne, and perhaps even more amusing because Anne had never had anything before. When she opened the envelope attached to the steering wheel of the impressive vehicle she squealed with delight.

"Henry," she almost screamed, "Mr. Vinson has given me an Ascot! In all your life did you ever hear of such a wedding present? Darling, he must think an awful lot of you to do a thing like that."

Henry Seavers smiled. "Yes, Arthur and I are very close."

YET it was a rather nice gesture on Vinson's part, but then where would Vinson be to-day if he, Henry, hadn't okehed that loan in spite of the miserable collateral offered? Mr. Seavers was a banker. In all his career he had never taken a chance that might reflect on his wide reputation for integrity. Still, he and Arthur had gone to school together.

Anne faced him, small and vital, her auburn hair framing a heart-shaped face. "Pinch me, please. I can't quite believe all this."

He hadn't pinched her. Instead he kissed the three golden freckles decorating a nose that was really too small for beauty. "Are you happy?"

"Thrilled! I think I could fly."

He held her close to him. "I'm old enough to be your father, you know."

She put her rather hard little hands on his face. "If you were one minute younger you wouldn't be you, and I couldn't stand that."

There wasn't much sense to anything she said, but she was a warm, gay little thing. It was pleasant having her around.

Mrs. Henry Seavers made a charming picture driving the big car. Henry liked to have her call for him at the bank, but she embarrassed him by insisting that he kiss her on the nose.

Then after a while Anne changed. She wanted to go out every night. Henry's friends began to bore her. Then she talked of adopting a baby, but in the face of Henry's disapproval she contented herself with a chow pup, a nasty little beast that snarled at Henry, a piece of rudeness for which Anne neglected to reprove him.

Soon every one started talking about the flirtation between young Mrs. Seavers and the good-looking attendant at a service station. Every one knew that an Ascot was a gourmand, but no one had ever heard of one with such an ap-

HIGH SPOTS — SOFT SPOTS — SNAPSHOTS IN THE LIFE OF MODEL A

petite for gas and oil as that driven by Mrs. Seavers.

On the young attendant's afternoon off they might be seen flying over the country, and he would be driving the Ascot. Though every one knew about the affair long before he did, in time it reached Mr. Seavers's ears. He didn't speak to Anne about it, but he grew very absent-minded about Anne's allowance. She had to ask for it, and when she received it, it had been cut almost to nothing. Anne looked at him questioningly. "You have so many charge accounts, my dear. There's scarcely anything for which you actually need cash."

That afternoon Anne picked up the young filling-station attendant. "Fred, he knows all about us," Anne said.

"I'M GLAD he does. No, I guess I didn't mean that. I haven't a penny. I had a lot of nerve getting you into this mess."

"It's not a mess, dear," she told him. "It couldn't be when I love you so much."

"But what are we going to do about it? You're used to everything. Maybe I'll never be any one."

"Oh, don't talk like that, darling. Let's go away together."

The young man laughed. "I've got one suit besides the one I'm wearing, thirty-seven dollars, and a flivver three years old."

Anne sat up straight. "Why, we're practically rich, or we will be when we sell the Ascot. You see, the Ascot's all mine. We'll drive away in your car and we'll never come back. We'll take the dog with us. Henry won't mind really."

"Are you serious?"

"Drive to the Ascot agency and you'll find out."

As they left the agency she bestowed a parting pat on the Ascot's shining radiator and sighed. "You're sorry," the young man from the service station said. "You sighed."

Anne smiled up at him. "I was just wondering if I would ever be as happy again as I was in that car the day you first kissed me."

THE Ascot was conspicuous in the room where ultra elegant used cars were offered for sale. And if the car weren't conspicuous in its own right the salesman made it so. "That car used to belong to Mrs. Henry Seavers," he would relate with a smirk.

Even if the prospective purchaser had no intention of going within a good many dollars of the price asked for the Ascot he would sit behind the wheel and move the gears. "Too bad it can't talk. I'll bet old Henry Seavers's ears would burn."

For a week the Ascot stood there. Then late one afternoon a slim, dark young man, handsome as a movie star, came in, attended by two bulky individuals.

"I want something with plenty of class and plenty of speed," he informed the salesman. "Got anything like that? If you haven't, say so, because I'm in a hurry."

The salesman led him to the Ascot. "As for class and speed, all I can say is that it's an Ascot."

"Pretty nice," the prospective purchaser admitted. "Black's a nice color. Who'd that car belong to?"

The salesman smirked. "That was Mrs. Henry Seavers's car."

The dark young man grinned interestedly. "Yeah? Say, she was a pretty cute little number, wasn't she? I remember seeing her driving a car like this. Well, I guess this is the answer. What do you think?" He put the last question to the two bulky gentlemen who accompanied him. They nodded. "How much?" he asked the salesman.

The salesman told him. Even a second hand Ascot runs into money. The young man counted out the exact amount. "Fix up whatever you have to. I want to drive it out."

"Your name, sir?"

"Gino Corsarro."

The salesman almost dropped his pen. As he led the way to the desk where the sale was to be completed he gave the high sign to all he passed, and from the corner of his mouth he hissed "Gino Corsarro!" The blond girl who made out the transfer of ownership papers was so excited she struck all the wrong keys.

THE Ascot was fitted out with bullet-proof glass. Gino discovered that it had all the speed he craved, and all one had to do was to look at the car to know that it had class. Gino loved driving around in it, wearing his pearl-gray overcoat and his pearl-gray fedora. In that car he looked like a big shot, and it wasn't long before he felt that way. He was only twenty-four. He had come up a long way in the last few years.

Gino began to get ideas, and the next step was putting these ideas into effect. The man whose authenticity as a big shot no one questioned gave Gino plenty of warning, but Gino was drunk with glory. He continued to move in, first by inches and soon by yards.

The police found the Ascot deserted one night, one of its bullet-proof windows lowered. There was a spot on the upholstery that was still damp, and not twenty feet away where Gino lay dead another spreading spot dyed the snow crimson.

The police confiscated the Ascot. Gino had been making a delivery himself in forbidden territory.

The police held an auction of confiscated cars twice a year; so for many months the Ascot was forced to wait humbly.

Rudolph Paige wasn't yet of legal age, but his grandmother's will had provided that he receive his share of the estate on his eighteenth birthday. On the morning following the birthday dinner young Rudolph sallied forth to do a little shopping. Of course, in all his eighteen years Rudolph Paige had never been forced to go without anything necessary to his comfort; but there were things that a young man about town with money in the bank simply had to have.

Rudolph saw a tailor he had heard knew his business. He ordered a Tuxedo, a polo coat three sizes too big for him, several business suits, although Rudolph didn't go to business. He went to high school. He sent orchids to Dorothy Frazer, the best-looking girl he knew. Strangely enough, that was the biggest kick of the whole forenoon. "I'll bet any orchids she ever had she bought for herself or charged to her mother."

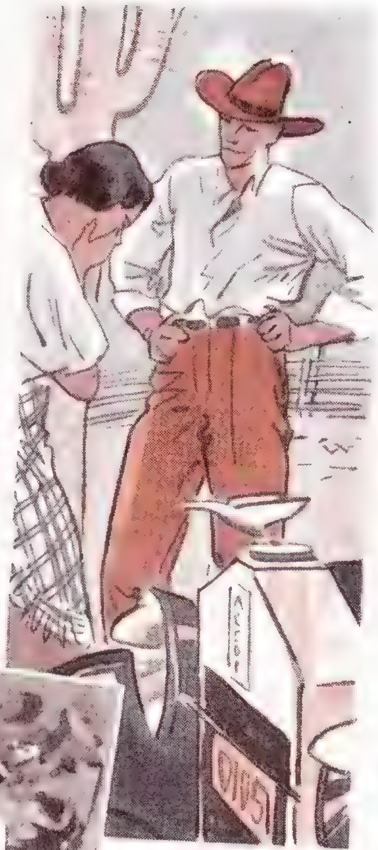
With every check, signed with a flourish and torn off, his sense of importance deepened. Pretty smooth—money in the bank—more than most fellows had who'd been working for ten years. Then Rudolph took himself to lunch. It was a very smart and expensive place. He made an odd selection from the more bizarre entrées and sat in solitary state, now and then gazing about him in a supercilious manner.

Rudolph finished his *chocolat parfait*, ate the last of the *petits fours*, and wondered what he should do with himself. He might go to the movies. But, heck, any one could go to the movies! He fingered his new wallet fat with bills. Maybe if he roamed around he could find something else necessary to a young man in his position.

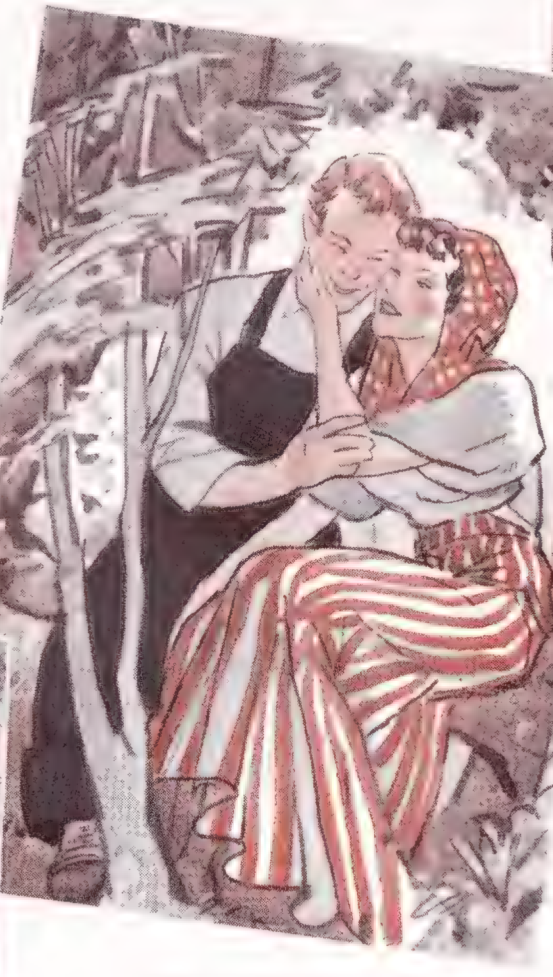
Rudolph had acquired six new ties, a bowl of shaving cream, and a book of card tricks, when Fate in her most gracious mood led him to where the Ascot waited to go on the auction block.

He wondered why he

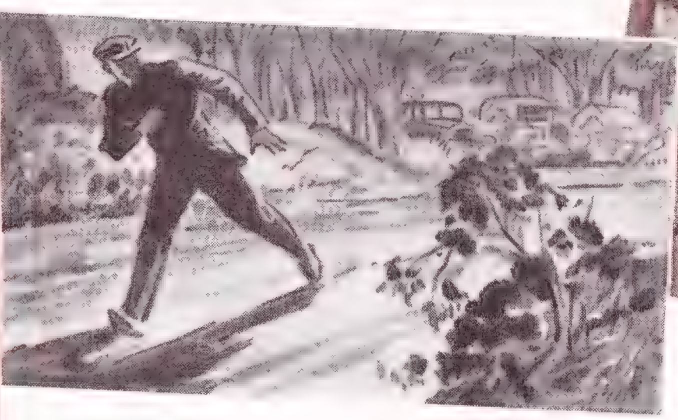
Continued on page 53



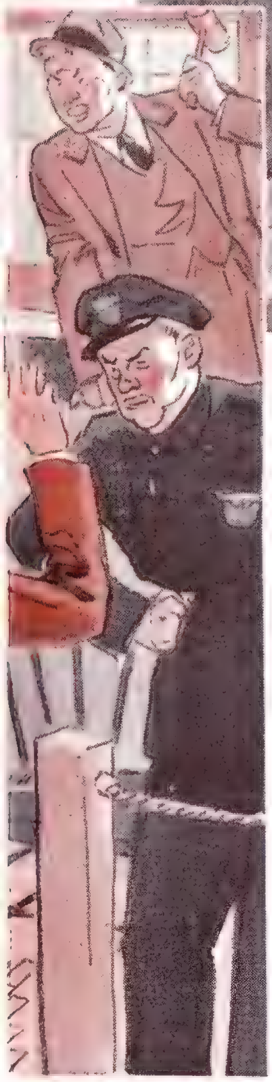
"'I can't even enjoy this old secondhand car,' she wailed. 'You should have married a peasant woman'"



"'Let the Gypsies go on alone,' the farm boy begged. 'You stay here with me'"



"'Walking,' the Gypsy girl had said, 'walking right into it'"



"Magnificently Rudolph outbid his two competitors"

THE FINAL CHAPTERS OF A MOVING DRAMA OF MYSTERY AND INTRIGUE

By

JOHN T. McINTYRE

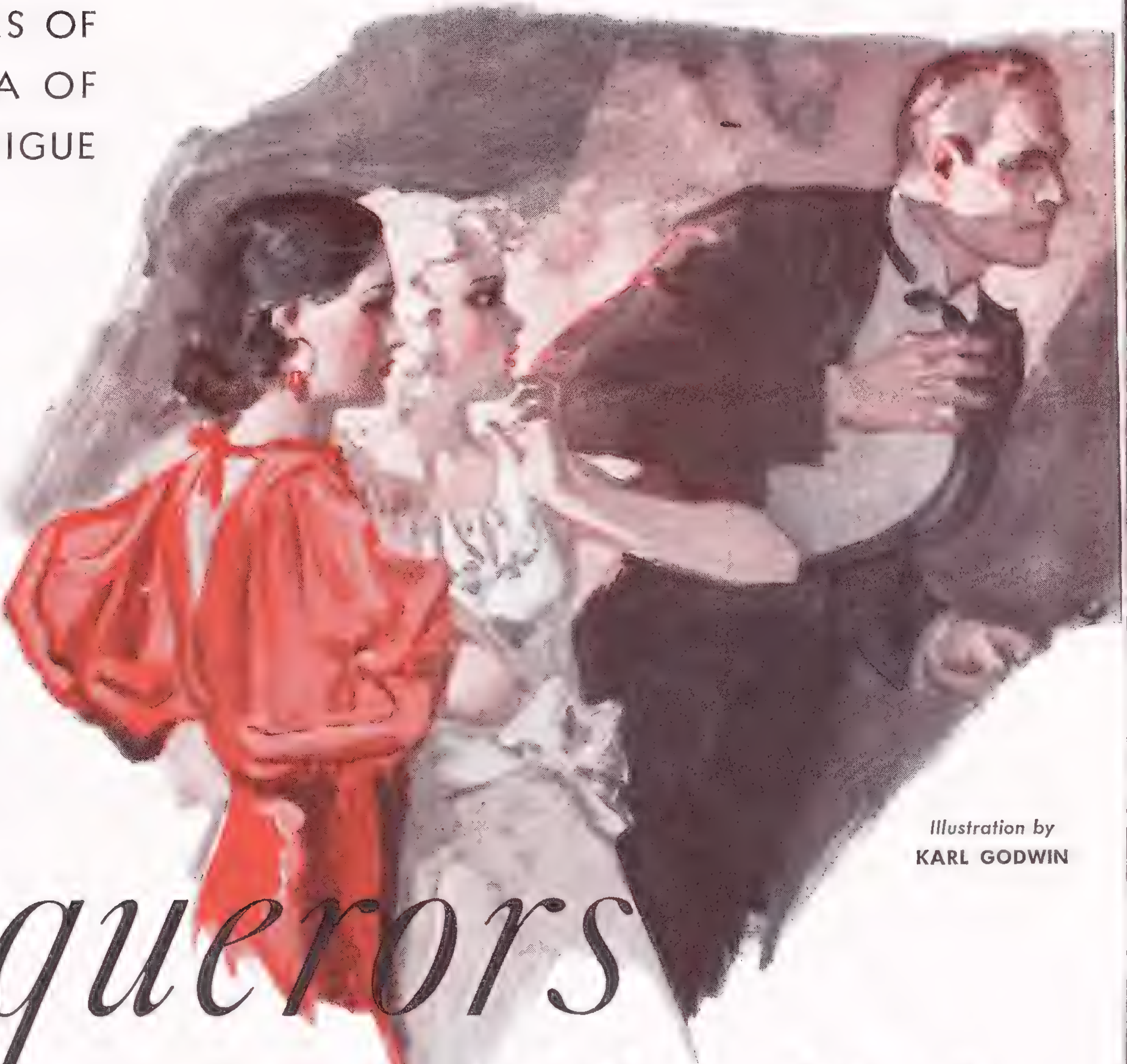


Illustration by
KARL GODWIN

Conquerors from the STARS

TOMMY LOFTUS read the paper which Troop had handed to him.

"What do you think it's all about?" he said.

"I've no idea except that it's to do with Hetherington, Segerson, *et al.* But just the same I'm taking another taxi at this minute for the Ferguson."

"And do I go with you?" asked Loftus.

Troop considered.

"I may need you," he said, "for I might run into another little game like the one I've just been through." He went into a telephone booth and called Police Headquarters.

In a moment Troop had Dooley on the wire. Troop told him of his predicament.

"Have a man at the Ferguson in ten minutes. And tell him to come up to Room 12, after I've been there a while, to find out if everything's all right."

"Jimmy Burk is the house detective," said Dooley. "I'll phone him right away. Ask for him at the desk."

"Many thanks," said Troop. "I'll do that."

"And if there's anything interesting going on, give me a call."

Troop said he would. Then he hung up, and went back to Loftus.

"You are to hop along in a cab after me. Go to the desk at the Ferguson, and ask for the house detective, Burk by name. He'll know what's to be done, and you can stay around and help."

Troop left immediately for the Ferguson. The elevator took him to the twelfth floor, and he passed down the corridor until he came to number 12.

The door was unlocked, and he walked in. There was a private hall; several doors let into it, and all but one were closed. Slowly Troop walked the length of the hall, his hand in his overcoat pocket, holding to the butt of the Colt. There was a large sofa in the room, drawn up before the fireplace. The back of the sofa was high, but Troop saw a thin wreath of cigarette smoke ascending.

He stood in the doorway and was about to speak when he heard a soft step behind him. He turned, gun in hand, and saw the young man whom he'd encountered at the Argentine.

"I think you'd better stay just where you are," said Troop. "One experience with you is enough."

"What are you doing here?" the stranger said.

Troop slowly lifted the Colt, but a voice from the sofa cried out: "Hunt! Don't!"

IT WAS Eileen; and in a moment she was at Troop's side.

"Dennis is a friend," she said.

"Of yours," said Troop. "But hardly of mine. He took one shot at me to-night, and he'll not put through another."

The manner of the tall young man changed.

"Listen," he said. "There has been some kind of a mistake. Who are you anyway?"

"It's Huntington Troop," said Eileen. The young man sat down suddenly.

"My God!" he said. "He's the man I hit in the room at the Argentine."

There was another cry from Eileen. Then Troop found himself in a chair by the open fire, and Eileen, with tender fingers, was parting his hair so that she might see the extent of his injuries.

"OH, HUNT! My dear! I thought all the time you were at Segerson's."

"I was at Segerson's," said Troop. "But I happened to overhear what you said to your boy friend. So I piled out after him. And he socked me."

"I'm terribly sorry," said the tall young man. "Of course I took you to be one of those Johnnies from Segerson's."

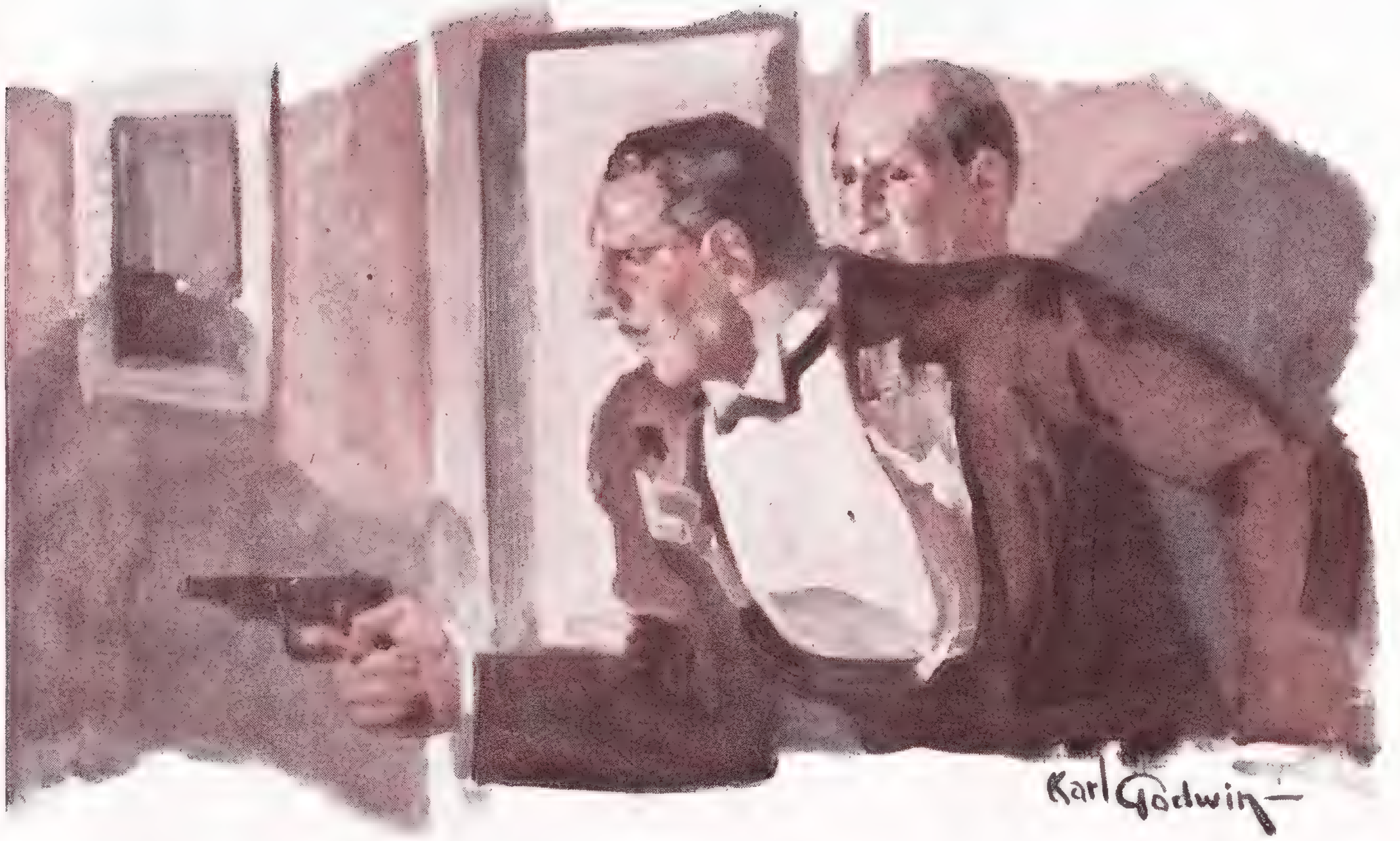
"The hurt must be painful, Hunt," said Eileen, "but the skin is not broken. You'll have a headache to-morrow, though."

"I'm having it now," said Troop. "Your friend hit hard." Eileen put her arms about Troop.

"It was all my fault," she said. "I should have been more careful. But I had only a moment to speak with Dennis."

The tall young man looked at Eileen ruefully.

"Well, I guess I'll be getting back to my hotel. When I tell Alice of the dent I put in Troop's head she'll be furious."



"'Stay where you are!' Diane called out. There were screams and shouts, and Loftus heard the pistol explode"

"No, she'll not," said Eileen. She shook hands with him. "Hunt," she added, "this is Dennis Raleigh. He's stunt man for Art Films, and husband to Alice Forrest, who has often played in my pictures."

"All right, Raleigh," said Troop. "It was a hard sock, but there's no hard feelings." He shook the young man's hand.

When Dennis Raleigh closed the door behind him, Troop stood looking at Eileen.

"I can see," he said, "you are going to have plenty to tell me. So, before you begin, let me call the office."

He secured the attention of the telephone operator.

"I want Lieutenant Loftus; he's in the lobby. Please have him paged. I'll hold the wire." He turned to Eileen. "He's a friend of mine who was to make an entry here if I didn't appear within a reasonable time."

"Oh, Hunt, you poor dear. But you see I couldn't put my name to my message; I even had to disguise my writing."

"Hello," said the voice of Loftus.

"This is Troop, Tommy," said the young engineer. "Everything is all right. So you'll not have to wait around. And please discharge our friend Burk, too, with my thanks."

"Just a minute," said Tommy. "Before I go let me be quite sure it's O.K. I don't want them to give you the works as soon as my back's turned."

"The message in the glove, Tommy, was from Miss Power. I'll give you the details when I see you. Good-by."

Troop hung up with a smile and turned to Eileen.

"I've been terrified in the last few days, Hunt," she said. "And often I have been on the point of calling you, but I was afraid."

Troop sat down beside her and took her hands in his.

"What's been happening to you?" he asked.

"One morning," said Eileen, "Diane Hetherington called on me at the Crofts'. She looked particularly lovely that day, I thought, and she talked charmingly. But after a time I noticed her conversation was largely questions and that you were the object of them. No matter where the talk led, she always came back to you. She kept suggesting danger—danger to you. She said you were in the same peril that threatened George Stevens. The only difference was that he knew of the danger, but that you did not."

"I see," said Troop.

"She suggested these things casually, of course, but I began to imagine that she and her brother had something to do with George's death."

"That's going rather far, Eileen."

"I know," said Eileen. "But, Hunt, as I listened to her a vision came to me of the beach at Porto Santos. And against the background of sky and surf, I saw a nude figure, and that figure was Diane. Then I saw the sea bottom and its plantations; I heard the roar of the thing that fell into the water that night; I saw the great metal cone partly buried in the sand on the floor of the ocean, and I felt that unseen eyes were peering at me."

There was a growing terror in her voice; she clung to Troop.

"I was frightened, Hunt," she said. "I couldn't forget the creature in the sea growth which the film showed so close to me, and the terrible things Shaw had told you. But I did not show my fear."

"Good girl!" said Troop. "That's more like you."

"The thing that held my attention more than anything else, Hunt, was the danger which she so subtly suggested involved you. I felt I must know more about it. So I made up my mind to play a part. I told Diane if you were in danger I must get you out of it. I said I'd not mention to you what I was doing.

"She agreed with me. Was I going to New York soon? she asked me. If so there was a man she knew who would help me. A lawyer named Segerson. I appeared to be grateful. I said that I'd do anything to save you. And I told her that when in New York I always stopped at the Ferguson."

"Nice work!" praised Hunt.

"That day I told Mary Joyce I was going to Oyster Bay. Naturally I left no word for you. I was sitting in my room," said Eileen, "when Segerson rang my telephone. And I went to his office with a little revolver in my hand bag. He talked very seriously. He said that you were in much the same position that George had been in. If I wanted to save you I must stop all your activities in regard to Porto Santos. I must refuse to go on with my part in 'Sea Mansions,' and insist on another location."

"What did you say to all that?"

"I said I'd do anything to keep you from harm." She kissed him.

"Segerson asked the same questions as Diane, all about you, and George, and his communications with you. He said he would call me next day; in the meantime I was to have no communication with you. I was ready to leave when some one came into the outer office. He bade me good afternoon and showed me a door that led into the hall; then he left me.

"I had my hand on the knob, Hunt, when I heard your voice."

"I saw you," said Troop, "through the glass of the partition."

"Hunt! Did Segerson—?" Eileen gasped.

"No; he didn't. But when he heard you leave he went into the other room; and while he was gone I looked into the hall and saw you. I couldn't understand why you'd absented yourself; I couldn't understand why you were in Segerson's office. And to-night I couldn't understand why you were in his house and why you sent a man to my hotel to break open my trunk."

"You poor dear!" said Eileen, her arms around him. "But I have more to tell you. This evening, just before dinner, Alice Forrest came in to see me. We were having a wonderful time, when my telephone rang.

"It was Diane. Did I know where you were? It was possible you were in immediate danger. Word had come to her that you'd been given a written statement of some sort. It had been given you by a friend. It was advisable that this statement be left unread; or, if already read, it must be forgotten. Its contents would reveal that the person who had given the papers to you was insane."

"She used that same method with me," said Troop.

"I was really frightened. I asked her if she'd tried the tower, or the Flagon at Smedly. And she said you were not at either place.

"And then she spoke of Segerson. He was attorney for a company that had huge power projects in view, and was giving an affair at his house on Park Avenue: entertaining people who were interested in the work. It would be wonderful if I could go. In view of the fact that he was so very willing to help me, she thought it was not asking too much. I wanted time to think, and I told her I'd do my best to be there.

"I was shaking when I hung up the phone, and Alice was troubled. Then I called the Argentine, but they said you hadn't registered."

"Did you tell Alice anything of what was going on?" asked Troop.

"A little. And it was she who induced me to go to Segerson's. She said Dennis would go with me. And so I got dressed, and when Dennis came we took a cab, and went to the place on Park Avenue."

"That was an odd crowd," said Troop. "Different from the one we saw at Blair-Medway, but odd just the same."

"I noticed that," said Eileen. "Mr. Segerson introduced me to all of them. We had been there for about an hour, when a young man approached Diane and me—a ghastly person with sunken eyes.

"'There's a report on the matter I was sent to cover,' he said. He looked at Diane. 'A half hour ago the person you are interested in registered at the Argentine. There was another man with him; the man Segerson saw this morning. The room is 864. While in the room he took an envelope from his bag and locked it in a trunk. I had no orders from your brother to do anything more than locate the person.'

"'You are quite right,' Diane said. 'But do not go away. You shall have instructions in a few minutes to go back to the Argentine, open the trunk, and take the envelope. When you get it in your hands, note at once if the seal is broken.'

"She asked me to pardon her," said Eileen, "and then she left me. A few moments later I saw you in the doorway. My first impulse was to go to you, but then I thought better of it. After a while you disappeared, and then I called Dennis, and told him about the envelope in your trunk. He suggested at once that we get the envelope ourselves.

"I knew we must act quickly. You were in the library with Segerson, and I couldn't approach you. And, so, Dennis started off at once."

"And I started after him," said Troop, "and got rather the worst of it."

"You poor boy," said Eileen. "You might have been badly hurt. But we have the envelope; that helps some."

"It helps a good deal," said Troop. "And we had better open it at once."

Eileen took the heavy envelope from a drawer and put it upon the table.

"I'm afraid of it, Hunt," she said.

Troop smiled at her.

"Well, that's natural enough," he said. "Since Shaw advanced this Venus idea you've had a chill whenever his name is mentioned."

"I've been afraid for you. I've been afraid of what might happen. I can't forget poor George Stevens."

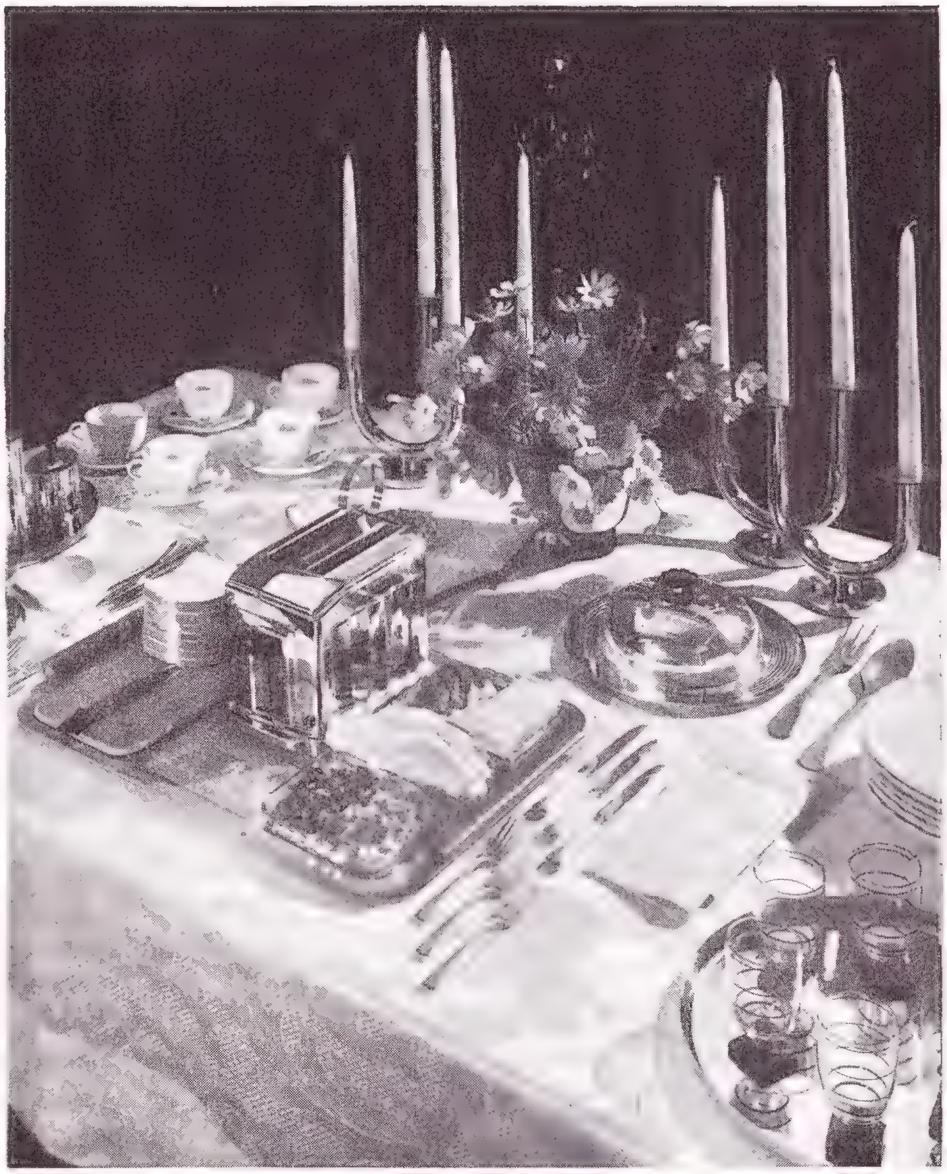
Continued on page 48

NEW FURNISHINGS

for Holiday Tables

By

FLORENCE BROBECK



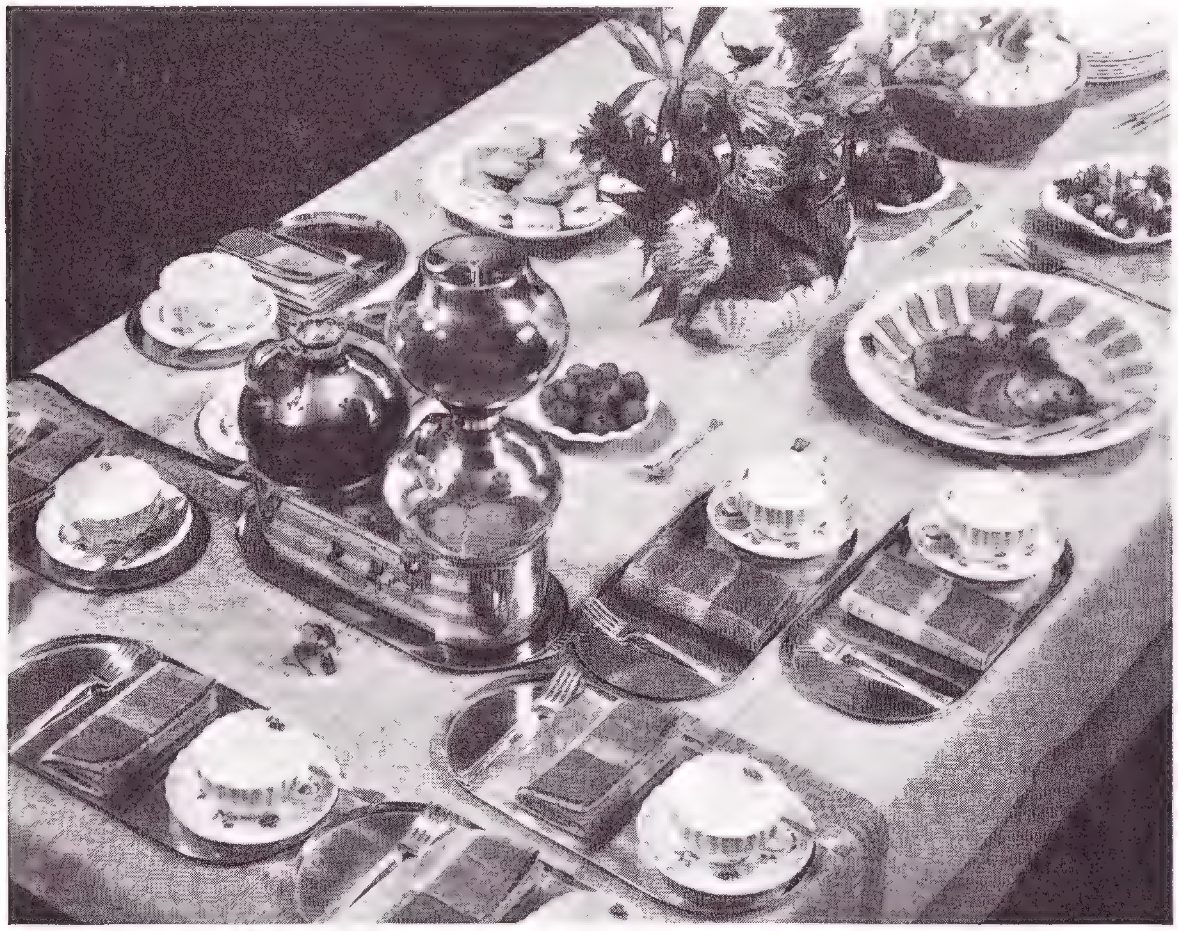
Courtesy of The Toastmaster

THE past few months have seen revolutionary changes in the decorations and equipment for dining tables. These changes are most evident in the metalwares, for metals, once thought radical for the kitchen, now grace the tables laid for luncheons, buffet suppers, formal receptions, and dinners. Silver, the traditional metal of the dining table, has in many instances abandoned the familiar patterns beloved by generations of discriminating housekeepers, and has flared out in unique styles. These modern silverwares are well suited to the spirit of present-day hospitality.

The new developments in silver are more or less expected as normal modifications which the trend of fashion brings. The appearance of the other metals in tablewares, however, is news. Aluminum, in a handsome, satiny-dull polish alloy, is one of the most decorative and beautiful table metals imaginable. The best skill and artistry of fine designers have been employed in this metal to create useful as well as decorative table objects, as service plates, plain or chastely decorated with an appliqué of a simple design in another metal.

Great round platters for appetizers in this new alloy are as pure in their simplicity as a Greek shield, for the only adornment is a band of small figures based on the signs of the Zodiac. Bowls, urns, jars, beverage pitchers, boxes for cigarettes, trays for various uses—these softly gleam with a luster which is foreign to the aluminum we have known in our kitchens, and is as new as the spirit of the young engineers and designers who are responsible for its beauty.

Courtesy of The Silex Co.



Chromium is another metal we are now welcoming to our tables. It sparkles in somewhat more radical designs than the aluminum alloy, and is perhaps better suited to the less formal occasions. Manufacturers of electrical table equipment have been quick to adapt their useful appliances to this new ware. And when these in combination with decorative table pieces, such as candelabra and flower and fruit bowls, are used, the buffet-table ensemble bespeaks modern efficiency and crisp smartness.

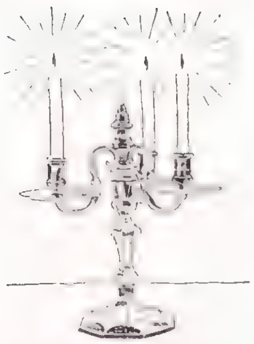
Such wares are shown on the tables illustrated. On the first table is shown the new coffee maker, which, with its accessory pot for keeping the coffee hot while more is making, is now available on an especially designed two-burner base. This base stands on a tray which is matched by individual service trays. These solve the problem for the supper guest of what to do with more things than two hands are supposed to hold—coffee cup and saucer, plate, napkin, and fork. A tray for each guest!

THE cloth on this table is green and tan in a loose-weave cotton and linen pattern with matching napkins. The china is cream Wedgwood with small floral decoration, and the silver is a flat, modern pattern appropriate for informal service. Salad is served from the opposite end of the table in a large wooden bowl, on plates matching the coffee cups.

The cold meat platter is a huge, round Wedgwood platter, and hot buttered biscuits are served from a smaller, square plate of the same pattern. The flower bowl is a Wedgwood imitation of the old Bristol shell dishes, and small dishes for relishes are of the same ware.

Another type of new loose-mesh linen cloth covers the second table, and it also sparkles with bright new wares. The toaster-and-relish service in the foreground is in chromium, glass, and wood; a coffee service at the left is chromium with black wood handles; a covered toast dish, flower bowl, and two-branch candlesticks are also chromium. A plain large round tray for beverage glasses is also in this shining metal.

The silverware is a handsome modern pattern well suited to this table in the modern spirit.



HOSTESSES UNAFRAID!

There's no "zero hour" for the hostess who approaches the dinner with every detail "just so". When her guests are assembled at her gleaming table and the soup is served, not so much as a flutter is noted in her demeanor. She has seen to that—beforehand.

The social test for a soup is a mighty good guide. Then, if ever, all criticism must be forestalled. And like the presiding lady herself, Campbell's Soups approach the critical moment "unafraid".

Skilled soup chefs of international training and reputation surely are a safe reliance when you entertain. And Campbell's chefs enjoy this special distinction.

Their Tomato Soup is a thing apart—with a tang, a sparkle, a flavor truly unique. Yet it is but one of many Campbell's Soups that are at your instant disposal—fully equal to any occasion. Soups that sum up and combine countless home recipes and home "secrets" and home skills, as adapted and developed and perfected by professional soup specialists in Campbell's kitchens.

Double rich! Double strength!

Campbell's Soups are made as in your own home kitchen, except that the broth is double strength. So when you add an equal quantity of water, you obtain twice as much full-flavored soup at no extra cost.

Campbell's

TOMATO SOUP

LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Campbell's
CONDENSED
TOMATO
SOUP

MADE
IN
CANADA

THE HOME BUREAU

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By

JULIA BLISS JOYNER

THE CHRISTMAS BREAKFAST

THE roast goose, turkey, and all the good things that make up the Christmas dinner are proverbial. We know that for this yearly feast you will bring out your best china and glassware and make the service as elaborately formal as the occasion demands. But it is the family breakfast—the lesser feast which ushers in the day—that is too often relegated to a minor position in the day's festivities. We think that it should be made a very special occasion.

In the early morning everybody in the family, from the oldest to the youngest, is eager-eyed and full of the spirit of this most beautiful of holidays. Excited and happy children bubbling over with the joy of their new toys, grown-ups opening packages and exclaiming over their contents, the roar of a crackling fire on the hearth—these are just a few of the pleasures that make the yuletide atmosphere unique. This early morning family get-together really sets the tempo of the whole day's activities.

Dinner is apt to be late, and in many homes it may be an evening meal. Only a light luncheon or tea should intervene between breakfast and the Christmas dinner. For this reason a hearty breakfast is required.

Such a meal will, of course, begin with fruit. Oranges, grapefruit, apples, bananas, dried fruits, fruit juices, fresh or canned, offer a choice which will satisfy the most fastidious guest or member of the family.

The children who are accustomed to having their breakfast in the nursery join the family at the big table on this day of days. They look forward with their elders to a steaming dish of hot cereal or, if they prefer, one of the ready-to-eat cereals, served with cream and brown sugar. After the cereal nothing is more suitable than some of the old-fashioned dishes.

It is hard to select anything better than piping-hot sausages and apple rings on a cold morning. Serve with these fluffy hot tea biscuits, made easily with prepared biscuit flour. Ham and eggs, crisp bacon with a golden omelet, griddlecakes that melt in your mouth, waffles made on the new waffle iron—all give variation to the menu.

And then to make the meal completely satisfying—enjoy a good cup of coffee. It has often been said that no breakfast is better than its coffee—and true it is. Remember that the secrets of coffee perfection are, first, decide which method of making you like best; then use a good brand, measure accurately, and time the cooking carefully.

Here are three recipes to help with your menu plans:

Banana Waffles

2 Cups Flour
3 Teaspoons Baking Powder
1 Tablespoon Sugar
½ Teaspoon Salt
2 Eggs
2 Cups Milk
⅓ Cup Melted Shortening
⅔ Cup Bananas, Sliced Thin

BEAT the eggs separately. Add the milk to the beaten yolks. Sift together the dry ingredients and combine with the egg yolks and milk. Add the melted shortening and the bananas. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a hot waffle iron and bake for almost 3 minutes until brown on both sides. Broiled ham slices are delicious with these waffles.

Griddlecakes

2 Cups Flour
3 Teaspoons Baking Powder
½ Teaspoon Salt
1 Tablespoon Molasses
1½ Cups Milk
2 Eggs
2 Tablespoons Melted Shortening

SIFT together the dry ingredients. Beat the eggs until light, and add to the milk. Combine the two mixtures and beat until free from lumps. Add the shortening. Pour sufficient batter on a hot griddle, either greased or ungreased, to make a cake of the desired size; 3 to 6 inches in diameter is the usual size. Cook until the cake is full of bubbles and brown underneath. Turn and brown the uncooked side. When done place on a platter and stack 1 cake on top of the other. Spread each cake as it is finished with butter and sprinkle with shaved maple sugar or brown sugar. Pour maple sirup over the top, and cut into wedges like a pie. Serve with more sirup. If you use prepared griddlecake flour follow the directions on the package for mixing, and serve in the same way.

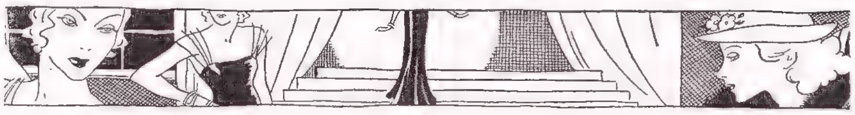
Scrambled Eggs and Mushrooms

6 Eggs
½ Cup Milk
2 Tablespoons Shortening
1 Cup Chopped Sautéed Mushrooms
Salt and Pepper
Toast

PLACE the eggs in a bowl and beat until light. Add the milk and pepper and salt to taste. Place the shortening in a heavy frying pan and heat until melted. Add the egg mixture and sautéed mushrooms. Stir with a fork occasionally until the eggs thicken.

To Sauté Mushrooms—Place 2 tablespoons of butter in a saucepan, heat until melted, and add mushrooms. Cover and cook until browned.

All Pictorial Review recipes are tested with *definite heat and utensil measurements* in our own kitchen on gas and electric ranges.



South American Beauty

Continued from page 17

bilities of infatuation must be indicated rather than made obvious."

Monsieur Gaston grinned. "I have it exactly," he said. "Mademoiselle, send out Greta in the apricot."

The curtains parted back of the stage and a girl rather like Ann Louise in coloring appeared. The dress was of apricot satin. It, too, molded the slim figure.

It was the sort of formal dress properly called a creation, and it might have been created exactly for her. It was formal, restrained, yet with a tenuous promise that the wearer was not wholly uninterested in what her partners might hope for from her.

Charles drew a deep breath. "Perfect," he said. "We'll take it. And now, Monsieur, we must throw ourselves on your hands again. Mademoiselle needs some arrangement of the hair. Do you by any chance know of any one who is as much of an artist in this profession as you in yours? Perhaps it is too much to hope?"

M. Gaston expanded. "Not at all. I have a friend. I will call him here, and Mademoiselle can have a dressing room. He will attend her. Do you wish Rosalie to show her how to walk?"

"Yes," said Charles. "And there are shoes and things, and a wrap. Can you supply those?"

M. Gaston was only too glad to arrange it all. Charles took Ann Louise to lunch, arranging to bring her back in half an hour. They ate hurriedly in a tea shop. Between bites he busied himself with stiffening her spirit. She was most humble, extremely grateful. Her eyes were large at really possessing such a beautiful dress as they had seen.

She thought Charles was wonderful. She told him so. He told her to keep her head up. Also she was to be a good girl and do just as she was told. He left her at the shop.

When he returned late in the afternoon she was waiting. He felt a shock of disappointment as she picked up three enormous cardboard boxes and ran toward him in her amazing Peter Thompson and white hat. But her face was radiant.

"Oh, Charles!" she cried. "It's too wonderful. I'll not feel at all afraid. Everybody has been so kind to me. I can't wait to show you how I look in my new things."

"You look fine now," he said, smiling down at her. It was surprising to see how different she was with a glowing face.

"It will take me long to dress. Is there a train soon?"

Charles looked down at the childish straw hat and the sailor collar. "We're going in a closed car," he said. "No one must see you until to-night."

They climbed into a black limousine with a stolid chauffeur at the wheel. A very distinguished-looking car. Charles had picked it as part of the background. A girl who looked the way he hoped Ann Louise would look to-night did not ride in public conveyances.

Suddenly a horrible idea came to him. "Can you dance?" he asked, concealing his anxiety. She smiled happily back.

"Oh, yes, a teacher came at school. We were quite accomplished. Some young men on the boat told me I danced very well, though they did not seem to like me. But then I had no such lovely dress."

SHE touched the box almost in awe. Her brown eyes melted in excitement and delight. She looked up at Charles and now fingered the pleats of her white linen dress in scorn. "I had only things like this. The shopkeeper at home told father this was the latest American style. So he bought six. But I have seen no one else in them."

"Sometimes girls wear them. But you want to forget for to-night that you are American. To-night you must be a señorita. You must look the way you used to look when you would drop your handkerchief to a handsome young man."

"There was one who used to play the organ at Christmas and Easter. The girls regarded him so."

She looked at Charles slantwise out of the corners of her lovely brown eyes and drew a deep breath. Then she looked away.

A curious feeling overcame him. A certain sparkle in those brown eyes made him uncomfortable. For a moment he could almost imagine that she meant it, and it made him feel—well, queer. He turned hastily to stare again, but she was clasping her bundles to her, gazing out the window. He drew a breath of relief. Anyway, they had more important problems to consider.

It was after dark when they drew up before Mrs. Edward's house in Princeton. Charles placated the good lady, upset by the late arrival; got her to give Ann Louise a sandwich. He would return at eleven to escort them to the prom.

HE SPENT the next two hours in an agony of hope and despair. He had done everything he could. It was up to the girl now. For the first time in many years his confidence was shaken. For the time being the management of his life was taken out of his hands.

He dressed deliberately. He had never looked so well. Slowly he made his way to Mrs. Edward's, where the black limousine stood massive on the drive.

Ann Louise was not waiting this time. She would be down in a few minutes, said Mrs. Edward, fluttering in gray chiffon. Charles sat down. He tried to light a cigarette; desisted when he found his hands shaking. He turned his head. Surely there was a step in the hall above.

Down the stairs came the faint click of three-inch heels on the hard wood and the soft rustle of sweeping draperies. Charles rose to face the door as Ann Louise paused there for an instant, shyly. But she did not look shy. The small fair head, held high with the courage of desperation; the soft ruffled lace about the slender throat; the exquisite delicacy of the apricot satin that outlined the fragile, feminine body—all made Charles start like one who steps to a garden to see a sunflower and finds a tuberose.

"Wonderful," he breathed.

The curling mouth broke into an enchanting smile. "It's all you," she said. "Do you really like me?"

"Nor am I peculiar. Come on, Ann Louise. We're going to knock that prom right through the roof."

Mrs. Edward was bundled into the limousine, fluttering about her charge proudly. Ann and Charles followed. The car swept through the campus, drew up royally at the lighted entrance to the gym. Suddenly Charles felt Ann Louise's hand on his. He pressed it warmly. "Don't worry. You look better than any girl you will see to-night. Just keep your head up. Be proud. You should be."

She shrank back in the car as a burst of music poured through the opened doors of the gym and a crowd of laughing young men ran out. Charles could see that she bit her lip white in panic. "I look all right?" she pleaded. "Oh, Charles, but what will I say to them? They will find me out."

He touched a finger gently to her lips. "Don't do that," he said with mock severity; "you'll spoil your make-up." A sudden flash of genius came to him. "It will be easy. You are a señorita. Talk Spanish. You do not speak English, and understand it only a little. Just use your eyes!"

With the blare of music they entered the wide doors. The thronging crowds of men and girls pushing in and out gave way for them. Charles, suave, imperturbable, with a smooth smile, ushered in Mrs. Edward and led Ann Louise proudly on his arm. The smile deepened to one of satisfaction as he glanced at her out of the corner of his eye. She was a little pale and her hands were icy, but she held her fair head high, and her slow swaying walk seemed to say, "I have much to give. Can you stir me?"

Her dress, her bearing, her smile, the faint hint of some unknown perfume, bore to a crowd of waiting men a touch of romance and mystery. Charles, judging shrewdly, did not introduce any of them. She would have the more success if he made them come to her.

AND then a sudden fear assailed his pyramided triumph. She had said she could dance, but a horrible doubt overcame him. His lips tightened. He did not dare put it off. He took her by the waist. A blare of music bore them on.

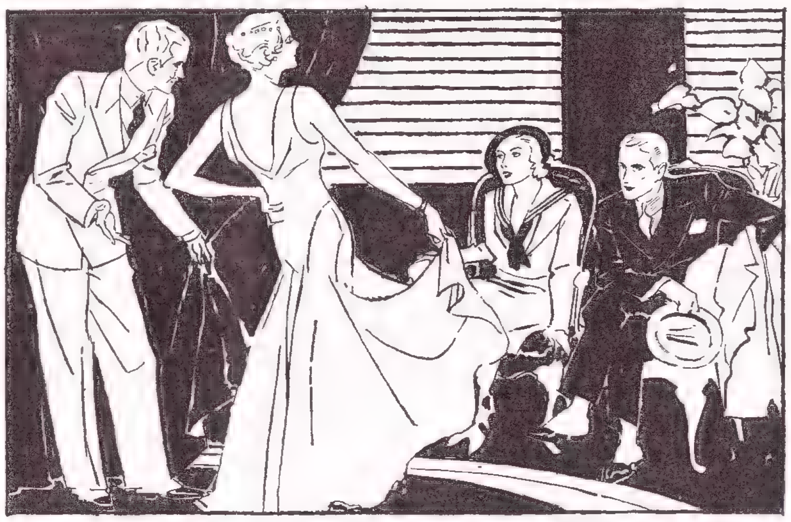
He could not control a gasp of admiration as she followed him. She was light and fragile in his clasp, yet he felt an intimate awareness of her femininity that touched him. Something in her dancing, a pliancy, a grace, a modesty foreign to the girls they knew, brought the unattached men in the hall surging forward.

The long stag line stared after her. Charles had the air of holding something very precious in his arms. And they knew, even if they had caught no glimpse of the delicate, proud head at his shoulder, that Charles Third brought girls that were wonderful.

When the music stopped Charles found himself surrounded. He introduced Ann Louise with an air.

"Señorita Annalize Palmetto," he said magnificently. "I have the honor to present Mr. Eliot, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Blake, Mr. Stuart. The señorita does not speak English, and understands only a little."

Ann Louise gave the impression of a curtsy without actually making one and broke into a flow of liquid sound. The music started again, and she swept off in a billow of satin held close to Mr. Eliot's heart. In half a second Bill Thomas had cut in. Others followed. Those that knew her were forced to introduce her to their friends.



"Charles drew a deep breath. 'Perfect,' he said. 'We'll take it'"

Charles stood and watched with a glow of achievement. This was his creation and it was stupendous. He could hardly believe this was the girl of this morning at the Junction. He cut in again as the music stopped. The señorita was surrounded instantly. Charles was vaguely annoyed. He had thought to get in a word with her. It was no use. He watched her critically.

High-bred, aristocratic, cold, and yet with a hint of passion not too easily to be aroused—no, there was nothing more he could wish for. No wonder every man she danced with went crazy. His work was done, and yet he was surprised to find himself not as happy as he should have been. He wondered what was going on behind that amazing mask. She had changed so that he was no longer sure.

A close-packed circle of black coats surrounded her, and when the music started again he realized that she had her own stag line. Again a thrill of pride suffused him. He had seen this happen only twice before in his life. Nothing further could be hoped. Ann Louise Palmer was a success.

He turned away and cut in on a débutante he had known for a year or more. He had always been fond of her, but he wondered now how he had ever fancied himself in love. She was quite attractive. She danced well enough. But somehow, like all the girls he knew, she was too solid. Tennis, swimming, that was all very well, but you couldn't fall in love with it.

She teased him on his new infatuation. He felt there was something awkward about her teasing, but he leaned and kissed her lightly on the forehead. Until she had used the word he had not known he was infatuated. As soon as he was free he looked anxiously about.

Ann Louise was not on the floor. He began to realize he was not the only person looking for her. There were at least a dozen. She had gone out with some one, then. Suddenly he was filled with rage.

TURNING a corner outside, he stopped. From the depths of the black limousine on the drive he heard Ann Louise's voice, a melody in Spanish. She seemed to be protesting, and yet as he listened he caught an overtone of mirth. He smiled bitterly. He walked quickly over to the car and pulled open the door. The light flashed on overhead. Bill Thomas was leaning over Ann Louise. She had thrown her head back and was laughing up at him.

"Excuse me," said Charles blandly. "Some one is looking for you, Bill. A lady sent me for you. Señorita, you will excuse Mr. Thomas; he has a previous engagement."

Bill glared at him. Charles stood, smiling pleasantly by the open door. He did not look particularly dangerous, but something in his cold eyes made Bill realize that this was something serious. He climbed sheepishly out.

Charles waited until he was out of sight, then deliberately took his place beside Ann Louise, and to her surprise slammed the door shut. She had shrunk over in a corner. He stared at her in the dim light that came from the windows. She was really lovely, the little devil. If that was what she wanted she was going to be his. He started to put his arm around her and pull her over to him when her soft voice in the intense silence disarmed him.

"Thank you, Charles. I was so afraid," she said. "What did that man want? I did not know what I was to do. I have tried to do everything as you told me. You have been wonderful to me."

Charles Second felt his throat go dry. He leaned back against the seat and swallowed once or twice. He felt her cold little hand in his. He patted it.

"You are lovely," he said. "It's all right. But don't leave the floor with any one. It gives the wrong impression." He helped her from the car and led her back. He did not feel like talking. His heart had suddenly swelled up to choke him. He knew he was in love. It was not with the señorita, his creation. It was with Ann Louise.

On the floor the señorita was immediately surrounded. She was quite gay, but Charles stood watching her triumph, subdued, standing in a corner. When the prom ended twenty men escorted her to the car,

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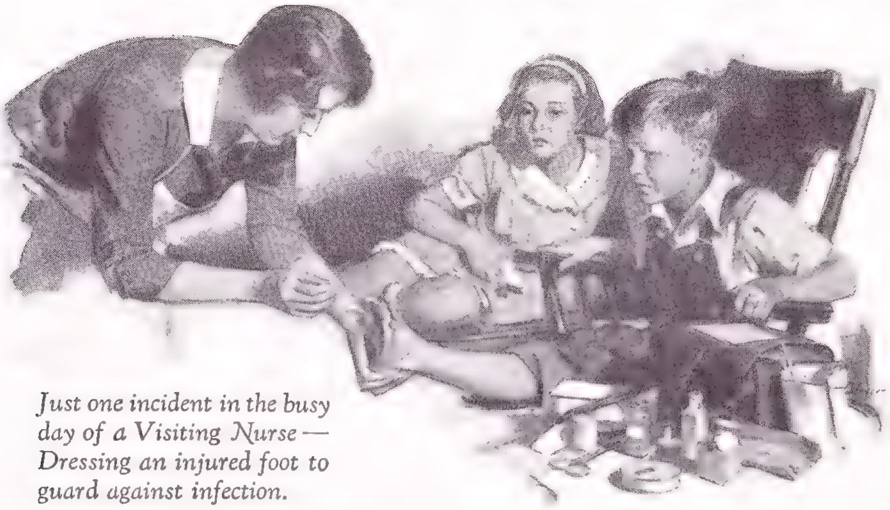
One day in the life of a
Visiting Nurse



Just one incident in the busy day of a Visiting Nurse—Dressing an injured foot to guard against infection.

SHE is but one of about 16,000 women whose days are too short to do all they are asked to do and indeed eager to do, in accordance with the doctor's orders, for those who need their skillful and sympathetic care and direction in hygiene.

Looking for no praise, this Visiting Nurse turned in her report for a single day. From early morning until late afternoon every minute was occupied. But there was no place in her record for her own energy, tact, courage and resourcefulness, or for fatigue, climbing dark stairs, constant drain on sympathy for acute suffering or lost hope.

Her appointments, which averaged about an hour each, began with a call on Mrs. Schmidt—an enema for intestinal disturbance, as ordered by doctor. Then Tim Kelly—lobar pneumonia. Next, Mrs. Jacobs and new baby. After her, John Hopkins—an infected leg. Audrey Cohen next—under doctor's orders, gave insulin injection for diabetes. Mrs. Marziotti—prenatal care. Mr. Simmons—a chronic invalid: paralysis. Finally, Lucy Carleton—diphtheria: assisted the doctor in immunizing the other children; arranged home for communicable disease isolation.

The Visiting Nurse Service is one of America's distinguished contributions to the health movement of the world and has been adopted in other countries. Here it is supported by patients whose payments are supplemented by those of organizations that recognize the vast importance of this work which includes education in health. The Visiting Nurse whole-heartedly extends to each patient the benefit of her expert training.

The wage-earner who cannot stay at home when there is illness in the family, but who can afford the part-time service of a Visiting Nurse, goes to work with a lighter heart knowing that she will call at a definite time to do what is required. When possible the Visiting Nurse teaches some member of the family how to give bedside care before she hurries on to her next patient.

Through your telephone book or your doctor, you can find out whether or not there is a Visiting Nurse Service in your neighborhood. These trained graduate nurses are on call in more than 6,000 cities and towns in the United States. The bedside care given by them may help turn a serious illness to full recovery of health and strength.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

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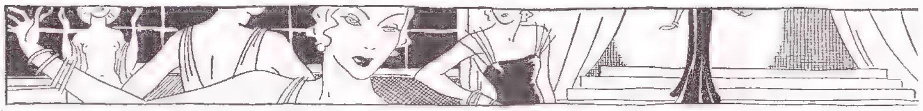


South American Beauty

Continued from page 25

leaving him to disengage Mrs. Edward and help her in. The three rode home in silence. Ann Louise was too happy for words. She looked at Charles, speechless, and he said nothing. He was thinking.

NEXT morning he rang the doorbell at the time agreed, to take her to her train. He was saying to himself that he did not care at all how she was dressed; that he loved her, Peter Thompson and all. He was shown in and waited. He rose at the faint feminine click of high heels on hard wood. He rose and was astonished.

Ann Louise stood in the doorway. A tilted brown hat surmounted a slim brown suit whose coat fell away at the neck to show a line of the apricot satin blouse, which took an added radiance from her white skin. She smiled as she stepped eagerly toward him. He seized her hand.

"What's this?" he asked. "Where's my Peter Thompson?"

"Do you like this?" she asked anxiously. "I got it myself yesterday while you were gone, but I was afraid to put it on until to-day."

"Like it?" he said. "Do I like it! And the best thing about it is that it looks just like you."

He took her in his arms.

"Shouldn't we be starting for the train?" she asked.

"Yes," said Charles Second. "And I'm taking it with you. They can send my diploma by mail."

The Bridge

Continued from page 9

". . . patient presents on admission deep jagged wound in occipital area . . . fragment of shattered windshield penetrating skull. . . ."

How the fool's voice droned on! Bill thought with cold madness. Better for all of them if the broken glass had penetrated Kimball's skull!

"Doctor Ferris will operate," Bill said distinctly. The sound of his own voice was like an explosion in his brain. But he was not to know until later that echo and reëcho in those hills and valleys of gray cells could go on forever.

Presently they were in the operating room. Brilliance upon brilliance smote Bill Oliver's eyes—the lights, the white walls, the uniforms of the nurses, the gleam of the instruments on the portable table, the prone, white-draped figure of the unconscious man; the sheen of his hairless head except where the ragged, crimson wound showed—and the glistening sweat on the forehead of Doctor Roy Ferris.

"Doctor Ferris will operate . . . ."

Scalpel . . . hæmostat . . . sutures . . . trephine . . . Doctor Oliver assisting.

Assisting? Up to the site of trauma, Bill thought, and laughed ferociously beneath the white, impassive mask of the fixed stare he kept upon Roy Ferris. The pulsating cavity of the head on the operating table no longer interested him. He kept his eyes upon the grayly beaded, desperate face of Ferris as he bent over the patient. And Ferris knew those eyes were upon him, boring mercilessly, with diabolical vengeance, into his soul, his very life.

The nurse who was watching the patient's pulse made a startled movement. Something like an electric shock seemed to pass through her, through the head nurse, through the anæsthetist, and through Doctor Ferris—through all the living tissue in the white room. Without looking at them, without feeling, without hearing or seeing, Bill Oliver knew it. There was quick motion; there were clipped, quiet words, but Doctor Oliver had already plunged out of the operating room.

LESS than five minutes later, his overcoat on his arm, his hat in his hand, he was reeling into the dark areaway behind the hospital. There he was deathly sick.

He was in his own house again. He was sliding past his and Charlotte's bedroom, from which, into his furred senses, there seemed to come a convulsive sobbing. He was clawing his way up the narrow stairs to the attic room, turning the light on there, and with the automatic precision of the blind he was digging out his camp kit, changing his clothes to flannel shirt, breeches, boots, leather jacket, corduroy hunting cap.

His duffel bag hung on a nail under the rafters. In reaching for it he ran a small sliver into his thumb. That steadied him a little, reminded him to take along his first-aid kit.

"First aid—for me!" he grinned to himself. "That's good!"

He stole downstairs again and heard no sound from the bedroom. In a hall cupboard he quickly found the first-aid kit and stuffed it into his duffel bag as he made his way down to the ground floor.

Only one more thing to do—and it was done quickly. At his desk in the library he wrote a note to his lawyer, Archibald Thwaite, transferring his bank account and properties to his wife, Charlotte Oliver. From the little safe behind the desk he removed five hundred and sixty-eight dollars in cash. He shoved the money as though it had been a handkerchief, into the breast pocket of his leather jacket. That, he thought, ought to be enough for a man who meant to walk indefinitely into the wilderness.

As he went out of the house, into the edgy blackness of the November night that smelled now of snow, he thought he heard a breathless call behind him, from the second-floor landing. He was not sure. One sound only thudded in his ears: "Doctor Ferris will operate!"

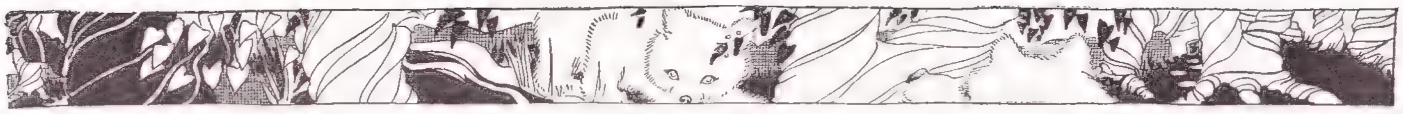
BILL OLIVER raised himself to his elbows in the snow and the patches of pine needles. How long had he been lying here? he wondered. Long enough, surely, for Jim Huron to have driven on. In any case there was no need for coming out upon the road again at the same spot where he had seen Charlotte's cousin.

He got laboriously to his feet and found that his calves were aching. His body must have taken considerable punishment in that lope through the thickset trees. Slowly he began to walk back toward the road. And for the thousandth, the ten-thousandth time his mind returned to that operating room the last night he had been in it.

If he had only glanced at the incision—if he had only seen, for a certainty, whether or not Roy Ferris's knife had slipped—but he had seen nothing, heard nothing. He had been mad! The patient had died—there was no forgetting that—but he may have died of shock or internal injuries. It didn't matter now. What really mattered was that Bill Oliver had *wanted* Roy Ferris to fail. There had been betrayal in that.

WHEN he had crossed the highway with no one in sight he cut through the woods to the old road that had fallen into complete disuse years ago, when a new bridge had been built across the river seven miles downstream. The old bridge, soft as punk, had been crossed by nobody but himself since he had rented the cabin from Karl Jensen, the Swede trader. On the bridge the turbulence of the river assailed him.

Continued on page 27



He crossed his arms on the rotten railing and leaned his head down upon them.

"Charlotte—Charlotte!"

It had been in this breaking, treacherously sweet season between winter and summer that he had first known he loved Charlotte. And now, his body like steel from battling through miles of winter storm in the effort to forget, and from chopping and dragging in his own firewood, and from plunging on snowshoes seven miles down the river twice a week for his brief supplies—now he knew that Charlotte was deeper in his being than ever before. There was betrayal in that, too—betrayal of the deepest instincts in him.

He crossed the bridge and felt it sway beneath him. Islands of ice roared and crashed against its rotting piles. The river had risen ten, possibly twelve feet, he surmised indifferently. It meant nothing to him or to any one else. Nobody ever drove across this bridge, nobody ever walked over it except himself, and he could hike the seven miles downstream on his own side for his supplies if the flood should sweep the old bridge away. The sooner the bridge went out the better, in fact. He would rid himself even of the fear that some one might be moved by curiosity, if nothing else, to visit his cabin. Not that he had any good reason for his fears.

ONE bright Sunday morning in January he had heard voices of children and had gone to his window to look out. Jensen's two little girls had come as far as the bridge and turned back home again. His eyes had followed them along the trail until they were lost behind the dense pines. Children—Karl Jensen's children—and another one about ready to be born, he had surmised on his last visit to the trader's place up the river. With the single exception of the two little girls, Bill Oliver had not heard a human voice or seen a human face anywhere near his cabin in more than four months.

What was left of the old trail stopped virtually at his own cabin, a hundred yards or so from the bridge. Beyond the log structure, which stood on a knoll richly treed with evergreen and birch, was one of the "leaves" of Four-Leaf-Clover Lake.

Bill Oliver entered the cabin, rebuilt the fire in the fireplace, lit the kerosene stove, and prepared a lunch of canned string beans, bacon, bread, and tea. While he ate at the bare, split-pine table, he gave intense thought to the glimpse he had had of Charlotte's cousin, Jim Huron.

He didn't think Jim could have really seen him in that brief second of exposure there above the road. It didn't matter, in any event. Charlotte had probably already begun proceedings for divorce on the grounds of desertion—he had left the way open for her to do that very thing. No danger of any one from Corliss coming north into the wilds a hundred and fifty miles to look for *him!*

THE lengthening April twilight, wet ocher with a restless horizon, was setting in when Bill heard a sound that brought him to the door of his cabin. When he opened the door Charlotte stood there, straight and slim in her short squirrel jacket, wearing a small star flower of a hat that matched her eyes. Her tawny pallor had a gray cast, and her lips were pale.

"Bill!"

She stood quiet, looking at him in the open doorway.

With his feet spread wide to steady him and his hands clenched at his back, he regarded her stonily.

"I suppose—Jim Huron telephoned you," he said in a cold voice.

"Yes," she replied tremulously, and came so close that she might have touched him. "Won't you let me come in?"

His face like granite, he stepped aside and permitted her to enter. She seated herself weakly in a woven birch chair beside the fire and tried to smile up at him.

"Your bridge out there, Bill," she explained with a shaking laugh, "—it seemed to want to prevent me getting across to you. I had to leave the car on the other

The Bridge

Continued from page 26

side. Even so—it almost gave way under me."

Bill started, frowned at her white look, then went to a shelf and brought her a small glass of brandy.

"Here—drink this," he ordered sharply.

She gulped it down with a wry face. Bill sat down on the chair across the fireplace from her, his hands in his pockets, his chin on his chest. When he glanced at her again, her eyes met his with desperate pleading.

"It was the man up at the store—Mr. Jensen—who told me where to find you," she said. "He warned me about the bridge, too. Jim telephoned me from there—this morning."

"I thought so," Bill said wearily. "But Jensen didn't know who I was."

"He didn't know your name—he didn't even know you were a doctor—until I told him. I had to describe you——"

"You went to a lot of trouble for—for nothing," he said bitterly.

She shrank from his gaze. "Archibald Thwaite and I put notices in the personal columns of all the papers—for months——"

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"I haven't looked at a paper."

Charlotte hurried on. "I wouldn't let him do more than that to find you. I thought—if you still cared for me—" Her voice broke. "But—it was my fault, of course. I'm not asking for anything, Bill. I just wanted to tell you—even if you refuse to understand. I was jealous of your work. I saw myself becoming—just something you'd have time for only after your passion for your work had been satisfied. I felt lonely—and neglected. I know that wasn't fair of me—and I don't know what came over me that night."

SHE sat forward in her chair, leaning toward him. "There had never been anything between Roy Ferris and me before that night. I swear it, Bill! There wouldn't have been anything that night if I hadn't been—been pitying myself. I'm not trying to excuse it. It was my fault. But I haven't seen him since. He resigned from the hospital staff the next day."

A log in the fireplace broke in two with a shower of sparks. Bill's eyes moved bleakly to the west window, where a narrow ribbon of gold sunset threaded through the black and dripping hemlocks.

"But I didn't come to tell you that," Charlotte continued hardily. "I—I have never loved any one but you, Bill—and I never shall. I had to say that, whether it matters or not." Her thin, white fingers laced nervously in her lap, and her eyes were bluer than blue with tears. "What I wanted most to tell you is that you really must go back to your work. You left it because of me. You are free to go back to it now—without me."

He looked at her with slow irony. "You don't seem to understand," he said. "My neglect of you was wrong—it was a kind of betrayal. But what I did that night in the operating room was betrayal of another sort. It was criminal. I wanted Roy Ferris to bungle the job. I wanted him to fail. Don't you see now—there's no going back for me!"

"Did you know the patient did not die because of any blunder in the operation?" Charlotte said. "He was a heart case. He died of shock."

Bill's nostrils sharpened as he leaned suddenly forward. "That lets Ferris out!" He laughed bitterly. "But it doesn't do anything for me. I was too insane that night to know what Ferris was doing. The point is that I *wanted* him to make a mess of it."

HE GOT up and took a dazed turn about the room.

"I see," Charlotte said softly. "And—if he *had* made a mess of it—*I* would have been the one to blame."

His face, engraved with suffering, was half averted. "But—since he didn't——"

Charlotte reached her hands toward him in anguish. "This is not going to wipe out the past, Bill. One thing only can do that. You've got to go back to your work. The world needs you and——"

"Yes?" His laugh was a raucous bark. "The world needs me? I've been in this God-forsaken hole for months and not a soul has come to see me. That's how much the world needs me. Even old Jensen avoids me as if I had leprosy."

Charlotte's hands clenched the arms of her chair, but a smile started secretly at the corners of her mouth. "I can't blame them much, Bill. The way you look you—you frighten them."

He looked down at her with shocking humor. "Yes, I frighten them! Do you know that since I've been here I've spent most of my time out of doors so that I shouldn't have to see my own naked hands? My hands—frighten—*me!* They still do."

Before he had finished speaking Charlotte sprang up and was crouching before him, her arms about his knees, her wet cheek pressed against his corduroy breeches.

"Bill—dearest!" she whispered. "I have done that to you!" She longed to press her cheek against the hand that lay inert on his thigh, but she only gazed at it, the tears streaming from her eyes. Then she looked up at him quickly. "But—Bill—they will frighten you no longer—if you just—if you could just once see them at work again." She dropped her head.

Continued on page 29

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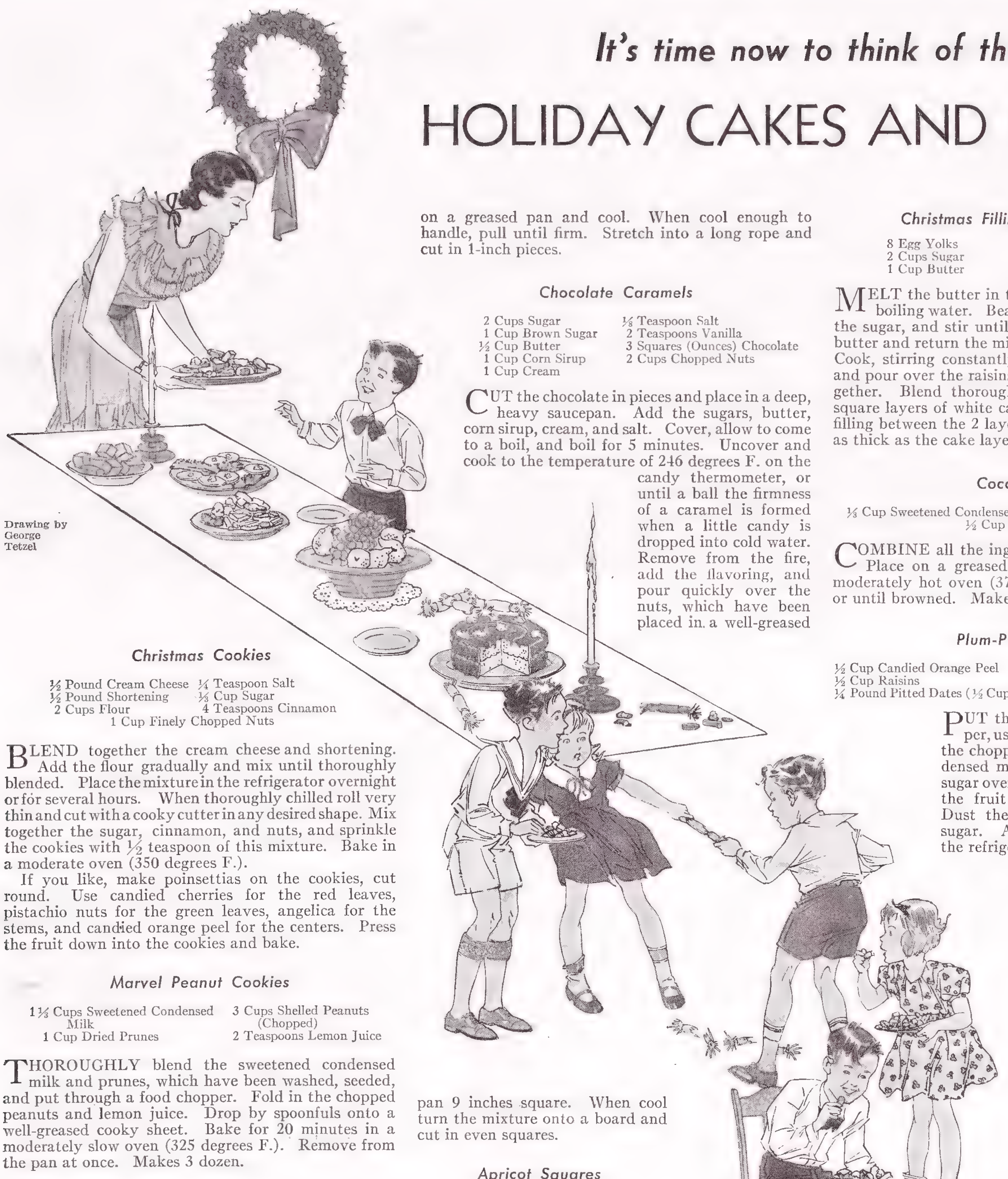


Drawing by George Tetzel

Christmas Cookies

½ Pound Cream Cheese
½ Pound Shortening
2 Cups Flour
¼ Teaspoon Salt
⅓ Cup Sugar
4 Teaspoons Cinnamon
1 Cup Finely Chopped Nuts

BLEND together the cream cheese and shortening. Add the flour gradually and mix until thoroughly blended. Place the mixture in the refrigerator overnight or for several hours. When thoroughly chilled roll very thin and cut with a cooky cutter in any desired shape. Mix together the sugar, cinnamon, and nuts, and sprinkle the cookies with ½ teaspoon of this mixture. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.).

If you like, make poinsettias on the cookies, cut round. Use candied cherries for the red leaves, pistachio nuts for the green leaves, angelica for the stems, and candied orange peel for the centers. Press the fruit down into the cookies and bake.

Marvel Peanut Cookies

1⅓ Cups Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 Cup Dried Prunes
3 Cups Shelled Peanuts (Chopped)
2 Teaspoons Lemon Juice

THOROUGHLY blend the sweetened condensed milk and prunes, which have been washed, seeded, and put through a food chopper. Fold in the chopped peanuts and lemon juice. Drop by spoonfuls onto a well-greased cooky sheet. Bake for 20 minutes in a moderately slow oven (325 degrees F.). Remove from the pan at once. Makes 3 dozen.

Peanut-Coconut Cookies

⅔ Cup Peanut Butter
1 Cup Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ Cup Shredded Coconut

BLEND together the peanut butter and sweetened condensed milk until smooth. Add the shredded coconut. Drop by spoonfuls onto a greased cooky sheet. Bake for 20 minutes, or until brown, in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.). Makes 2 dozen.

Maple Taffy

1⅓ Cups Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ Cup Maple Sirup
¼ Teaspoon Salt

COOK the sweetened condensed milk, maple sirup, and salt together in a heavy pan over low heat until a hard ball forms when tested in cold water. Pour on a greased pan and cool. When cool enough to handle, pull until firm. Stretch into a long rope and cut in 1-inch pieces.

Chocolate Caramels

2 Cups Sugar
1 Cup Brown Sugar
½ Cup Butter
1 Cup Corn Sirup
1 Cup Cream
⅛ Teaspoon Salt
2 Teaspoons Vanilla
3 Squares (Ounces) Chocolate
2 Cups Chopped Nuts

CUT the chocolate in pieces and place in a deep, heavy saucepan. Add the sugars, butter, corn sirup, cream, and salt. Cover, allow to come to a boil, and boil for 5 minutes. Uncover and cook to the temperature of 246 degrees F. on the candy thermometer, or until a ball the firmness of a caramel is formed when a little candy is dropped into cold water. Remove from the fire, add the flavoring, and pour quickly over the nuts, which have been placed in a well-greased pan 9 inches square. When cool turn the mixture onto a board and cut in even squares.

Apricot Squares

2 Cups Dried Apricots
¼ Cup Granulated Gelatine
1 Cup Water
¼ Cup White Corn Sirup
3 Tablespoons Lemon Juice
½ Teaspoon Grated Lemon Rind
1½ Cups Sugar

WASH the apricots, place in a saucepan, and add enough water to cover. Cook slowly for about 40 minutes, or until the apricots are soft. Remove from the fire and press through a sieve. Soak the gelatine in the cup of water for 5 minutes. Mix together the soaked gelatine, apricot purée, sugar, sirup, lemon juice, and lemon rind and cook slowly over a low flame for 20 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from the fire, cool to room temperature, and pour into a pan 8 inches square lined with wax paper. Allow to stand overnight, cut in squares, and roll in powdered sugar.

Christmas Filling for White Cake

8 Egg Yolks
2 Cups Sugar
1 Cup Butter
1 Pound Seeded Raisins
2 Cups Chopped Nuts
1½ Cups Grated Coconut

MELT the butter in the top of a double boiler over boiling water. Beat the egg yolks until light, add the sugar, and stir until well mixed. Add the melted butter and return the mixture to the top double boiler. Cook, stirring constantly, until the mixture thickens, and pour over the raisins, nuts, and coconut mixed together. Blend thoroughly. Cool slightly. Make 2 square layers of white cake, and use this mixture as a filling between the 2 layers. The filling will be almost as thick as the cake layers. Frost with white icing.

Coconut Balls

⅓ Cup Sweetened Condensed Milk
¾ Cup Shredded Coconut
½ Cup Chopped Nuts

COMBINE all the ingredients and shape into balls. Place on a greased baking sheet and bake in a moderately hot oven (375 degrees F.) for 10 minutes, or until browned. Makes 2 dozen balls.

Plum-Pudding Bars

½ Cup Candied Orange Peel
½ Cup Raisins
¼ Pound Pitted Dates (½ Cup)
¼ Cup Sweetened Condensed Milk
Finely Powdered Confectioners' Sugar

PUT the fruit through a food chopper, using the medium blade. Moisten the chopped fruit with sweetened condensed milk. Dust the confectioners' sugar over a pan 8 inches square. Press the fruit mixture firmly into the pan. Dust the top with the confectioners' sugar. Allow to stand overnight in the refrigerator and cut into bars.

Fudge Cake

CREAM together 1 cup of shortening and 2 cups of brown sugar, add 2 well-beaten eggs, and stir until thoroughly mixed. Add 1 teaspoon of soda, dissolved in ⅓ cup of water, ½ cup of sour milk, and 1¾ cups of sifted flour. Mix well and add 3 squares of melted chocolate and 1 teaspoon of vanilla. Pour into a greased pan 8 inches square, and bake at 375 degrees F. for about 15 minutes.

Light Fruit Cake

⅔ Cup Shortening
2 Cups Flour
½ Cup Candied Orange Peel, Chopped Finely
⅓ Cup California Walnuts
1¼ Cups Powdered Sugar
⅓ Teaspoon Soda
⅔ Cup Raisins
1 Teaspoon Vanilla
7 Egg Whites

CREAM the shortening in a bowl and add gradually the flour, sifted with the soda. Add the orange peel, nuts, and raisins. Beat the egg whites until stiff, but not dry, gradually adding the sugar. Add the flour-and-fruit mixture to the beaten eggs and sugar. Add the vanilla, mix well, and pour into a greased cake pan. Bake at 325 degrees F. for 1 hour, or until the cake shrinks from the sides of the pan.

THE HOME BUREAU

All Pictorial Review recipes are tested with *definite heat and utensil measurements* in our own kitchen on gas and electric ranges.

The Bridge

Continued from page 27

With a muffled groan he bent toward that bright head. Then he straightened angrily and got to his feet.

"You'd better start back," he said in a thick voice, "before it begins to get dark. The roads are bad, as you must know."

But Charlotte remained crumpled forward on the floor in an attitude of obstinate humility. Her clothing was awry, but she seemed unaware of it. Her lips were parted, and when she spoke the words came in panting little sobs.

"I'm not going back, Bill! I'm staying until you come with me. If you go anywhere else—I'll follow you!"

Through sheer will power he drew his eyes away from her and stalked to the kerosene stove. With a great clatter he proceeded to light the stove, laughing loudly and mirthlessly as he did so.

"It won't take you long to get sick of pork and beans and condensed milk," he said through clenched jaws.

She had stood up. "Can't I help you make supper, Bill?"

But he swung upon her so savagely that she shrank back and caught her breast.

"Get this straight, Charlotte," he said decisively, "you can help me in no respect whatever!"

Without a word she went to the pine table and remained seated until he put before her a tin plate upon which was heaped the most unappetizing fare she—or he, for that matter—had ever beheld. While he fell to with grim determination he dared not glance across at her. He knew that her eyes were full of laughter that would undo him.

"That was very good," Charlotte said demurely when she had, to his chagrin, eaten every scrap of the shriveled and warmed-over macaroni and the dried wisps of sardines.

The tea was pretty fierce too, he thought, letting it stand and go cold after an experimental sip, but Charlotte drank hers with apparent gusto.

At last Bill got up unceremoniously and took his cap from its nail on the wall.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"When you wish to retire," he said, "there's a cot in the bedroom. When I come back—I'll bunk out here."

And before she could utter another word he had plunged through the door, and the quickening dusk of the woods had swallowed him.

IN THE pearl-gray half light of early morning Charlotte sat bolt upright on the cot. She had been awakened by a rending, crushing overtone in the roar of the river. The bridge!

What time was it? she wondered. She knew she had lain awake for hours before and after Bill had returned. The creeping sounds of the night inside the cabin and the thunder of the river outside had frightened her, and she had almost broken out crying when Bill's step had come softly across the threshold into the kitchen.

She had listened with all her being to the muffled sound of Bill removing his clothes, and her breath had almost died in her throat when she heard him come quietly to her door. But in the next moment she had found herself inclosed in a narrower, more terrifying darkness. He had closed the door between them. And finally, exhausted from sobbing into her pillow, she had fallen into a stupor of sleep.

Charlotte reached to the window ledge for her wrist watch. It was half past four. She sprang out of bed, dressed hastily, and flung open the door between the two rooms. The outer room was empty, and a lightning glance at the wall where Bill's duffel bag had hung vindicated her first and worst fear. The bag was gone—Bill was gone!

Even yesterday the bridge had seemed too flimsy to support her unimportant weight. And Bill's heavy tread——

With a smothered scream she rushed out of the cabin and saw that the river had risen to within twenty yards of the door. The water, with its ice floes livid in the near dawn, swirled blackly past, and of the bridge there was no sign save a splintered pile or two on the opposite shore.

In her blind terror for Bill, the danger to herself did not even occur to her. He had gone down with the bridge—there was still a chance that he might be alive in that lashing torrent. She began to run along the flat, tree-tangled overflow of the river, stumbling, sobbing, shouting his name, and searching with frantic eyes that broken surface where the water battled with the ice.

IT WAS a few minutes before sunrise when Bill walked down the road from Karl Jensen's. He felt magnificent as this new day that was breaking, and so strong that he had refused the tremulously grateful trader's offer to drive him down to the bridge. Had not he, Doctor Bill Oliver, delivered into the world, single-handed, an hour ago, a boy infant who would have taken his mother with him into eternity if it had not been for the doctor's help? These natives, Bill thought with a happy laugh—their regard for dates was negligible.

He was glad Jensen's midnight knock at the cabin door had not wakened Charlotte. He had steeled himself to go alone through the ordeal of fighting death again. If he had failed . . . but he had won, and now he could go back to Charlotte and tell her.

He quickened his step and grinned as he glanced at the duffel bag slung on his arm. In his haste to accompany Jensen a few hours ago, he had not paused to remove from it his emergency kit, but had taken bag and all.

Last night had been terrible, before Jensen had come. Bill had sweat blood, rambling through the woods, and later in the cabin, with Charlotte so near.

The road turned—water swept over it in a smooth sheet—the bridge was gone! He stared at Charlotte's car, standing in safety on a small rise. Then he ran forward and looked dazedly across the river. It seemed from here that the water must be at the very door of the cabin. Jensen had said that he had never seen the river so high.

In panic, Bill Oliver threw his duffel bag to the ground, stripped to his waist, tore off his shoes, and plunged into the water. He had swum in ice water before, but this was different. Sunrise-colored reefs of ice! Charlotte, Charlotte! Again and again a spinning, incandescent mass seemed to fling itself at his head, his flailing arms.

Even as he fought with a power beyond himself, the thought came to him horribly that if he didn't get across he would have failed Charlotte again in being true to his profession. He struck out now like a madman—and realized with a shock of sanity that he was at last clambering out on the other side of the river.

The first thing he saw was that the water had really begun to recede from the slope of the cabin. But what did that matter? He was here! he thought with joy.

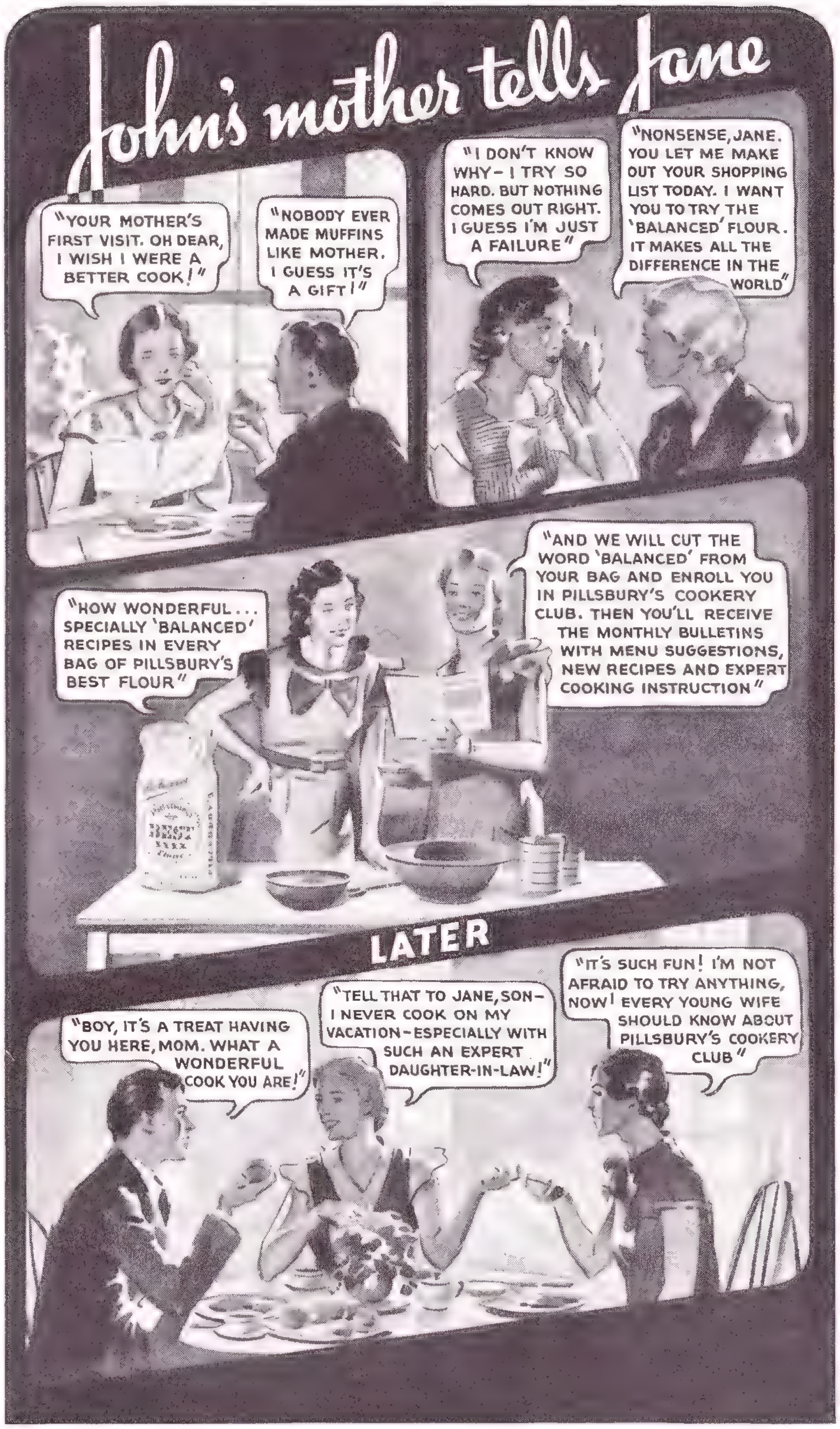
The bedroom was empty. It was while he was running out to shout Charlotte's name that he thought of the bridge. Her clothes—they were in neither of the rooms. And her car was still on the other side!

Fear can run through the veins like fire, like ice. Bill did not know how far he had rushed downstream, the water reaching his knees, hoarsely calling, searching as best he could through the spring tangle of woods. He knew nothing but stark dread until he saw her—in the deep, moist glow of that swimming forest, clinging to a tree to keep herself from falling.

He gathered her up, white and wet and almost senseless, and carried her for many minutes, until in a high and sunny space the sound of the river did not reach them.

"Bill," she whispered at last, close against him. "I—I thought you had gone down with the bridge, Bill."

His laugh was exuberant. "A fool went down with that bridge," he told her, "forever, my darling!"


John's mother tells Jane
"YOUR MOTHER'S FIRST VISIT. OH DEAR, I WISH I WERE A BETTER COOK!"
"NOBODY EVER MADE MUFFINS LIKE MOTHER. I GUESS IT'S A GIFT!"
"I DON'T KNOW WHY - I TRY SO HARD. BUT NOTHING COMES OUT RIGHT. I GUESS I'M JUST A FAILURE"
"NONSENSE, JANE. YOU LET ME MAKE OUT YOUR SHOPPING LIST TODAY. I WANT YOU TO TRY THE 'BALANCED' FLOUR. IT MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD"
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LATER
"BOY, IT'S A TREAT HAVING YOU HERE, MOM. WHAT A WONDERFUL COOK YOU ARE!"
"TELL THAT TO JANE, SON - I NEVER COOK ON MY VACATION - ESPECIALLY WITH SUCH AN EXPERT DAUGHTER-IN-LAW!"
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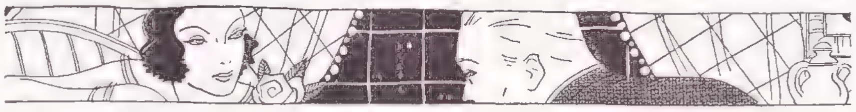

Engaged Girl

Continued from page 11

peachable correctness of his conventional love-making. She had misunderstood it to the point of asking him, quite bluntly, whether he wanted to marry her. And naturally he had said yes. One would. One did. There was no other permissible answer. But dash it, perhaps he did want to marry her! She was young, she was handsome, she was well bred, she was malleable. She would be a credit to him in any company.

Besides, she would solve the problem of Anna Marie. For Anna Marie, who was of that other world, had been growing a bit urgent of late. Yes, this would be a way of disposing of Anna Marie. He thought then I shall kiss this girl. And he did.

There was nothing for Sylvia to do but to let him. She hadn't exactly thought of the kissing part of it till that instant, so she was a little startled. Besides, she didn't like mustaches. They—well, she just didn't like them.

And she couldn't help thinking that maybe she was doing a rotten thing, meaning Tommy, but she defended herself hastily by remembering that Tommy had now been dismissed from her life forever. She pushed away a little, nevertheless, and sat up straight. Tavening sat straight too.

He cleared his throat and said: "I shall speak to your father when he comes home."

"Oh, no!" gasped Sylvia. "I mean—don't you think it would be sweet—I mean nice—to keep it secret for a while—just between us two?"

Chester Tavening smiled an older-than-she-was smile. "I should prefer to speak to your father at once," he said.

"Please, no," said Sylvia weakly.

He blinked at her incredulously and said, "If you ask me not to——"

"I do ask you not to. I—I'll tell you why some time."

It would be bad enough to have her father and mother come back to find Tommy gone and Chester here. But to have them come back and find her engaged! Never! Now a new thought froze her. Suppose Tommy came back! Suppose he came back and rang the bell!

Sylvia gulped and said as evenly as she could, "Chester, do you mind? I—I sort of have a headache——"

"My dear girl! We'll send out for some aspirin."

"I didn't mean that. I mean do you mind if I—if I ask you—" She couldn't think what to say. All she wanted was to get Chester Tavening out, out and away.

And then a key clicked in the latch and the front door flung open, and her father and mother marched in. They kissed her and greeted Chester, and then her father said jauntily: "Where's Tommy?"

"He had to go back to the office. He—they called him about some radio program." That was a quick lie and a good one. It was reasonable too. Tommy was in an advertising agency, and one of Tommy's accounts was putting on a radio hour, though the hour certainly wasn't on the air to-night. But her father wouldn't stop to think about that.

Then Chester was saying something to her father. He was saying, "We—your daughter and I—well, frankly I'm bound to secrecy, but if she'll permit me——"

Sylvia said agonizedly, "We've decided to drive to Great Barrington to-morrow instead of Friday. We thought we'd get there earlier. A day earlier—see?"

Then she thought, "Living heavens, suppose Tommy rings the bell now?"

HER mother stepped over to her. Her mother said quietly, "Sylvia, that dress is too warm for you. I told you it would be, for evening."

"It's not at all. That's just rouge, Mother."

Somehow the evening wore to its end. They had crackers and cheese and some drinks. Sylvia's mother took ginger ale. The two men took Scotch and soda. Sylvia compromised on beer. The two men discussed the recovery program forever and ever, but at last Chester Tavening said good night, gave Sylvia's hand a private squeeze, and bowed himself out.

"Charming person," said Sylvia's mother.

"Nice chap," her father agreed. "I like him. He's mature."

"Isn't he?" said Sylvia.

"He seems very much interested in you," said Sylvia's mother. "I was watching his eyes. They never left you. I understand he was a major or something during the War, and he is certainly blessed with worldly goods—and so polished!"

Sylvia grimaced inwardly and agreed with what they said. She might have made a mess of everything else, but, thank goodness, she still knew how to handle parents!

Eventually, with the apartment dark and quiet, she faced herself desolately in her dressing-table mirror. She stared at herself so for a long time, then she said bitterly to her image, "You ought to be spanked."

SHE flung to her feet. She whipped off the gown of Oporto red velvet, threw it across the bed. She kicked off her satin pumps. From the closet she yanked out a sports suit of tweed, street shoes, a snug felt hat, a tweed outer coat with a collar of red fox. Her heart was thumping as she tiptoed silently from the apartment. She remembered to fix the latch of the door so she could get back in. Then she rang the elevator bell.

Momentarily she experienced a twinge of uncertainty; never before had she been out so late alone. Maybe it was later than she thought it was. She peered at her wrist watch. Yes, it was only twelve-forty.

WITH a grim smile she paraded to the corner drug store. At the corner drug store there were no parents to listen in on their bedroom extension telephone.

First Sylvia called Tommy's apartment, which was in a bachelor apartment house on Thirty-ninth Street. Funny: it was hard to see the numbers and letters on the dial until she had winked a queer sort of film away from in front of her eyes. The film couldn't be tears, she knew. Anyway she got the number and she got the clerk and she asked for Mr. Thomas.

A pause, then, "Mr. Thomas isn't in his room."

Not in his room? Oh, gosh! She heard her voice inquiring, "Has—has he been in? I mean this evening?"

"We wouldn't know that, lady."

She remembered something. "Is he in the grill?"

"No, ma'am; grill's closed."

Sylvia hung up, looked about her helplessly. Then she remembered Tommy's office. He had often told her that it kept open sometimes all night. She called his office. But all that came to her ear was the unpleasant buzz-buzz-buzz of the ringing signal.

Now what? She tried to think. She wandered out into the body of the drug store and stood by the candy counter, pulling on her gloves. She smiled brightly at the proprietor and said, "Good night, Mr. Ringel." Then she went out into the street again. She intended to find Tommy.

She began walking, walking down Madison Avenue, all alone; a strikingly pretty girl in a strikingly pretty sports outfit at one o'clock in the morning. She didn't know where she was going. It was like walking in a sort of troubled, worried, tense, half-waking sleep. The only consciousness she was aware of, the only reality, was that she must somehow find Tommy.

She came awake with something like a start in front of Tommy's apartment house. Had she come here deliberately? She didn't know, didn't care. The point was she was here. The interior of the place was dim, but there was one brightish light, and by bending down and squinting through the outer door she could see that the lighted part was over a counter.

That would be the desk, and that was where the clerk would be. Very likely it would be the same clerk she had talked with over the phone. By this time he might know about Tommy. By this time Tommy undoubtedly would be home. But it wouldn't be quite the thing for her to saunter into a bachelor apartment at—at twenty minutes before two in the morning.

No, the thing to do was to find a phone booth somewhere. She really oughtn't to be out—but it was safe enough. On the whole way down nobody had spoken to her except an unpleasant fat man.

SHE stood hesitant in the dark street, and then, as at a cue, the unpleasant fat man came strolling toward her. He must have been wallowing along after her. Now he said thickly, "Hi, cutie! Where do we go?"

Sylvia fled in through the doorway of Tommy's bachelor home. To the blinking clerk she said hastily, "Mr. Thomas—is Mr. Thomas in?"

"But, ma'am—but, lady!"

"Is he in?"

Sylvia plumped herself down into a big leather chair.

"But listen, lady, you can't. It's against the rules."

"It's something important," said Sylvia firmly. "I've got to see him."

"You'll of to wait outside, miss. It's rules. After eleven o'clock it's rules."

Sylvia rose out of her chair and found the door. Out on the street, fortunately, the unpleasant fat man had vanished. The street was empty except for hurrying taxis. Standing there, Sylvia began counting them, until she lost count.

She was beginning to lose count of everything, of everything but the fact that she intended to square it with Tommy. It didn't matter how late he came home, she was going to square it with him.

Somehow she presently became aware of the existence of a sort of stone jigamaree in front of the entrance to Tommy's place. There were two stone jigamarees, in fact, one each side of the door. They were a little high and surprisingly cold, but they proved to be something to sit on. Sylvia tried first one and then the other. Between times she walked up and down a little.

At approximately three o'clock a policeman strolled through the street, making trick circles with his night stick, and he stopped in front of Sylvia and said, "What about it, sister?"

She knew what he meant. He meant that he wondered what she was doing there. So she explained to him carefully that she was waiting for her fiancé, who lived at this particular place. And the policeman squinted at her incredulously, and said,

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STARLESS CHRISTMAS

By Anne L. New

John came inside and said,
"No stars to-night. Clouds for this Christmas Eve."
So I went out to see. I couldn't settle down
For wondering. The rest were laughing, and they didn't hear me leave.

The clouds puffed snowflakes down.
I walked along
And thought, "There should be stars above the town
For Christmas—and there ought to be a song

"From somewhere in this frosty air."
Then music came, quite low
And thin, to slip between the flakes, and there
I saw the barrel organ and the woman through the snow.

I stopped; somehow
I said, "I wonder how you'd like the job
Of singing for a crowd—we need a song just now.
And there'll be things to eat, and hot drinks on the hob."

She'd come; and so we two
Sedately turned and trundled her old organ up the road
Where all the shivering poplars are.
And then the front door opened, and the light streamed through,
And suddenly I knew
That such a light shone out when Wise Men strode
Into an innyard, and they, too, had sought a star.

Engaged Girl

Continued from page 30

"I'm damned if I don't believe you," and sauntered on. But after a little he sauntered back and said, "Any way I can help you, Lady?"

"N-no, thanks. Isn't it all right for me to wait here?"

"As long as I'm on this beat, you bet it is. If anybody bothers you, you just yell. I'll be here on the run. But honest, lady, a young lady like you ought to be home. Won't your boy friend keep till morning?"

"I—he may be hurt or something," said Sylvia. "You see, we had a fight. I mean—well, we did, and I don't know where he is."

Said the policeman solemnly, "Have you tried the morgue?"

"Oh, please!" said Sylvia weakly.

"Well, at least you ought to try the hospitals."

He was taking her lightly. Sylvia waved him away. But maybe the policeman had been sent by Providence or something! Maybe it was a sign! Perhaps she really ought to try the hospitals. Gosh! Then, out of nowhere, Sylvia found herself confronted by an elderly man in overalls who held out to her a steaming cup of coffee.

"I'm the night super," said the elderly man. "We been watchin' you out here. How about some coffee?"

"Oh, no—thanks!"

"Better take some coffee, lady. We always have it around four o'clock."

"Is it four o'clock?"

"Ten of. What's the matter with this feller of yours?"

"Nothing. I was mean to him."

"And now you're waitin' to tell him you're sorry—that it?"

"Y-yes." She turned to the man. "I don't know what to do," she confided.

He said, "You just keep on doin' what you're doin'. We'll be keepin' an eye on you."

A taxicab frisked up in front of the apartment house, slithered to a halt. Tommy presently shouldered out of it, paid the driver with fumbling deliberation, then turned. He eyed Sylvia without surprise. "Knew you'd be here," he said. "Knew it just as sure as anything. You see, nobody answered the bell at your place."

"Good Heavens, did you ring the bell?"

"Course I did, but nobody answered it. So then naturally I tried the door. Then I went in and lit all the lights. Your father sleeps with his mouth open. He snores something fierce. Did you know that?"

"Tommy!"

"Sure—I was looking for you. Your mother snores too, but not so vibrant. Then I found your room and your clothes and I knew you were here."

"I almost wasn't, Tommy."

"Don't believe it," he said. "Listen—I found a party and I found the homeliest woman in New York. Saw her and asked to be introduced to her. Gesture stuff—against you, see? And was she homely!" He shook his head. "I told her we could be pals, and she said why, and I said because she didn't have anything to be stuck on herself about—and she practically swung on me. Madder'n time! S-s-so, by the time I managed to fade away from the party I realized I'd learned a vital lesson about women, which is that they're all the same except some are a lot better, and by that time I had to see you so badly I started crawling on my hands and knees looking for some sackcloth and some ashes——"

"Tommy, how much have you had to drink?"

"Not too much. Enough to know I'm nuts about you."

Sylvia said simply, "I've grown up tonight, Tommy."

Tommy said, "So have I."

They eyed each other hungrily. That was all. But it was enough.

Sylvia said then, "Have you got enough money to ride us around in a taxi till the Marriage License Bureau opens? We could go to the Little Church afterwards. It would be sweet."

"Are you sure what you're saying, honey?"

"Dead sure."

"Then I've got plenty of money," said Tommy happily. "I've got at least six or seven dollars. Get more later."

She said, "Have you got any objections to marrying me this morning?"

"Probably," said Tommy, "only right now I can't think what they are. The only thing, I left all those lights on at your house. Maybe we ought to go up there and turn them out."

"Not on your life," said Sylvia definitely. "Father and mother might wake up."

"Listen," interrupted the night superintendent gruffly, stepping out of the shadows, "I'll go in and get another cup, but how about taking this while it's hot? Or do you want me to set it down?"

Sylvia smiled at him ravishingly. "You're sweet too," she said, "and you're practically a mind reader. Please, just set it down."

The Son of Man

Continued from page 15

live in, with eyes full of loving wonder, for His eyes were not veiled with the habits of the senses; and though He knew the depths of beauty and the heights from the beginning, yet He was forever surprised by its constant peace and dignity.

I have been thinking all day of the Grandmother of Jesus, and of her pride in Him. He was born—and this is known to many—not in the stable, but in the simple house in Nazareth, and Anna, his Grandmother, was the first to hold Him in her arms, and against her ample bosom.

Can you not see her, bearing Him with love and joy up to the roof-top at eventide to show Him to the evening star? And as He grew, can you not see her, with a smile of love upon her lips, raising her finger to Him in mild rebuke? For though He was a child like other children, He was not obedient unto the misjudgment of the women.

I have told you how, when I was a child, we went, every human being in the village, on the eve of Christmas, to the church, walking through the deep and silent snow, and bearing each one his lighted lantern through the night; and how, at the moment of midnight, the voices of the old men and the children raised an ancient chant of Galilee, and the roof of the little church seemed to me to open unto the sky. In that very church to-day there is a reading desk of cedar that was carved by my cousin N'oula, the same N'oula who is in Boston, the father of the little Kahlil. I should like to see that desk again, and listen to its ancient silent word.

When I was but a child my mother spoke to me of Him, and she said, "He was the greatest of all great poets, He who wrote not one single line, save that line upon the sand." And in my perplexed ignorance I asked her, saying, "But how can any man be a great poet without writing lines?" Then with a smile upon her lips she said, "Who knows, my child? Perhaps we, even we ourselves, are the lines He wrote."

You ask me to tell you what are the "seven works" that I wish to accomplish

Continued on page 32

HERE'S WHY "THE SNIFFLES" WERE HEADING FOR BOBBY

...AND HERE'S WHY HE DIDN'T CATCH COLD!

MOTHER DIDN'T WAIT— till it was too late. At that first tickle in Bobby's nose, she used Vicks Va-tro-nol*—the clinic-tested aid in *preventing* colds. Its stimulating *medication* aids nature's defense and helps to avoid many colds.

Every mother in the world has wished for it—now at last there is a way to help children escape many a cold!

Just get some Vicks Va-tro-nol and keep it handy for that very first warning sign. At the first nasal irritation or stuffiness, sniffle or sneeze—put a few drops of Va-tro-nol up each nostril.

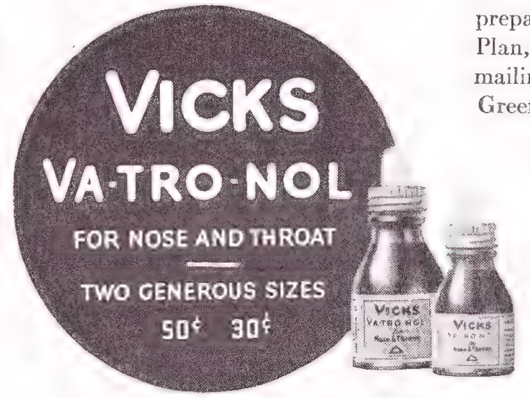
Va-tro-nol quickly spreads throughout the irritated nasal passages. It safely and surely stimulates the natural cold-fighting functions of the nose. It thus helps prevent many a cold.

When first symptoms are neglected, or resistance is low and a cold strikes without warning, then Va-tro-nol helps throw it off in its earliest stages. Or, if a head cold is fully developed, a few drops of Va-tro-nol will quickly clear clogging mucus, reduce swollen membranes and give comforting relief!... Sufferers from nasal catarrh, too, will find Vicks Va-tro-nol a welcome aid in easing distress.

Va-tro-nol is real medication—not mere "oil drops." That is why it is so effective. And Va-tro-nol is absolutely safe for both children and adults.

For Better Control of Colds

Va-tro-nol is the ideal companion to Vicks VapoRub—standby of two generations for *treating* colds. Together they give you the basic medication of Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds in the Home. (Full details in each Vicks package.) A valuable free sample-carton of Vicks preparations, with explanation of the Plan, sent direct for 3c in stamps to cover mailing. Address Vicks, **1023** Milton St., Greensboro, N. C.



* NOTE—*for your protection: The remarkable success of Vicks drops—for nose and throat—has brought scores of "imitations." The trademark,* Va-tro-nol, *is your protection in getting this exclusive Vicks formula. Always ask for* Vicks Va-tro-nol.

WOMEN must avoid harsh Laxatives

THE feminine sex must be particularly careful in the choice of a laxative.

Women should avoid a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens. They should avoid laxatives that are offered as cure-alls—treatments for a thousand ills. A laxative is intended for one purpose only—to relieve constipation.

Ex-Lax is offered for just what it is—a gentle, effective laxative.

Ex-Lax is effective—but it is mild. It acts gently yet thoroughly. It works over-night without over-action.

Ex-Lax will not form a habit—you take it just when you need a laxative. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

For 28 years, Ex-Lax has had the confidence of doctors, nurses, druggists and the general public alike, because it is everything a laxative ought to be.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate flavor. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Get genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results. Made in Canada

When Nature forgets—remember

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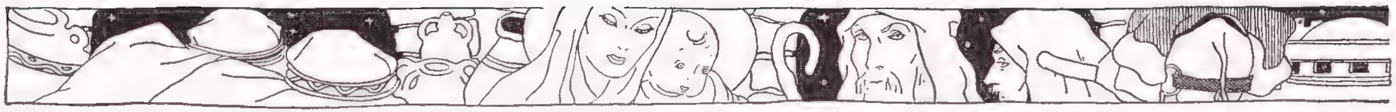
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



The Son of Man

Continued from page 31

before I die. Here is one: I would build a city near to a harbor, and upon an island in that harbor I would raise a statue, not to Liberty, but to Beauty. For Liberty is that one about whose feet men have forever fought their battles. And Beauty is that one before whose face all men reach hands unto all men as brothers.

Let us not forget that the well-governed country is that one which needs no government.

Life means the field, the vineyard, and the loom. The church is within you. You yourself are your priest.

Often, my friend, I am neither poet nor artist. I am nothing. I desire to be nothing. The hours spent as lover, friend, brother are the hours of fulfillment; only these.

When I sleep out of doors under the stars, one of my friends will cry, "How high are you, Prophet?" And I will say, if I am very sleepy, I will say in a drowsy voice, "Very—high." Or if I am not so sleepy I will shout, "Oh, not so high!" And sometimes one will say, "How far, now, madman?" And perhaps I will not answer at all, I am *so far.*

If you and I could speak of nothing but stark truth for five minutes, all our friends would abandon us; if for ten minutes, we would be exiled from the land; for fifteen minutes, we would be hanged.

A friend of mine died yestereve, and I went to his house, and there I saw many of his friends. They thought I had come to condole with them in their grief. How should they know that I had come to congratulate him upon his freedom?

I may have to see this little book that we are writing, in eternity. I should not like to be ashamed of my work!

Give us of your beauty whilst we are yet here, for we shall not stay here overlong.

And what shall I say of my heart? How can one's smaller self speak of one's larger self? Sometimes it seems that my heart is a bird in a cage too narrow for its wings; and sometimes it seems like a mist that floats above far, distant places. And often, very often, it bleeds in silence for reasons that my mind cannot fathom. But I know that in the very depth of my heart there is an element undisturbed by anything in this world. That element is my certain faith in the Spirit that hovers over all things.

Here I may be able to do some work. My heart hungers for an undisturbed place where I may dream and labor without the burden of so much stupidity. (May God forgive me.) Utter loneliness is calling me, and the voice is sweet and terrible.

Are you indeed hurt and bleeding? Then remember that a wound is purified by its own blood.

The four most beautiful beings the world has ever known, Socrates, Jesus, Jeanne d'Arc, and Lincoln, put to the death! And there was laughter upon the lips of the sky!

There is always a picture in my mind that is ever on the point of declaring itself, and is never declared. It is the picture of a Face.

Do not be troubled by idle visitors. Give a rope of patient silence to an intruder, and one day you will hear that he has hanged himself.

What a pity that men will not weave for me a garland until the day when my head shall be so high beyond their reach that they cannot place it above my head!

In a dream once, my grandmother said to me, "I have left all of my silver to my other grandson that he may not hate you."

All my need for to-day is a space of white paper and a bottle of ink. Perhaps—who knows?—to-morrow I shall need a larger space.

You have problems, have you? And what of it? Problems are only poems not yet written.

Isn't it strange, my friend, that there should be hungry men in the world while there is sweet food, more than they could eat? And strange that there are naked and homeless while there exist so many unworn garments and empty houses?

The strange beauty of the desert! If you hear a flute on the night, you will turn to me and say, "Kahlil, are you playing the flute?" And I will answer you, "No—that is some one fifteen, seventeen miles away." The night is so still; the stars are so close.

It is midnight, my friend. . . . Now it is one moment past midnight, and the year is dead. Past midnight, and the year is born. And between the death of a year and the birth there comes a deep, high fragment of a song unto the silenced world. Let us not weep that what is past, is past. Let us rather laugh the low laughter of remembrance, and of hope because what is to be is to be.

Judith

Continued from page 14

was a privilege to visit wherever he might live.

It was Hilary who was silent, listening to men who, like Judith, never smelled the cabbage in the halls, and were content to sit by the windows talking into the night. It was all very simple, and Judith mixed biscuits and salad and set out cheese, and no one paid attention to what he ate.

Hilary was no part of it, but Judith, oddly enough, was. They not only saw her lovely warm charm, but they felt and knew her quick mind, with its odd philosophic twist and its vagrant imaginativeness. The man whom Judith had met so casually, and for whom she worked all winter in a desultory fashion, came also and said, "Your daughter, Colby, and your wife, Mr. Webb, has the makings of a real scholar. If she would just give more time and apply herself."

Judith interrupted with a half rueful laugh. "What you are saying, Mr. Ballenbeck, is that as a scholar I am too good a housekeeper. Now, Hilary, on the other hand, can very well say that as a housekeeper I am too good a scholar. Father is the one who knows I am neither."

Indeed, what was she? In his pride and worry over his new married state Hilary was unable to see her clearly. She most often seemed to him such a child, but she had a way of escaping from him into an ancient past and a mature present that was completely beyond him. It disturbed him. When he was out among strangers he worried over the impression she would make on others; he worried, too, at the oddly unconnected things she might say, as she sometimes did. It did not seem to him that she ought to quote such unheard-of people and to know so many queer bits of information.

People thought her odd, no doubt, and too often she made silences after she spoke. At least sometimes it was silence, and sometimes it was quick laughter from the elders of the party. Her wit, if gentle, was keen, and the range of it far beyond the usual girl of twenty. Hilary felt it to be disconcerting; he saw that people glanced at each other when she talked; and while they strove to draw her out, especially the men, yet they tended to treat her not as one of themselves, but to defer to her. It all made Hilary half proud, half distressed, wholly uneasy.

ONE thing certainly was true: his life was shot through and through with Judith. Every waking moment at the office he wondered what she was doing. For she was so elusive. She would start to tell him what she had done; but when she was finished, all that she had told him was the things she had thought. He was unconscious of the fact that every day he hurried eagerly home to hear of the day that had been Judith's, to hear Judith's voice. He was at once fearful for her and a good deal in awe of her; but he loved her wholly.

He was wholly unable to perceive the fact that the quality in her that made him unable to forget her was just as apparent to others: that she possessed that magnetic, strange element we call charm. She was of that small group of persons who make fashions, not follow them. It had in it the element of tragedy that every bit of Hilary's life taught him to understand only and to value most the things that fell into a known pattern.

Then two events happened. Hilary won the competition for plans of a clubhouse to be erected on a scale of magnificence near the city, and Judith found herself expecting a baby.

From the first moment when Judith realized what the future held for her something dynamic seemed to wake within her. Her outward tranquillity and self-possession increased, but they seemed to glow now with an inner power which lifted her from the grace of girlhood into the poise of womanhood. She became for a while beautiful. Beneath the wide, even gaze a new pulse of life beat. It removed her still more from the young people of her own age, but no older person looked at her without being arrested by this aura of exultant life.

But with the coming of the hot summer an unaccustomed lethargy drugged her feet. She grew heavy, and the stairs were long. It was as if, like a plant, she were wilting in the August sun. She began to long to go back "home." The empty days seemed lonely. She tried to sit by the harbor window, but the western sun was merciless. And if she braved the long stairs, the smell of cabbage and the burning sensation in her feet were alike intolerable. She worked, with a sort of frenzied relief, on her manuscripts in the darkened front room, only a little removed from the dust and cries of the street, or she lay on her bed and tried

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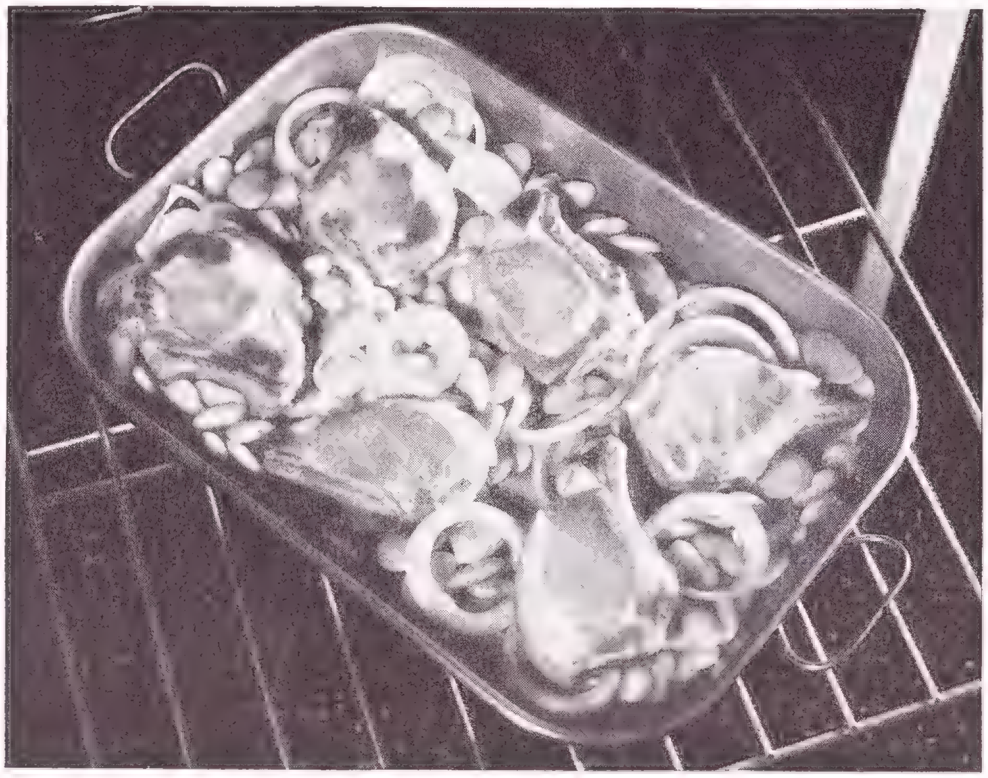
WINTER TIME AND PORK



By **Dorothy Blake**

PORK is going to be high this winter, the experts say. But even when pork is high it's low because a little of it goes a long way and satisfies a lot of hunger. It is so rich and so full of flavor and succulence that it can be combined with such bland foods as cereals for bulk and with various fruits and vegetables for tartness and balancing of the fat.

When the winter winds blow and the family comes home with a feeling of frost crystals in its very bones, try a pork dish. To a large part of our population in the early days meat and pork were one and the same thing. The family cow was kept for the sake of the milk, the family sheep was kept for wool, but the little pig went to market, and some of it stayed at home and was smoked into ham and bacon, or the ribs were corned.

Sausage was made, and scrapple was kept in stone jars for use over the long, cold months. But a roast of fresh pork was the real celebration of the week-end. With sage from the garden and apples from the orchard and a dish of fried sweet potatoes the party was complete.

It's a little hard to know where to begin and what to leave out and what to put in because, when well seasoned and thoroughly cooked, pork dishes are all so appetizing they make your mouth water even to write about them. Well, how's this for a first one? Try it on the family, and you'll serve it next time for company dinner.

Shoulder of Pork, Pineapple Dressing

4 Pounds Shoulder of Pork, Boned
2 Cups Soft Bread Crumbs
1 (No. 2) Can Crushed Pineapple
Juice ½ Lemon
Flour
2 Tablespoons Melted Shortening
1 Egg, Beaten
Salt
Pepper
Sage

DRAIN the pineapple and add the lemon juice to the pineapple juice. Mix the crushed fruit with the bread crumbs, melted shortening, beaten egg, and salt. Stuff the boned meat with this and sew up or fasten with toothpicks. Mix 1 tablespoon of flour with 1 teaspoon of salt, ¼ teaspoon of pepper, and ½ teaspoon of powdered sage. Rub the outside of the roast thoroughly with this. Brown in a hot oven (450 degrees F.). Pour over the fruit juice and cover. Reduce the heat to 350 degrees F. and bake for 1½ hours. Uncover and bake for another ½ hour, basting 3 or 4 times.

Spanish meat loaf is different, inexpensive, appetizing. What more could you ask?

Spanish Meat Loaf

2 Pounds Lean Pork, Chopped
1 Egg, Beaten
2 Cups Cooked Rice
1 Onion
2 Tablespoons Olive Oil
1 Clove Garlic
12 Small Stuffed Olives
1 Cup Tomato Pulp

CHOP the onion and the garlic and cook until soft in the olive oil. Add the meat, rice, tomato, beaten egg, and the olives, cut coarsely. Mix thoroughly and pack tightly into a greased loaf pan. Bake for 1½ hours in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.). Serve with a green vegetable or a large bowl of mixed salad, dressed at the table.

Liver Jardinière

1½ Pounds Pig's Liver
2 Slices Bacon
1 Bay Leaf
1 Dozen Small White Onions
6 Carrots, Sliced
1 (No. 1) Can Tomatoes
6 Stalks Celery
1 Teaspoon Chopped Parsley
½ Pound Green Beans or 1 (No. 2) Can
Salt
Pepper
1 Tablespoon Flour

LEAVE the liver in one piece or slice thickly. Rub with the flour seasoned with the salt and pepper. Cut the bacon in squares and fry light brown. Remove from the pan and brown the liver on all sides in the fat. Put the liver in a large casserole, with the bacon over the top. Peel the onions, cut the celery in small pieces, and brown lightly in the bacon fat after the liver is removed. Add the tomatoes, carrots cut green beans, parsley, and bay leaf. Stir and let boil for a few minutes. Pour over the meat, cover, and bake slowly for 2 hours.

When you get one of those "we simply must economize" streaks—around the first of the month—here's first aid to the budget.

California Pork and Beans

1 Cup Dried Lima Beans
4 Cups Cold Water
2 Large Onions
6 Pork Chops
¾ Cup Apple Cider
Flour
Salt
Pepper
Thyme

SOAK the beans overnight in water to cover. Pour this off and add the 4 cups of cold water and 1 teaspoon of salt. Cover and cook slowly till tender, about 1½ hours. Rub the chops well with the flour seasoned highly with the salt, pepper, and thyme. Use a generous-sized baking pan and fill with alternate layers of the beans and onions. Place the chops on the top and pour over the cider. Bake slowly for 1 hour at 350 degrees F. Turn the chops when brown.

Before I sign off I must give you the recipe for ham and sweet potatoes. You can use fresh or smoked ham or fresh pork chops. Cabbage salad with a sprinkling of celery seed seems to fit into the picture as a side dish.

Ham and Sweet Potatoes

FILL a baking dish nearly full with slices of raw sweet potatoes. Over the top lay your meat, browned on both sides. Pour over the juice from a can of apricots. Cover and bake slowly at 325 degrees F. for 1 hour. Serve with creamed cabbage or cauliflower and a dish of celery and raw carrot straws. You don't have to—I'm just telling you.

PUT IN TWO CUPS

TAKE OUT SIX

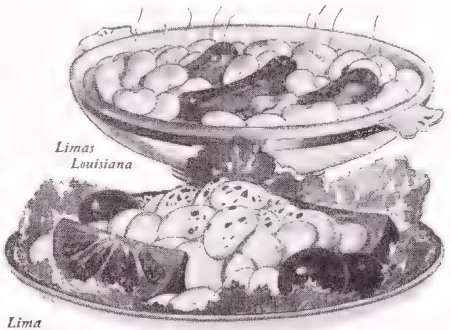
JUST ANOTHER REASON
YOU SAVE ON
"*Lima night*"

You'd save anyway, even if your pound of California Limas was not three times as big on the table, as in the bag. For "Lima Night" is that night (preferably a *regular* night each week) when you substitute *low priced* Limas for some expensive main course dish.

This happy Lima habit of trebling in size, simply means that *less* Limas *go farther*—helping still more to "balance your budget."

And what a happy way this is to save—as you'll agree when you try the delightful Lima dishes in our free book, offered below. Furthermore Limas are so easy to serve—no peeling nor paring. And there's real health benefit too (for Limas are rich in vitamins and minerals—and one of the most alkaline of foods).

Just be sure to ask your grocer for "Association" Limas—especially for California's top quality SEASIDE BRAND.



CALIFORNIA "ASSOCIATION" Limas
"REGULAR" OR "BABY" LIMAS

Be sure the word "Association" is on your grocer's Lima Bag

New!—the same *highest quality* Dried Limas in cans—ready-cooked. Just heat and serve.

SEND FOR FREE RECIPE BOOK
For free booklet of tested Lima recipes by nationally known Food Editors, just address Department 5, CALIFORNIA LIMA BEAN GROWERS ASSOCIATION, OXNARD, CALIF.

Judith

Continued from page 32

to see beyond the four walls into the enchantment of her mind and the memories of her old home.

To Hilary's distaste of their place of living was added this new terror, the growing lassitude of body and mind of Judith. Both of them were too inexperienced to know that it was inevitable, most of it the natural transition of Judith's body from her own being into a mere productive function.

But when Hilary, after much searching, found a place along Riverside Drive that he thought Judith would like—were there not hills and water there?—Judith was apathetic about being moved. Hilary said he would take on alone the task of moving them.

The resulting confusion appalled him. It seemed to mount up around his clumsy efforts to combat it. Pots and pans and dishes, bric-a-brac and lamps and pictures, curtains and hangings and bedding, the contents of drawers and closets—these were the things upon which he tore his finger nails and barked his shins and temper.

Judith, alternately working spasmodically and lying on a couch, was moved to tears by his loyal efforts to conquer an octopus that only coiled around him the more he struggled. Hilary was never able again to blame Judith for confusion; but it left him with the feeling that conquering it was a hopeless thing, and it became to him symbolic of an unawakened nightmare.

They hired help, of course. Hilary's new honors and the new business it brought and the new place it gave him in the firm all made this possible. But Judith did not understand white help, and she never got used to the slovenly service of the colored help she could hire.

As winter set in and her time drew near, Judith could no longer control her desire to go home to have her baby, surrounded by the loyalty and service to which she had always been accustomed. But Hilary was aghast. There was no good doctor, no decent hospital, no nurse. Judith was to go to the hospital and have the best.

Judith, amused at Hilary's distress, consented. Nothing was worth struggling for. The thing to do was to have old Liza come up. Hilary was delighted. Why hadn't they thought of that before?

"Because, Hilary, my foolish child, Liza's like the furniture. She doesn't belong up here in the North. You'll be lucky if she doesn't think the elevator's a voodoo. She'll come for a while, out of loyalty to me, but she couldn't stand being transplanted or—refinished."

IN THE last two weeks Liza came. And from the moment she came the place was transformed. True to prediction, she walked up ten flights of stairs to the apartment and nothing would persuade her to go down again. Every morning at the crack of dawn—it seemed to Hilary—she got him up to light the gas stove, and even the fact of hot corn pone for breakfast hardly reconciled him. The whole household was reduced to slavery; everything in the world had to revolve around her "chile." She grumbled loudly because Hilary slept in the same room with Judith, and Hilary moved out. She would not allow Judith to get up for breakfast or sit up late at night. Judith relaxed and loved it.

On the night when Judith woke suddenly and lay listening to fate in the darkness, Liza seemed to know. Judith, staring into the dark, was aware of Liza in an old wrapper beside her.

"I spec it's come, honey." Her voice was a croon.

"I guess it has, Liza. Oh—oh, Liza—" Suddenly Judith was sitting up in bed, her arms around the old darky's neck. "I'll—I'll be all right, won't I, Liza?"

"Sure you will, Judy baby. Now I tell you what. You lie right still an' I'll call up de doctor. And you has your baby right here in dis yere bed, Judy chile, like your ma. Don't you never go to no horspital. Now, listen, honey——"

But Judith wasn't listening. She jerked the chain of her lamp and panted at Liza over white lips. "Hilary! Liza!—call Hilary!"

Liza flew. Judith and Hilary, hurrying into their clothes, forgot the old woman, but at the elevator she gave one horrified look and crowded in, and even Judith found a moment to laugh at her closed eyes and praying lips. And in the taxi she was there, her eyes bright and shining.

And in the hospital she sat beside Hilary, alternately silent and garrulous. "How's hit goin' to be a proper boy chile when Miss Judy ain't never had no gyarden to hoe in durin' her time? Cyan't raise flesh and blood 'thouten nothin' but brick and walls. Is 'at de nurse, Mist' Hilary? Say, you ask her—" Liza's endless monotone stopped a moment as the nurse came to Hilary and spoke softly. Liza exclaimed, "A boy? Oh, bress Jesus! Bress His Holy Name! Lemme go now to my Judy baby. Go 'long, you! I helped bring Miss Judy into dis world."

Hilary, hardly himself knowing whether to laugh or cry, finally hushed the voluble darky. And after all it was Liza who spoke the first word of sense. "You go send a telegraph to Marse Colby, Mist' Hilary. I'll stay here case 'ey need me. But she'll sleep good now; so'll de baby. Think o' dat, Mist' Hilary! A new Marse Colby—"

The lean darky stopped, and stared at the alien Northern man; then she concluded with one word, which she nearly spat out—"Webb!"

BUT the slavery to which Liza had subjected them before the baby came was only a diluted sample of what they were subjected to afterwards. The return of Judith with a white, starched nurse was a personal affront. There was such open war, in fact, that the doctor finally substituted a Southern woman who was a practical nurse, and the open war subsided into distant rumblings. But when the nurse left and Liza was alone in her glory, Hilary felt like a stranger in his own home.

Once when Judith was out for her daily walk Liza fairly snatched the child from his arms. "What you know about chillen?" she cried indignantly. "You only man trash! Northern man trash!" she concluded witheringly.

And Judith would laugh and scold Liza and say indulgently to Hilary, "You and Liza are both so funny—and such dears."

But at times it made Hilary really enraged. For Liza had no respect for the house. She dried things anywhere, and once she took down a lovely old blue hanging that Hilary had proudly brought home and pinned it carelessly over the window to shield her darling from the sunlight.

The expression on his face, at first so welcoming to Judith reclining on the couch and then so outraged, moved her to laughter.

"I know, Judith," Hilary said, "but I paid a hundred dollars for that, and it is as frail as a cobweb. Surely there was something else——"

Judith shook her head. "Dis am de onliest thing what de is, Miss Judy," she mimicked. "Which means, evidently not, Hilary dear. But the sun's gone; do take it down."

Hilary looked up at the three safety pins that pierced the frail fabric, and then opened the door.

"Liza!"

Receiving only a mumble from the kitchen, he called again, "Liza!"

The small black woman materialized in the doorway. Hilary said to her curtly, "Take that hanging down, Liza. And don't ever touch it again."

The inscrutable black eyes surveyed him. "Yassir," her voice said noncommittally, as she drew up a low rocker and started to climb into the seat of it.

"Take a decent chair, Liza," said the lord of the house. "You'll fall."

The small black head turned. "Put it up astandin' on it. I kin take it down."

Hilary spoke. "Just do as I say, Liza."

The dark eyes rolled their white edges at him, and then laboriously old Liza climbed down. From the dining room she brought a big Jacobean chair with an ancient red leather seat.

"Not that," said Hilary. "Haven't you something in the kitchen?"

Again, laboriously, the old woman lugged back the huge, awkward chair. There was silence until she appeared with one of those collapsible stepladders that turn into a stool, somewhat to the insecurity of both. She set it down with a clump and began to untangle the ladder.

"I'll do it," said Hilary. He grasped the stool and tried to jamb out the steps. Then he turned it over and tried to find the catch. Judith began to laugh just as the stool gave up the steps and whacked Hilary smartly on the knee.

SLOWLY the old darky started up the ladder. On the second step the stool wabbled uncertainly, and Liza gave a quick clutch at the silk hanging.

"Liza!" cried Hilary. "Let go that hanging! Get off that stool!"

"Yassir!" said Liza. "If'n you leaven me be in de first place wid 'at rocker, I'd a been all right."

"Liza!" Hilary clutched her firmly by both elbows. "Let go!" he said beseechingly—and Liza let go and fell into his arms. Judith laughed.

"I'll do it," said Hilary coldly. "You can go, Liza. And Liza, take the stool with you."

"Ain't you-all goin' to use it?"

Hilary pursed his lips. "Then wait for it, please," he said. And mounting his uncertain perch, he detached the hanging and returned to earth. Liza, bearing away the stool, could be heard mumbling in the kitchen.

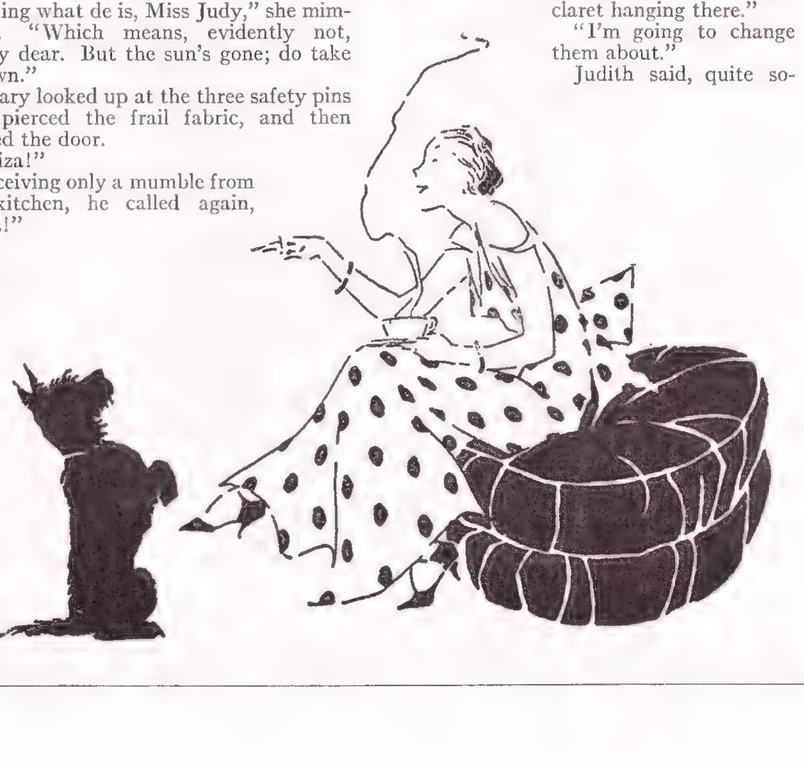
Judith swallowed her mirth. "You'll need the stool, you know, Hilary, to put the thing up again," she said soberly.

"I'm not going to put it up until after dinner," he said carelessly. "Anyway, I am going to put it up in my room."

"But you have that claret hanging there."

"I'm going to change them about."

Judith said, quite soberly, "The conquering sex." And then, hastily, to avert disaster, "Anyway, Hilary, you came in here originally with the idea of kissing me and you haven't done it yet. How funny you are!" she said, her arms tight around him. "Why should you want to get the best of an old darky? It just makes you look ridiculous."



And that was it. Hilary knew it was ridiculous—tilting at the windmills of diapers on the radiators and a voluble black servant that said, before two casual guests, "Didn't give you no cucumbers wid your salad, Mist' Hilary, case you know dey make you sick!" He knew he was ridiculous, but that knowledge did not make his irritation less. He felt that now that they could afford to pay for orderliness it was just poor management not to have it.

For the first month or two of the baby's life Hilary conceded that there was no question but that the young Webbs were not going out or entertaining. But after the baby was a lusty four months and they began to be invited out again, Hilary thought it was high time they gave a dinner party, a really nice one. Old Liza was to be banished to the kitchen, where he acknowledged she had no equal, and a smart maid was to reign in the dining room. It was Hilary's idea that they should keep a dainty miss in cap and apron all the time, but a few trials of it did not seem somehow to produce the proper atmosphere.

But the dinner was a success, although the dining room was crowded for twelve. Hilary felt himself blushing once to discover Judith's eyes resting mirthfully on the blue hanging, which he had returned to its old place. They had excellent wine, which helped. To Judith, who had always supposed wine was served if one had it, the Prohibition Amendment was never anything but a topic of conversation. Watching Hilary glowing with hospitality, Judith said to herself, "I must never forget how sensitive Hilary is to the rightness of just things."

But she did forget; indeed, she ceased to care. For in the middle of another hot summer, Judith knew she was going to have another child; and, packing up old Liza and the baby, she went home for her first visit to Virginia, rested under the old trees, rode her horse in the cool dawns, and worked in her mother's garden in the evenings.

LIFE seemed again newborn to her; and she wondered what it was in her married life that seemed to fill it with so much friction. She decided it was just the city. Hilary, if he got away into the country, would be bound to react to the peace of it. Just the feel of dirt under one's feet was sanity. They must get a little place.

Randolph, grown tall and broad, came back to her side, inevitably drawn. He was always bound to love all animals and young things, and he was bewitched by the baby. And when he found Judith often lying exhausted in a long chair he scolded her, until she told him of the new baby, and then he scolded her for riding horseback. But when he found she was bound to ride he rode with her, and the morning rides became part of their day; and Judith, though entirely in love with Hilary, seemed to forget her married life. Its details became a little blurred; she had to remind herself to write to Hilary.

Of course now and then, under the starlight in the wide loneliness of her bed, she longed for him, for his sweet insistence for her love. But with the new child coming and the return to the familiar surroundings of her girlhood, she became just the old Judith.

Summer gave way to autumn. Hilary, who had come down with Judith in the first place, came again, and this time with the enthusiastic story of a nice apartment, a studio affair, east of Central Park. It was mainly a big stuccoed room with, Judith judged, Italian effects in iron grilles and tiled floors and bare walls for hangings and one whole wall of small-paned windows with a wide seat below. A thin iron stairway ran up one wall to a balcony, off which the bedrooms opened; and Hilary was full of ideas about a grand piano and jars of old Italian pottery and ivy against the walls.

"You like plants so much, Judith, and

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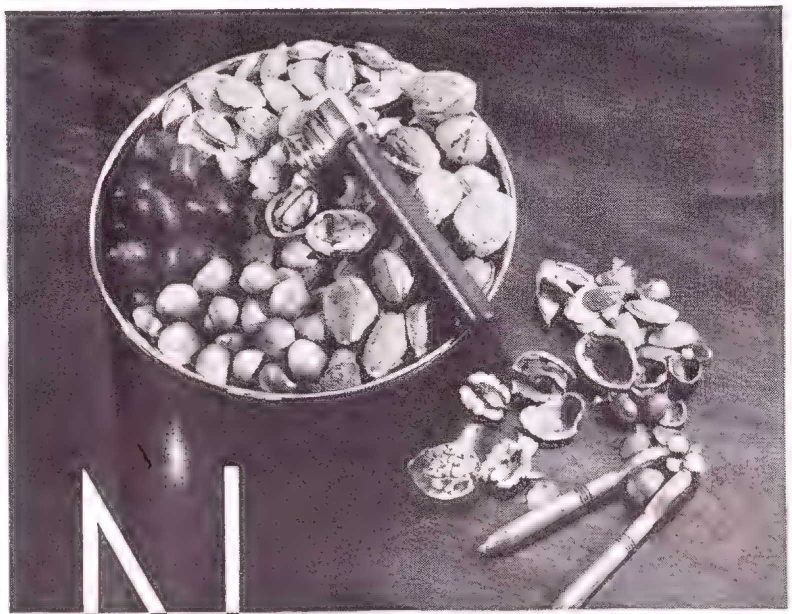


NUTS for Christmas

By

CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD

THERE are certain things without which Christmas "just isn't Christmas," and one of these is nuts. Down the years nuts have belonged to Christmas as truly as Santa Claus. But only recently have we come to value them for what they are—a staple food and not a mere accessory to the feast.

These small nuggets of goodness contain highly concentrated food, rich in quality proteins, rich in fat, and as good a source of vitamin B as whole cereals, dry legumes, and such solids as eggs and milk. They are the most versatile of foods; there is scarcely a recipe in which they cannot be combined to add flavor and a quality of unusualness. Each nut has a distinctive flavor of its own, and there are a dozen and more varieties begging your choice.

In olden days hickory nuts, butternuts, chinquapins, black walnuts, and chestnuts were the native nuts we gathered from the woods and hoarded for the winter months. To-day English walnuts, Brazil nuts, peanuts, pecans, almonds, and filberts are waiting, shelled and unshelled, salted and plain, in bulk, jar, and vacuum-canned, all eager to be chopped and sliced and introduced to the Christmas table.

English walnuts are perfect comrades for a vegetable creamed or in casserole. Sprinkle them over cauliflower, then place under the broiler for a delicate meerschaum shade. The tongue curls with appreciation over walnut sweet potatoes. Boil the potatoes, mash with milk and butter, season with salt and cinnamon, and mix in nuts and a few marshmallows, then bake to a puffy golden brown. Walnuts will bolster up croquettes, scallops, and soufflés if the meat runs short. Green peppers stuffed with crumbs and nuts take on a peculiar and delicious personality.

The Brazil nut from the jungles along the Amazon is a social lion when introduced with food. Add the grated nuts to the hot innards of a baked potato. No butter is required, so rich are the nuts in fat. Scatter them chopped or grated over grilled tomatoes, or combine a cup, sliced and toasted, to a quart of mashed squash. So good, you will be doing it again and again!

Chestnuts, be it remembered, are one of the most valuable of the starchy foods. They pair nicely with the poultry dressing, their high starch content acting as a foil to the fat and protein of the meat. Or serve them as a vegetable. For a special treat combine them with small white onions and bury them in rich cream sauce.

Pecans, from the Southern and Gulf States, are thin-shelled, sweet, and large, with a distinctive flavor mild as honey, that blends with almost any food. Onions, big mealy, jolly fellows, stuffed with bread crumbs, pecans, and parsley, are an ingratiating surprise to include on the Christmas menu.

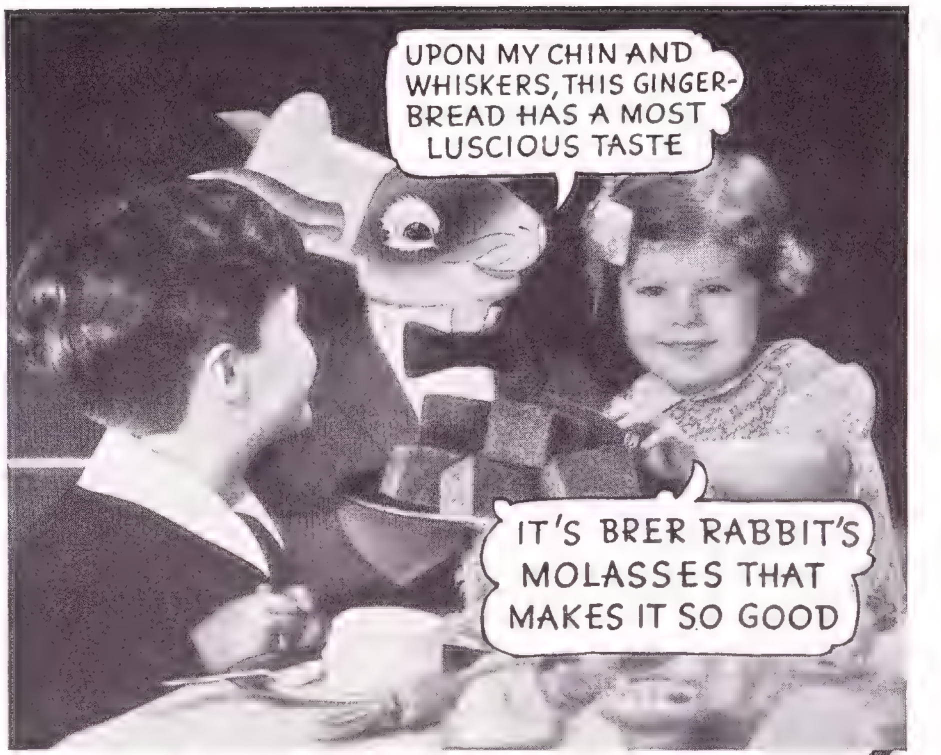
Peanuts, almonds, and butternuts contain more protein than an equal weight of meat and are often used as meat substitutes, an economy without the usual sacrifice of menu palatability. In nut breads the quality of the nut proteins is such that they ideally supplement the protein deficiencies of white wheat flour; the nut loaf becomes a sort of bread and meat combined.

Practically all the common nuts may be used interchangeably in almost any recipe. But there are a few with such a distinctive flavor they have special food affinities. Almonds are like that. No other nut can take their place to pair with angel cake. Almonds and dates, whether in sandwiches or salads, are a gay married couple, and almonds and pears are comrades under any circumstances.

Unless nuts are well divided or thoroughly chewed much is lost in food value. For this reason grated nuts and those chopped fine are recommended for most recipes. For quick preparation put them through the food chopper, using the coarse blade.

Growers and associations control the output of English walnuts, Brazil nuts, peanuts, almonds, and pecans, and high-quality standards have been set. Nuts that reach the market average from eighty-five to ninety per cent good. In buying walnuts you will find most of them come from California, where the growers have so standardized their grading that one is assured of a uniform product whatever grade one buys. The finest walnuts are true aristocrats, each one carrying the brand name stamped on its shell.

THE HOME BUREAU


UPON MY CHIN AND WHISKERS, THIS GINGERBREAD HAS A MOST LUSCIOUS TASTE
IT'S BRER RABBIT'S MOLASSES THAT MAKES IT SO GOOD

Brer Rabbit
Pure New Orleans
Molasses

Brer Rabbit's own Gingerbread adds fun to Betty's Saturday Afternoon Party

BETTY'S favorite pastime is having a party. So her Mother invites some of the little folks in on Saturday afternoons. Provided Betty has been good, they all have ice cream, candy and Brer Rabbit Gingerbread at Betty's own little party table.

But she must earn every party she has by eating her spinach, carrots, and drinking all her milk—if there is one mealtime scene, there is no Saturday afternoon party.

Betty works pretty hard and not many Saturdays go by without a children's party at the Webbs'. The day Mrs. Webb had Betty's rabbit dressed up like Brer Rabbit himself was a lot of fun. They played "Pin the Ear on the Bunny" and had a grand time. Brer Rabbit was quite the hero of the day. In fact, the children decided that his gingerbread was the very best part of the party.

There's nothing like a promised party to keep the youngsters in order. And they're simply crazy about the large golden squares of Brer Rabbit Gingerbread. There's nothing quite like it for the little folks' parties.

* * *

Brer Rabbit Molasses is made from the finest freshly crushed sugar cane. That accounts for the good old plantation flavor. It has real food value, too.

There are two grades: Gold Label—the highest quality light molasses for the table and fancy cooking; Green Label—a rich, full-flavored dark molasses excellent for cooking and baking.

Here's the
Gingerbread Recipe
Betty's mother used

½ cup sugar, 1½ tsps. soda, ½ cup butter and lard mixed, 1 tsp. cinnamon, 1 egg, 1 tsp. ginger, 1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses, ½ tsp. cloves, 2½ cups sifted flour, ½ tsp. salt, 1 cup hot water.

Cream shortening and sugar. Add beaten egg, molasses, then dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Add hot water last and beat until smooth. The batter is soft, but makes a fine cake. Bake in greased shallow pan 35 minutes in moderate oven (325° to 350° F.). Makes 15 generous portions. Good old-fashioned gingerbread.

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REAL PLANTATION Molasses

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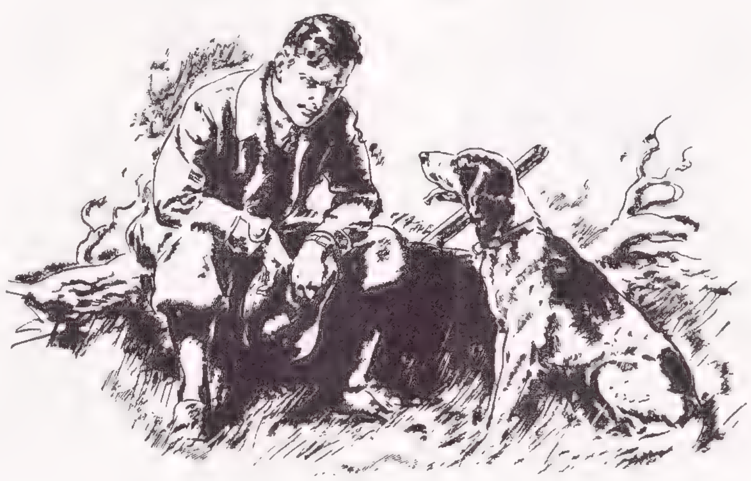

Judith

Continued from page 34

you will want to keep up your music, and the children can play in the park next door." He said this guiltily, because the apartment in no way fronted the park. Hilary could not, even with his steadily increasing competence, afford that.

Judith looked at him strickenly. To move! But she had certainly no love of the old place, with its marble entrance and its dusty shrubs in pots at the doorway. But Hilary solved her problem for her.

"And I'll do the moving, honey. You stay here where it will be good for you, and I'll have everything ready before you come back."

"But, Hilary, dear love, you hate so to do that kind of thing. Have you forgotten last time? I should feel mean to let you." Her heart was a wail of dismay. Things requiring effort seemed so difficult now. She looked at the cool grass and deep trees and thought of her friendly, quiet hours with her father in his study, and all of this that Hilary wanted seemed only so much struggle to have nothing.

"Hilary dear, stay here a few days—a week—two weeks," Judith begged suddenly. "Stay now, and let's remember again when you came here first. It was only two years ago, Hilary."

But Hilary could not. "I'm just all tied up, Judith dear. Later, when I get the apartment settled, I'll come and stay."

But when that time came he could stay but a few days. For he was restless and eager to take Judith back—to take her back to the place which he had made for her and which would express to her something of that grace of living which he so greatly desired. It was with utter dismay that he found she was planning to take Liza back with her. He protested.

"Oh, Judith, why must you? She just doesn't fit in. When you see it you'll know what I mean. Mrs. Jackson is seeing now about getting us a cook and housemaid. Judith—please."

Judith was desperate. "But, Hilary, I have always had Liza. You've no idea, Hilary, what she does for me. Things you can't hire, Hilary. I've learned that much about the North. And just now—I just don't see how I can manage. After all, honey, I'm from the South and everybody knows it. Why isn't it all right for me to have my ol' colored mammy? If she wears calico and her hair in a handkerchief—after all, isn't that picturesque? Hilary dear!"

"All right." Hilary was resigned. "But everything will be at sixes and sevens. Don't say I didn't warn you."

But Liza, torn between two loyalties, to Judith and to her husband Wesley, settled the matter by getting the misery.

SO JUDITH and the baby and Hilary went back to New York, Hilary exhilarated yet anxious, Judith weighted again with the unfamiliar feeling of insecurity. She who had never known dread felt it now, facing an effort to be "smart" in a "smart" world which was alien to her at best.

Arrived at the pretentious entrance to the apartment house, Judith stepped out of the taxi with dismay. Inside, the softness of the carpet, the noiselessness of the elevator, filled her with foreboding; but it hardly prepared her for her first glimpse of the great stuccoed room. Her heart contracted. So this was to be home! The high stucco walls loomed around her, the stone fireplace was like a cavern, and as her eyes went from iron grille work and potted vines trailing their green lengths just so against the walls to stately pieces of furniture and polychrome candlesticks against another wall, she saw not one familiar thing except the blue hanging.

The floors were tile, with no rugs; and at one end a small figure dripped water ceaselessly from an alabaster bowl into an alabaster basin. The faint drip of the water was the only sound in the still room.

Judith tried to stifle her dismay. In the eight years in which she lived in this place it grew to amuse her that she never remembered any one of Hilary's friends coming into the room without an exclamation of congratulation. She grew to listen for it. Hilary's clients, especially, were impressed by it.

As a business proposition she could have conceived it; as an expression of what Hilary himself wanted it appalled her. Something of a half-truth impressed itself on her now for the first time: that between her and Hilary would always be this well of silence in which only artificial water dripped, and that behind the curtain of its small sound she lived in a world removed from him.

"Like it, honey?" His voice was almost breathless. His eyes lifted to a squat old jar of a lovely blue-green that was just the color of the old hanging across the room. It was so exactly right. His heart exulted.

SHE drew a long breath. "Why, we are magnificent, Hilary. Is it true we can afford it?" His anxious look, studying her face, saw only her serene eyes, depthless, noncommittal.

Hilary flushed. He had, in fact, gone horribly into debt, though his recent contract had been lucrative. But his prospects were rosy; he felt they justified him. Yet he would rather that Judith did not know.

"Of course we can, honey. And that reminds me that I meant to tell you that I'm giving you your own personal account at the bank, so that you don't need to bother with a joint one. Spend it for what you want. I thought probably, with the new baby, you'd like to be relieved of the housekeeping and just leave it to me for a while."

Spoken so casually, it was, nevertheless, a fateful sentence in their lives, since it excluded her from coöperation in their status of living. He gave her an anxious glance, but she was placid, indifferent. He hurried on. "The cook and maid are coming for your approval later to-day. I thought you'd like to feel at home first. Want to go up to your room, honey? Nothing down here but the kitchen and servants' rooms and bath."

Judith shook her head. She lifted her eyes to the long staircase. How endless it looked! Would there be a place up there where she could live? Her eyes lighted on the blue jar. "What a beautiful jar!" she said, and knew from Hilary's look that she had accidentally said the right thing.

Halfway up the stairs she paused a moment to rest. How fleetly she would have run up these stairs not so long ago! She looked back down the stairs to the great room, and her eyes were caught by her baby, lying asleep where Hilary had laid him on a wide backless couch. How utterly incongruous he looked! She remembered, fleetingly, how Hilary had fought with Liza against diapers on the radiators. She laughed unexpectedly, but her laugh broke into a sob.

Her bedroom comforted her, oddly enough, although its windows faced only on a court. The familiar pieces of their early furniture found place here, and the shabby pieces of mahogany and walnut, which she had found in a dark old shop in Brooklyn, reassured her by their homeliness. They, too, were out of place.

"Sometime," Hilary said, "we will get some really good pieces in here, but I thought these ought to do for a while. We don't want to be too extravagant all at once. See, this little room is for the baby. And you have your own bath. And across here is a little extra room for me—anyway for now."

She turned toward him. How like an eager, half-frightened small boy he looked! Of course! He was waiting for her approval. And she loved him. Dear struggling Hilary! So anxious for everything to be as it ought to be. The tight bands around her heart loosened. He had labored so hard that she might be pleased.

She held up longing arms, and, with a look of abject happiness, he strained her to him and buried his face in her neck. And through the tumbled words of endearment she made out a simple creed—he wanted things to be right. In the very tension of his arms she felt this ultimate desire of his to be at one with the pattern of the life around him.

And she, to whom the pattern of life was unimportant, felt renewed within her the desire to have it the way Hilary liked, since of the two of them he alone cared. And certainly no woman could have been so insensitive as not to know from his yearning voice and his straining arms that he only wanted it to be right for her.

THE new baby was born, a boy again, and the new starched nurse had no untidy desires to hang diapers in the living room. She just told Mrs. Webb that a patent drier was necessary; and Mr. Webb ordered it.

Judith let them all do as they pleased. She lay on her couch and played with the older boy. She took his storybook, and with an idle but skillful pencil made pictures for him: a naked cherub, a frog, a butterfly, what the child would. Having discovered this talent in his mother, he made her a slave to it. "A Jubeth, Mummy, a Jubeth," he would say, and she would draw him one for his delight.

As time wore on, and she got about again, the nurse seemed automatically to remain. Hilary liked to speak of the "children's governess," and he finally persuaded the management to allow him to open a door into another large room, which he transformed into a glorified nursery. He enjoyed its cooing inspection by his clients.

Judith was at once amused and indifferent. What did it matter? Hilary was only a boy playing with grown toys. And Hilary, sensing the amusement behind her grave eyes, but never understanding it, was driven more desperately to be "right," with the result that he began to show signs of being a successful architect.

With one model in particular Hilary was very busy as spring came on. It was a big estate and a big step ahead in his profession. Evenings he worked over it, perfecting the plans. He tried to talk them over with Judith, but he early found that she was unresponsive. She had no wish to criticize or examine his work.

She admired his gift tremendously. It never occurred to her to wish to improve on it. But as the drawings of the outside of the house and the grounds were being completed she found herself looking at them more and more, with puzzlement in her mind. One night she came beside him as he stood before a big drawing of the outside of the house.

"Hilary," she said suddenly, "you know those drawings, as you have made them, are absolutely symbolic of the difference between you and me."

His arm was around her. She felt him stiffen.

"A difference, Judith? What do you mean?"

"I mean it is so exactly perfect. Those little round puffs of trees, those shrubs just the right shape and size. They won't grow like that. They only succeed in my eyes in making the perfect rightness of it somehow wrong. Now, if I were doing it——"

Unconsciously she seized a pencil. He grasped her hand.

"I didn't mean to touch it, of course, Hilary. But who ever saw trees in little balls like that?"

He was a little irritated. "I've been exceedingly careful of those trees, Judith. They are to be clipped European lindens. I want to fix upon my client the idea that what the house needs is shrubbery, but not too much. There is a lot of wild undergrowth there that I think ought to be cleared away. In fact, the place is quite wooded, and it obscures the house. This is a sophisticated place, and demands formal treatment. I think most of the stuff in there ought to be cleared out."

Judith looked at him with horror. "You mean—take out trees and things—just to show up your house?"

"You don't understand. There are a few good things there that I would want to keep. But the most of it is—well, for one thing, there is a thicket of young birches right in front of the house. Now you see how I've made the drive. Well, low evergreens would be much better there. The birches are too thin and wispy-looking. In fact——"

"In fact, you want to take out the birches which are real and put in evergreens because they are in the picture. It's a kind of murder, Hilary!"

He dropped his arm from her waist and turned away. He said, "I see," and a deep silence followed.

"I'm sorry, Hilary," she said softly.

"I dare say I know best," he rejoined stiffly. "After all, the Hartleys could have chosen some other architect if they had not approved my ideas. They stipulated a sophisticated place. They would certainly be the first to criticize the birches as being outside of the picture."

She turned away. Sometimes it seemed to her that they walked over a gulf, feeling safe because their hands were linked by love. But what if their hands fell apart?

Her mind was unhappily stirred. She found out the address of the projected house and went to see it, and returned saddened. It was such a beautiful place: a long wind-swept hill, and at its foot dogwood and a copse of frightened birches and a crooked oak that had been buffeted enough in its life to have deserved peace at last. And they weren't going to live on the hill, but in the hollow, and the oak, which was ungainly, was, like the maidenly birches, doomed to go.

For a long time something really ugly stood between her and Hilary. Bitterly she regretted that she had ever gone, because the time never came when in moments of stress she did not see again in fancy the shimmering birches and the crippled oak. They saw things differently, he and she. And they were married.

"WE OUGHT to get a place of our own," Hilary said one day, looking pridefully on the drawing of the manor house which was his creation.

Judith's heart leaped. "Oh, could we, Hilary?"

"Could we what, honey?"

"Why, get a place in the country—what you just said. For some time now I've been a bit worried because the babies are so shut in here."

Hilary's eyes looked suddenly harassed. He hated to have Judith even suspect that they lived continually beyond their means. He had decided it was wise to do so because he felt that the greater immediate outlay would prove a sound investment. His prospects were very bright and credit—in the nineteen-twenties—was easy. But he had stretched it as far as he dared.

"Well—not this year."

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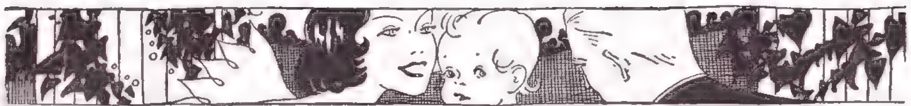

Judith

Continued from page 36

Hilary's answer sounded more abrupt than he wished. He had found in the past year that very often he would have liked to consult with Judith about their living expenses, but, having embarked alone on a venture of overspending, to consult with her now made necessary a confession.

He hated even to admit to himself to what extent they were exceeding his income and certainly he found it doubly hard to admit it to those deliberate gray eyes. Yet it naturally often irritated him that Judith should appear to be so unaware of their money affairs. It was not always easy to keep in mind that he gave her no choice in the matter. When she had now and again suggested that she resume the running of the house, he had put her off.

Now he nodded at the drawing. "Why, what do you think a place like this one costs? A hundred and fifty thousand dollars just for the house." He had already spent his commission for it. "And it takes a fleet of servants——"

"Oh, not that! I never want to live in a place like that. I mean a little place. You know, a little land—" The vision rose before her. Not brick and mortar; land, earth, soil, the smell of rain and growing things.

"Well, it's out of the question." Hilary spoke curtly. "But you and the babies should get away, of course. Why not the seashore? I'll ask Mrs. Douglas. She always knows such things. And I could run down week-ends."

JUDITH turned away. How her heart would once have stirred at the thought of a summer by the sea! But even three weeks at a place Mrs. Douglas would choose would be too long. She turned back. "It would be better, I believe, Hilary, not to do it this summer. I shall need to go home for a while anyway. Father—" Her voice trailed off. Why lie?

"Just as you like, you know." Hilary's voice was tolerant. For a moment he saw himself as an indulgent husband. He hoped Judith realized that he never imposed his wishes on her.

So again in the summer Judith went South, and again in the fall she came back from her freedom to face another year in the apartment. This time she came back more tranquil; she did her entertaining correctly—Hilary got a butler in and a caterer, and things were always right.

But she held more consciously before her eyes the vision of her friendly Southern home, and she walked in memory through that life with her right hand in her father's and her left in Randolph's, her two babies at her feet. Odd that with all her love for Hilary that vision should persist as being the complete one, and this one with Hilary the half life.

AND more definitely than before Judith pursued her own somewhat studious life. Her manuscripts provided her with a great solace. She worked a good deal now at home, and this necessitated her bringing into her room a large deal kitchen table and a wide-shelved bookcase to hold the dingy reference books and dusty manuscripts sent down by the library.

They gave with the homely furniture an air to the room that reminded Hilary of the study of Judith's father. It was an atmosphere that abashed him a little even while it drew him. Even when he was alone at home without Judith, he found himself in her room after dinner. This was his chair, this his lamp; beside it was his drawing board. The room was home. Even in her absence it retained the memory of her bent head. He sensed that the room was to Judith a refuge; but against what? Nonsense! If she seemed in this room to elude him, that was merely because it was her workroom. Her work: into that he could not follow.

Hilary hated to acknowledge it, but this intrusive evidence of Judith's scholarship troubled him more than a little. She seldom spoke of it; nothing she did ever appeared in print; it paid her very little. And yet he was aware the training and ability to use these books, whose meaning was beyond him, was part of her. What else lived within her, also beyond his comprehension?

It threw her, too, into such strange pastures of acquaintanceship. Her father came North in the winter, and again the house was filled with people—shabby and distinguished people. He was hurt to see how readily Judith slipped off her reticence among these people. It depressed him. He was not really at home either in Judith's group or in his own.

IN MARCH Judith got a severe attack of bronchitis, and when she was about again Hilary sent her South, insisting that she go without the children. It made Judith laugh to herself that Hilary should still have such romantic ideas about the South. He thought it would be warm and comfortable there. Only she knew how drafty and cold the old house was in the early spring. But she longed too much for the sharp smell of fresh earth to be combative.

There was no use worrying about the children. After all, with the "nurse" in charge, she herself had little to do for them except love them. And lying lazy before a brisk fire leaping on the hearth was an utter relaxation to a spirit which had stiffened its front for four winters. There was her father, and there, at her other side, was Randolph.

Three years through college now, dark, rugged, handsome, his aristocratic hands roughened by a winter with cows and orchard, he sat beside her evenings and talked land. It was so simple, so fundamental. When would the orchard begin to pay for itself? Was it wiser to raise or buy cattle feed? In the end the new bull was going to build up a fine milk herd.

And more than that, Randolph knew about her manuscripts. "Your father says that his people are beginning to prefer you to him."

"Ranny—no!" Judith's eyes were wide with dismay, and then they crinkled up into laughter. "Now, that shows I am conceited, because I thought for a minute he meant it."

"But he is frightfully proud of you, Judy. Talks no end about it."

Judith lay back on the pillows. "You know, Rann, I never in this world could be a scholar. But—" Her eyes roved about the shadowed room. "It's like this, Rann. After all, I'm an alien up North. This work gives me a tie to—home." She said the word softly, conscious of a sort of treachery to Hilary.

Randolph raised swift, dark eyes. "You belong here, Judy. You always will. You ought never to have—" He paused.

Judith's heart, too, paused. She could almost feel its stillness. Wasn't it true that this was home? That upstairs her children should be asleep, and that it was right that she and Randolph should be here together discussing the land—their land?

THE pause between them was electric. Randolph sat with his hands gripped between his knees.

"You know, Rann, you ought to get—married." In spite of herself, Judith faltered at the last word.

Like a sword, a flame leaped into Randolph's eyes, and he turned them fiercely on Judith.

"You know that I can't, Judy. You know I'll always love you." He caught his breath hard. "I've got to! I don't want to! But how can I help it?"

Judith cried helplessly. "Oh, Ranny!" And for the first time in his life Randolph saw her eyes full of tears. He was beside her, his arms around her.

"Judith! Say I'll get over it! Say you don't care! Tell me you are never going to

Continued on page 38

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2 cups shredded coconut

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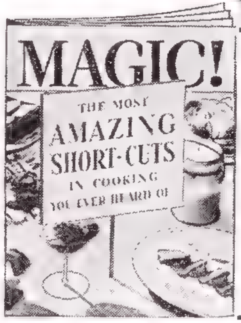

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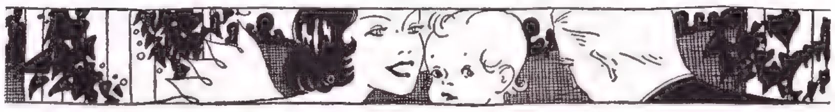

Judith

Continued from page 37

come back! Oh, Judy, I love you, and I don't know how to give up hope!"

Judith's heart was suffocating. "Oh, Ranny!" she said again. "Oh, Ranny—my dear! I'll always love you—but not that way."

Randolph dropped his head on her breast and lay still. Then his arms tightened and he was kissing her, and he was saying, "But you are mine. You were always mine. Judy, my love! And I lost you!"

Inertly, Judith lay in his arms. How sweet he was! It was true they belonged together here. Something that was all pain and very like love hurt her as he kissed her. But there was no response in her to his emotion. Feeling like that was for Hilary. From Randolph she wanted only the static peace of familiar things, of home. Of the two she had chosen Hilary. She must always choose Hilary.

She pushed Randolph's arms away and rose unsteadily to her feet. "This won't do, Ranny. I'm sorry. Oh, I am sorry!" As her feet fled away from him up the stairs she wondered what it was she was sorry about. Was it for Randolph or for herself?

The next morning early she went back to New York, and as the wheels clicked beneath her they told her inevitably that on Randolph's account she must wean herself from home. She must build herself some other refuge. But more than on Randolph's account she felt it to be necessary on her own.

On that long day North she found herself longing passionately for Hilary. As every click of the wheels carried her toward him the feeling grew stronger within her. It was Hilary she needed; it was to Hilary that she belonged. If in four years she had been slower than most to make the transition from her father's house to her husband's, if even yet it did not seem like her own home, if she was still less a Webb than a Colby, then she must put herself to the task of rooting herself permanently into the soil of the North.

IT WAS a new and utter joy to be back. She clung to Hilary with a passion that enthralled him. Since the first carefree year of their marriage she had never been so light-hearted, so wrapped up in him. It loosened her tongue again, and her mind found a fresh delight in sending up new tentacles into the sunshine of his approval. And she said that this year they must find a place in the country—something that would be their very own.

He said they certainly must; but she had no means of interpreting the worn look that this suggestion brought to his face. For no other commission had come to him comparable to his Hartley estate; and his routine office salary did not cover his grandiose gesture of living. Judith's only thought was, "Poor Hilary; he never gets away from his work, while I go away and rest and then return to hang upon him."

SHE had her personal bank account, into which Hilary scrupulously put a monthly check and never questioned her about it. It was one of the gestures that made him feel how very free and untrammeled he left his wife. But it vaguely irritated him that she seemed to be so unaware of his generosity, for it too often pinched him. This account was about two thousand dollars, half of which she had earned by her translating, though this she had decreased from time to time for gifts to Hilary and her father.

It never occurred to her to discuss this account with Hilary. He had definitely shut her out from the household management. She suspected that it was a matter of pride with him to do this, and it was in turn, therefore, a matter of pride with her not to intrude upon his stewardship. Had she known that Hilary was financially pressed she would gladly have turned her account over to him; but she did not suppose that this money would be to him a matter for comment.

One gorgeous spring day the weather was more than Judith could withstand; and, looking out of the window, where she saw through a slit a glimpse of the park, she was beset by a sudden determination to go out into the country and see and feel the coming summer. A half hour later from the Erie station she took the next train out. She would go until she wanted to get off; then after a while she would turn around and return.

Even in the train a warmth of happy freedom wrapped her about. She looked out at lilacs budding and black soil being slowly turned up behind patient plows, and her heart felt that it too was a seed, ready to burst. Little roads that wandered off into woods—where did they go? They were succeeded by flashing glimpses of woodland and marsh. And those were cowslips! Should she get off at the next stop and go back? And then—she saw a house!

It was lost in willows, with an old mill wheel beside it. There would be water there. It was gray, unpainted, empty. And then the train had carried her away.

"Simpsonville! Simpsonville!" sang the conductor. "Lots of time, lady," he said to Judith, stumbling in haste to the exit.

Should she take a taxi? No! Resolutely she started along the road by the track. It could not be more than a mile—or two.

THEN after half an hour she saw a little road that wandered off the main road and went up into the hills. Perhaps the house was on this road. Judith turned her feet irresolutely along it, but it beckoned to her. It went up a rise and round a hill. It called to her; it seduced her. She spoke to it. "Now, road," she said, "good brown road, don't cheat me."

It went over the rise and around the hill, and turned suddenly straight into the foothills. "Anemones," thought Judith. "Violets, Dutchman's-breeches, azaleas, snowballs. Good and honest road."

And then another turn and it forked; to the right it was nothing but a wheel track, a forgotten bit of road, losing itself under a thicket of birch.

And then a house was before her, blank, deserted, untenanted. Grass matted about the picket fence made it impossible to open the gate. But beyond the gate and close to it was a long, rambling house, part brick, part clapboard, an atrocious porch hanging across the front. In back of the house the land fell away through an orchard and overgrown fields until it met the wooded Ramapos. To the left of the house a little stream ambled its way across the road.

Judith leaned on the palings and looked enraptured at the little house.

"Like it?" said a voice beside her, and Judith jumped.

Beside her stood a man, in knickers and sweater, looking at her with keen blue eyes. His sandy hair stood up untidily, but otherwise he was a tall, pleasant, and personable young man.

"Very much. Don't you?" Judith spoke without hesitation.

"Very much. In fact, so much that I am thinking of buying it."

Judith knew instantly that she wanted it for herself. "Are you really? So am I."

The man's blue eyes opened wide. "Are you sure?" he asked. "The agent said no one else was interested."

"Yes? Well, I am," said Judith, and looked away unconcernedly.

But the continued silence of the man beside her finally overcame her. She glanced at him, and was instantly thrown in confusion by finding that he was laughing at her. She felt herself coloring to her ears.

"Oh," said the man. "So you are thinking of buying it. Well, as a prospective owner who has an option on it to a prospective owner who has none, let me offer you the hospitality of the place." He yanked at the gate, and flung it back despite its burden of grass.

Judith found herself laughing helplessly. "Of course I am a fraud," she admitted as she waded over the grass to the porch. "I've never heard of the place or seen it until this instant. But I hate you much more for your option than because you found me out."

"But you really want to buy it?"

"Don't you believe in love at first sight?"

"Do I," agreed the man. "I catch it regularly about twice a year. I can feel it coming on now."

"Like catching cold?"

"Very like. It starts in with a sneezy sensation around the heart."

As they stepped together on to the low, rickety porch the man turned to Judith, smiling a bit maliciously.

Judith gazed back, and then broke into a rippling laugh.

"Look out. If you get too gallant you won't be in so favorable a position to ask a handsome profit on your option."

Amusement died out of the stranger's face. "I am not trying to sell you the property," he said shortly.

"No? Then why are you interested in whether I'm interested in buying it?"

For a long minute he gazed at her. "Because I am interested in you," he said.

Judith contemplated him coolly. Then she swept up the cuff at her wrist and looked at her watch. "You have known me for five minutes."

HE PULLED out his own watch "Twenty-five," he corrected her. "I got off the train behind you and I have been behind you all the way. That's where I became interested in you—by your back. So few women walk with any art."

"Oh," said Judith mischievously, "so it was not my face."

"Not till I saw it," replied the man.

Judith laughed.

"I am intrigued," she said, and then she turned away, and made a show of peering in the windows.

The man produced a key. "It's a poor little house. The rooms are much too small. All the fireplaces are plastered up. The upstairs is low and will be beastly hot in summer. No bath, no running water. The kitchen is a monument of primitive inconveniences. And that clammy smell. I think that quantities of people have been murdered here."

"You don't like the house, then?" Judith was demure.

"Oh, it has its possibilities. Take out this partition here—" The man laid his hand on a doorway. "And there are old chimneys in each of these rooms, so that there could be fireplaces opened at each end. And the kitchen—" He threw open another door. "You see it goes down a step and it is actually flagged. Frightfully inconvenient and no end cold on rainy days."

"And I suppose it rains every day?"

"Absolutely every day. How did you guess it? And down here," he opened another door, "is a half flight of steps leading to a cold spring house. The ghoulish smell in this case is potato sprouts. Open up this back wall here and you could have a flagged terrace right out into the garden."

Judith looked at him in mock dismay. "Do you know—I've been deceived in you. I thought you were a harmless landlover like myself, but now I believe you are an architect."

"I am an artist—of sorts," the man said shortly. "But at that I'm a landlover, and I don't quite see why an architect shouldn't be also."

"Neither do I," Judith agreed. "But I have found out that loving the earth and digging up of weeds in the rain is a different instinct altogether from the instinct to appreciate land as a setting for a building. Well," she sighed, "now that we have looked at your house, let's look at your land."

THE dooryard in the back proved to be bricked, and around it grew the remnants of what had been an old garden. Judith's eyes widened and softened. "Thyme," she said softly, crumpling the tips of gray shoots with her fingers, "and sweet marjoram—it must seed itself. And lavender. It's an old herb garden! Look out, you are stepping in a bed of chives."

The man withdrew his foot. "Onions, you mean. Whew!"

Judith sniffed the air happily. "Doesn't it smell delicious!" she exclaimed. "Just now it makes me think of sandwiches—thin bread-and-butter sandwiches sprinkled with green chives."

"Thick ones," said the man. "It is, of course, one o'clock. I—I have with me a very ordinary lunch of sandwiches—if you would share it."

"I would love it," said Judith swiftly. "Let's eat it right here with the chives."

The man pulled from his pocket a bundle of sandwiches and a package of hard-boiled eggs.

Judith cracked an egg thoughtfully, and eyed the thick sandwiches speculatively.

"Your wife?" she said.

"I have no wife. My landlady put it up."

Judith laughed. "I should have known. Wives make thin sandwiches."

"And ruin them with mayonnaise." The man bit off a huge bite of crust.

There was silence for a time, and then Judith spoke. "I, on the contrary, have a husband and two children." She sighed.

The man continued chewing luxuriously. He swallowed at last. "All is now clear," he said. "Of course you sigh."

Judith waited for him to continue, but when he did not, she said, "All right. I'll bite. Why do I?"

"Because you realize now, all too late, that you should have waited until you met me."

"Just one of those tragic mistakes," mourned Judith. "Can't you, after all these years, find yourself reconciled to the inevitable? Can't you realize that I loved another? Must you now withhold from me this little bit of property on which my heart is set—if it is not too expensive?"

THE man ate for a while in silence. Then he seemed to make a decision. "It is not a question of withholding, my dear Mrs.—" He paused. "Pardon me, but I don't think I quite caught the name?"

"Webb. Judith Webb."

"My name is Ware. Stanley G. Ware." He looked at her a moment, but the name seemed to convey nothing, and for a brief moment cynical amusement lit his blue eyes. "You see," he continued, "I am thinking of buying a whose passel of land in here. There's another house over yonder, called the Big House——"

"Much finer and handsomer," amended Judith.

"Much," agreed the man. "Finer and uglier in every way. But with plumbing. You must admit there is something very cozy about modern plumbing. And this one was a sort of tenant house, I think. Anyway, it's called the Little House. It had a separate deed of land, and is quite at the edge of the whole tract. It has about twenty-five acres that go with the house. There's some not bad timber, and the piece with the brook goes with it. I have been trying fruitlessly to interest some of my friends in buying this bit, but they just give me the cold eye. And perhaps you——"

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mary highsmith

A CURTAIN CALL FOR THE SUDS

By **Helen B. Ames**

YARDS and yards of curtains are constantly coming down from countless windows and making their periodic pilgrimage to the tub and the ironing board. Some of these draperies will go back on their rods; others will be folded away. But, postponed or immediate, their comeback should be satisfactory. Will yours return looking like new, or will they be sadly changed, with colors dimmed and edges awry?

If you used one of the washable dress materials which were so popular for curtains during the summer, your experience in laundering your frocks is the guide to follow. Your homespun, linen, cotton poplin, piqué, or gingham curtains are washed in much the same way as dresses of these fabrics.

Colored draperies, like colored clothes, should not be soaked before laundering. Shake them well to remove loose dust, and plunge them up and down in tepid suds of mild soap. As side drapes are more voluminous than garments, they will require more soap and extra agitation to insure circulation of the suds through every part of the fabric.

Rubbing, you've noticed, is hard on the goods, so you'll scrub badly soiled edges with a soapy brush, just as you do the extra-soiled neckbands of your dresses and blouses. Two batches of suds are generally necessary to get curtains thoroughly clean. Rinse in lukewarm water until not a trace of soap remains.

When laundering a loosely woven drapery lift it *en masse* while wet. Taking it up by a corner is likely to stretch the material out of shape. Patterned linens should be put through the water quickly, as the fabric does not hold dye as firmly as some of the other materials.

After the rinse water is squeezed out, as an extra precaution it may be spread on an old sheet and roll it up, to absorb excess moisture. If dyes are questionable, possible streaking can be prevented by placing a layer of the sheet between folds of the curtain. Press the roll with your hands, and then take out the curtain and hang it straight across the line. Square the corners so they will dry even. If you're hanging the curtain out of doors select a shady spot. Otherwise the colors may fade.

All colored draperies should be pressed while slightly damp, with an iron that is just warm enough to get out the wrinkles. Nubby materials should be ironed on the wrong side to preserve the attractive rough texture.

If your dress-fabric curtains contain rayon or other synthetic threads you'll have to give them a little extra care in the tub. Even when the basis of the material is cotton the introduction of synthetic slubs in the pattern means that you must go easy. Twisting and rubbing may roughen these fibers and spoil the symmetry of the design. Though strong when dry, they are at your mercy when wet. Watch the iron, and don't let it get too hot.

But perhaps you have found the perennially popular cretonnes and chintzes more to your liking. The rules just given for washing cotton curtains cover the laundering of cretonne and unglazed chintz, but glazed chintz, of course, is a different proposition. It calls for a sponge bath instead of a tubbing. Squeeze out the sponge in lukewarm suds until it holds a minimum of water. Soaking the fabric will destroy the glaze. Lay the drape flat while you clean it, as wrinkling may crack the finish, and go over the whole piece thoroughly with the sponge. Then rinse off the soap with a sponge wrung out in clear water. Press with a moderately warm iron.

Are your draperies lined? If so, they should be left open at one end to permit stuffing towels inside while drying. Without such a pad to separate the two parts the colors of the outside may come off on the lining. Also, the ironing board may easily be inserted in an open-end curtain and both sides pressed without difficulty. It is wise to test lined draperies to assure their being color-fast.

HOW do you launder your filmy curtains—marquisette, dotted Swiss, bobbinet, organdie, theatrical gauze, voile, net, lace, or whatever you have? First of all, I trust you've prepared for possible shrinkage by providing a tuck that can be let out. If basted under the top hem, it will not show. Then let me remind you to make a record of the measurements before your curtains go to the wash. These figures will simplify the work of refitting your windows. Next mend any holes to avoid further damage happening to them during the laundering process.

The white sheers may be soaked in mild suds for fifteen minutes or so, but those of solid colors, or with colored pattern, should go straight into the tubs or washing machine. You know the next steps—tepid suds for colored curtains, somewhat hotter for white, and finally the rinsing. Some materials need a little starch to restore the original stiffness. A teaspoonful or two to a quart of water is usually enough for this purpose.

Cast an eye on the weather before you hang your glass curtains outside to dry. On a blowy day these thin materials are safer inside. But a little sunning, away from the wind, may be needed to restore the pristine freshness to the white ones. When dry they may be sprinkled and rolled up for about thirty minutes before pressing. Consult the recorded measurements, and urge the curtains back to the right length as you iron. Pressing the selvage first makes for a straighter edge. Unless absolutely fast, colored fabrics should not be rolled up while damp.

The reshaping of a pair of wide-mesh net curtains gave me much trouble until I put them back at the windows while damp and worked on them as they hung. A brass rod slipped through the bottom hem pulled it down to the required place and evened the edge. Diamond-shaped patterns should be frequently pulled into shape while drying, so as to make sure that the squares will be uniform in size.

Stretchers greatly lighten the work of shaping. Lace, particularly, is much easier to recondition when it is dried on one of these wooden frames. I remember how my mother used to spread her lace curtains on the bed to dry, tediously pinning the scallops to the coverlid. It was a most tiring job that has now been eliminated, thanks to modern ingenuity.

The modern stretchers, with little brass pins along the edge, eliminate this fussy work, and hold the curtain much straighter. The material is stretched so taut that it does not need ironing. These frames come in adjustable sizes, marked off in inches, and with easel supports which hold them upright. But stretchers are "out" if your curtains are of rayon.

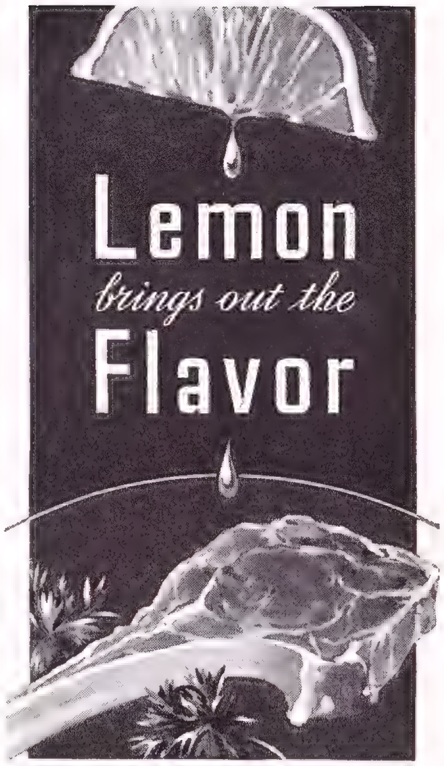
TRIMMINGS deserve a few paragraphs to themselves. Cord edging usually gets more soiled than the rest of the curtain, and requires a bit of scrubbing with a sudsy brush. Scrub it lightly and avoid roughening the strands. If the dyes of the curtain are doubtful keep the cord from touching the fabric while it is wet. The same warning applies also to pipings and bindings.

When bordered with dainty cotton balls the drapery should never be wrung. These little spheres lose their charm if their roundness is flattened. Let them hang downward while drying on the line and they will retain their shape.

Fringe and raveled finishes that become tangled when washed may be smoothed with a brush while they are slightly damp. Combing is likely to break the threads, I have found.

Pressing ruffles and pleatings takes patience, as the iron must be moved deliberately and the fingers must prepare each step of the way. Pleatings sometimes need basting before washing, but often they are so well creased at the sewed edge that they do not come out when wet.

AT YOUR kitchen windows you may be faced with an entirely different laundry proposition—the cleansing of rubberized cotton or of oilcloth tiebacks. A soapy sponge bath for these, and—presto!—they shed their grease and smoke. Lay them flat and sponge the surface quickly with lukewarm soapsuds. Stroke in one direction to prevent streaking, and rinse off the soap with clear, tepid water. Wipe with a soft, dry cloth to absorb remaining moisture, and allow the curtain to stay flat until it dries. Painted designs are unharmed by sponging with mild soap, and applied decorations are usually glued on so firmly that they will not come off when wet.



SEE how much unsuspected flavor you develop in steaks and chops and roasts simply by adding a few drops of fresh lemon juice! (Digestion is aided also.) Serve the lemon as a garnish or pass quarter-cuts separately.

Many new suggestions in the *Free Booklet*, "200 Sunkist Recipes for Every Day." Write: Sunkist, Sec. 412, Box 530, Sta. C, Los Angeles, Cal.

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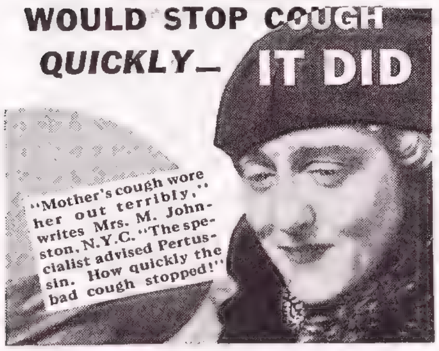
WOULD STOP COUGH QUICKLY— IT DID



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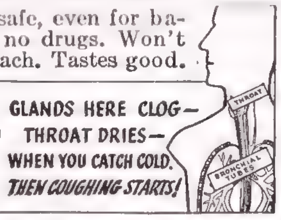
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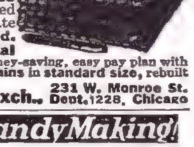

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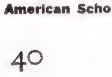

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Judith

Continued from page 38

"How is the temperature of my eyes?" Judith looked full at him.

"They make me go hot all over. They make the sneeze in my heart much worse."

"It's just springfever." Judith brushed the crumbs off her dress, wiped her hands with her handkerchief, opened her purse, and took out her check book. Calmly she turned the pages. "It has seventeen hundred and twenty seven dollars and fourteen cents in the book. How much can I buy with that?"

The man laughed outright. "You are an utterly feminine creature. What a way to do business! How do you know I won't take advantage of you?" He looked at her with tolerant amusement. But suddenly his look changed. "Look here," he said, "you are using feminine wiles on me. You women!"

"Your point of view," said Judith, "is singularly mixed. Why don't you just put a price on it and be done with it?"

"Two thousand dollars has been my price, with no takers. That is at the same price per acre that I am paying for mine, with the house thrown in. Though now that I think of it, it is a very choice little house. Perhaps I ought——"

"How much down?"

He looked at her sternly. "I thought you didn't know anything about business?"

"I can't help that," Judith said. "It was entirely your own idea."

The man burst suddenly into laughter.

"Good!" said Judith, rising. "Let's go look at my property."

"Yours?"

Judith flipped open her check book suggestively.

"How do I know your check is good?"

She searched in her purse. "I seem to have some two dollars and ten cents, but I need that to get home." She drew off a ring from her finger and laid it in his hand. "Give me a receipt, please. Say, 'In consideration for one gold ring, I hereby convey——' "

"You are thinking of, 'I thee wed.' " Stanley Ware drew out his fountain pen, searched and found an old envelope, and started to write.

Then he looked up, his eyes quizzical. "But I can't convey what I don't own. And I don't own this property yet."

"What is the difference?" asked Judith.

"I thought that you said you had made up your mind."

The man colored slightly. "Well, you see, it's not merely my mind I have to make up. There's the little matter of the down payment, some two thousand dollars, and the profession of being an artist is a—well, uneven, I should certainly say. And——"

"You mean you haven't the money for the down payment?"

"Well, now you mention it, no. You see, I've bought a horse. That is how I came to want the land, to ride the horse on——"

"Naturally. One does, with a horse. Buy land for it, I mean. So if I paid you for mine, then you could buy yours?"

"Well—er—how embarrassingly forthright you are! The answer, quite simply, is—yes. Fifteen hundred will do it; and, lady, I thank you."

"Then that is settled," said Judith. "And I hope you will be a desirable neighbor."

"I shall try to be," said the man, too meekly.

Judith looked at him sharply, and then looked away, a smile curling her lips. After all it was rather pleasant, on this gay, sunny day, to be flirted with—conservatively.

To be continued

The Writing on the Ground

Continued from page 7

them had given the order to defer the execution.

The adulteress heard a hasty whisper in the crowd behind her, something like this, "Let us put Him to the test; it is the Prophet from Nazareth. Let us seize the opportunity; let us see if He dare defy the Law of Moses"; and the woman saw how two of the scribes, two old men with silver beards and fur-lined mantles, went to the unknown Man in black and bowed to Him.

"Master," said one of them, "this woman has been taken in the very act of adultery. Now, Moses in his Law bids that such should be stoned. What do You think?"

The Man who had been greeted as "Master" lifted His eyes, looked at the two questioners, looked at the father, the husband, the brother, the men from the town who had followed the woman to the Temple, at the scribes, Pharisees, and all those who belonged to the Temple and lived there.

When the Master had let His eyes wander over all those faces He bowed down and wrote with His finger on the ground as though He did not deem it suitable to reply. But the two scribes pestered Him for an answer, and He stood upright and said to them, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

When the crowd of men heard this they burst into great laughter, for what a reply was this? If that was going to be a new rule every misdeed would remain without its punishment. The adulteress was moaning quietly; against her better knowledge she had hoped that the Stranger would pronounce a word which would prove her salvation. Now she understood that there was no hope, and, bowing her head, she huddled herself together, expecting the rain of stones.

Those who were to take part in meting out the punishment threw off their mantles and fastened their tunics. The Stranger remained on the same spot, but apparently took no interest in the preparations, but had again bowed down and was writing on the black ground.

The first man who approached the heap of stones was the father of the adulteress, because she was of his family and he, therefore, felt her shame more profoundly than the others. He reached down for a stone and came thus to look at the ground. He saw written down, not perhaps in ordinary letters, but anyway clearly to be seen, quickly understood and revealed, a horrible murder that he had committed many years ago and which had never been discovered.

At the sight the father drew back in the greatest fear. In a tremendous hurry, without thinking, and without rescuing his mantle, he rushed away.

At this moment the brother hastened forward to make up for his father's failure, which he explained to himself as an old man's weakness, loath to hurt his own child. When the brother reached down for a stone to throw at the sister who had dishonored him, he, in his turn, looked at the ground.

And he saw written there, if not in letters, at least clearly and intelligibly, the violation of a holy place of which he had been guilty in his hot-headed youth and which would cost him his citizenship of Israel if it became known. Fear seized him. He trampled on the writing to efface it, but it shone like fire, and he rushed away, pushing everybody aside who attempted to surround him.

SOUTHERN SPOON-BREAD

1 Cup Corn Meal
1½ Cups Boiling Water
1 Tablespoon Melted Shortening
3 Eggs 1 Cup Milk
1 Tablespoon Baking Powder
¼ Teaspoon Salt

ADD the boiling water to the corn meal and stir until well mixed. Allow to cool. When cool add the melted shortening, well-beaten eggs, milk, salt, and baking powder. Blend thoroughly and pour into a well-greased baking dish 7 inches in diameter and 3 inches deep. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) for 30 minutes.

The adulteress peered slightly forward from her corner, her hair hanging in wild disorder over her forehead. She smoothed it back and straightened her torn clothes.

Now her husband came forward in extreme anger at the weakness shown by the father and the brother and bent down for a stone; his whole body ached for revenge. No pleasure would be more wonderful than that of killing his wife, but suddenly the writing appeared in flames on the ground, or perhaps just a few signs only, but those signs revealed a conspiracy against the Roman Procurator, a conspiracy in which he was involved and that might bring him to the cross if it were prematurely discovered.

He rose, and, being a wise man, he smiled indulgently and muttered that he, too, was unwilling to judge, and went away.

When this happened the scribes who had spoken to the Master were greatly astonished and frightened, and hurried forward, not in order to reach for a stone, but simply to find out what the Master might have written on the ground to bring about such results.

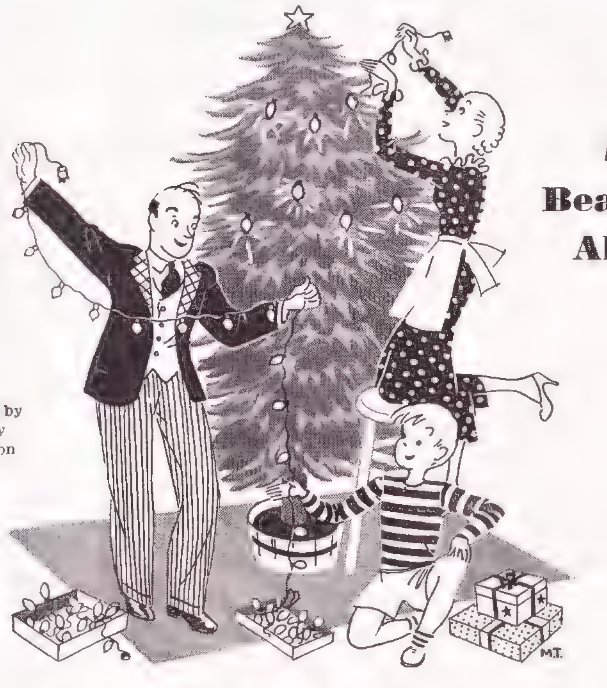
And one of these powerful men saw it written that he once had illegally removed the stones which marked the limit between his own and his neighbor's field, and the other man read that as a trustee he once had appropriated to himself a great part of the property belonging to his ward. The two scribes bowed deep before the Writer, assumed an expression of deep emotion, and went away with great dignity.

At the departure of these men who had been amongst her judges the adulteress rose on her knees. New courage was pouring down on her like a stream. She understood but dimly the turn things had taken, but she did understand that she was going to be saved, that she was saved already.

The joy of life filled her and she felt her body shaking and trembling. It was incredible, but she felt like beginning to dance.

But all danger was not passed as yet. Other men present rushed forward toward the writing. All reached down for stones to fulfill the judgment, but one after another drew back as soon as they had glanced on the ground. Instead of bending down for the deadly stones and meting out punishment they hurried away, trembling and

Continued on page 42



Drawing by
Marjory
Thompson

By
**Beatrice
Allen**

WHEN SANTA TRIMS THE TREE

SELECT the right type of evergreen for your Christmas tree and you have made a good start toward effective holiday decoration. You usually buy a tree with the expectation of keeping it on display until New Year's, but sometimes it loses its full beauty in a few hours.

Certain species begin to dry out shortly after they are brought indoors. Pine and spruce, for instance, soon scatter their needles in an unsightly litter and become scraggly. But if you choose a balsam tree it will retain its pristine freshness far longer. You can tell this variety of evergreen by the wide spread of the foliage. Pine and spruce needles grow in clusters.

Examine the tree on all sides to see whether it is symmetrical or not. Though the gaps in sparse branches may be filled with decorations, obviously a uniform spread gives a more pleasing outline and a richer background.

Artistic placement of the tree enhances the dramatic effect of the ceremony. Between two narrow windows is a suitable spot, or against the center of a wide one, so the delicate tracery of the dark branches will be intensified by the light glass curtains.

Anchoring the tree in an upright position is no longer a difficult matter since so many varieties of patented holders are obtainable. These modern contraptions grip the trunk firmly with metal clamps and give the tree a steady base. A decorated holder of cone-shaped metal, which sells for around three dollars, is equipped with electric lights to illuminate the base of the tree, and has an inside water basin which acts as a ballast and keeps the tree moist.

Risks from fire are eliminated, now that electric lighting has taken the place of hazardous candles. And strings of electric bulbs, festooned over the branches, are not only safer than tapers but provide a many-colored decoration. There are two kinds of electric-light strings: series and multiple. The series type comes in units of eight or sixteen tiny lamps which must all be lighted at the same time. As the failure of one lamp in a series affects the whole string it is advisable to go over each bulb carefully to be sure it is screwed in tight. If the series still fails to light, one or more of the lamps is defective and must be replaced.

Multiple strings are more expensive than series, but have larger bulbs and independent lamps. When one goes out the rest remain lighted. These strings range from units of seven lamps to over a hundred. A single outlet will safely carry six joined strings of seven lights each.

Whether you use series lamps or multiples, make a note of the approximate height of the tree before you buy your supply. For trees under fifteen feet lighting experts recommend using from eight to twelve lamps per foot of height; for taller trees from six to ten lamps a foot are advised.

Remember that you may use any of these electrically lighted features without electric wiring in your home. Dry batteries or storage batteries will provide the necessary current.

Difficulties with Christmas-tree lights are often traceable to the poor quality of the lamps. Buying the cheapest kind you can get is false economy. Standard American-made outfits are safer, give a better light, and last longer than unknown makes. Safe lighting for outdoor trees requires weather-proof wire and sockets to keep out the moisture. The current may conveniently be obtained from the porch light or outlet.

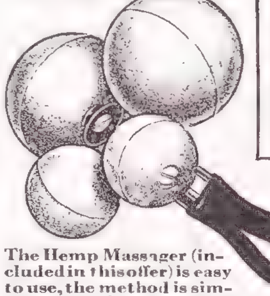
When we get to the point of selecting ornaments for the indoor tree, we first take an inventory of the decorations that have survived from other years and supplement the old-timers with a fresh lot. Something new this year is a bright-colored dangler of paper-thin metal in flat-folded star or circle shape. These glittering trifles are put up in sets, wrapped in cellophane envelopes, and each piece is easily opened out by inserting a finger nail between the metal layers.

AND all the old favorites are again in the shops: colored glass balls, frosted cotton ornaments, miniature St. Nicks, icicles, cotton snow, silver rain, wads of spun glass known as "angel's hair," shining "tree-tops," and candy-filled cornucopias. No tree is satisfactory to the children unless it contains a few red-and-white-striped candy canes, lollipops, or something edible.

If you are far away from the city shops, or must shave your expenditures this December, you can fall back on homemade decorations. Strings of sugared popcorn will provide the festoons, red-cheeked apples and gaudy oranges will give spots of color, and gingerbread men will furnish amusement. With a packet of colored paper and a pair of scissors some member of the family can surely evolve some kind of cut-outs: stars, boats, three-cornered hats, bird cages, or a string of paper dolls.

Even the "snow" can be made at home, from melted white soap. Dissolve the soap thoroughly in water and beat it with an egg beater until it is thick enough to spread on the branches. Thus, you may have a white Christmas indoors even if you can't be sure of one outside.

THE HOME BUREAU



Hips rolled away in 20 minutes a day

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The Writing on the Ground

Continued from page 40

deathly pale, their shoulders contracted and their eyes averted.

When they all had gone the adulteress stood upright. There was new life in her eyes and her ashen face gained some color. She stood quite still, but the joy of salvation was not enough for her. She had seen her adversaries frightened and humiliated and she felt all the thrilling sweetness of revenge.

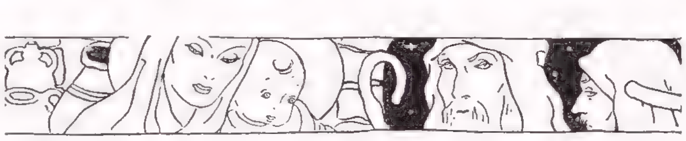
She wanted to dance on this accursed spot, to dance in front of these very stones which rightly ought to have killed her. She had not yet begun to dance, but she stood in a dancer's attitude and laughed in her excitement.

The strange Master stood up and looked at her. "Where are the others?" He asked. "Has nobody condemned you?" "Nobody, Master," she said, and thought that now she could not hold back her joy. She simply had to dance, but the Master still looked at her. He saw her unfettered animal joy, He saw that there was no repentance in her heart for her sin. He saw how full she was of hatred, revenge, and the lust of the flesh.

SHE felt that He could see all of this, and she lost the desire to dance. She was afraid of her Savior, and she saw Him transfigured in heavenly light, and she felt great fear. She believed that He in His turn would now pass judgment upon her. And that judgment would be more severe than the previous one because this Man had the right to hate the sin which lived in her. But in the midst of her fear she heard Him say, "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more."

As these words of mercy and love were pronounced upon the woman a great miracle was wrought in her soul. A tiny fire was kindled in her heart; a small ray from eternity found its way there. The light grew through days and nights of struggle and anxiety.

Sometimes she wished that she might die as she was no proper abode for such a guest; but the light could not die. It wrote in her heart a writing never to be effaced, of the horror of sin and the loveliness of righteousness, until the poor, erring human being was penetrated with its holiness.



Uncle Sam's War for Better Babies

Continued from page 2

nurse has definite instructions for just this situation.

"Oh, dear," she says, "I am tired and thirsty this morning. I wonder if you would give me a drink of water and let me rest for a minute?" It works like magic. The door opens wide. The nurse tells her story, and in five minutes the woman says, "Well, I *am* expecting a baby, and wasn't it just Providence that sent you here today! I didn't know what on earth to do, and now it all seems so simple the way you've explained it."

So starts the work of prenatal care for the mother, and then the care for the mother and baby. Of the 5,000 cases cared for by the Maternity Center Association of New York over a period of years the maternal mortality rate per 1,000 live births is 2.2, compared with the average rate of 7.5 for urban and 5.5 for rural sections as taken from the survey of fifteen States made by the Children's Bureau. This shows what can be done.

Splendid work, too, is being done in New York by the Henry Street Visiting Nurse Service, under the able leadership of Miss Lillian D. Wald. Not many years ago the arrival of a new soul on New York's crowded East Side was superintended by a throng of all the women in the tenement house who could jam into the room, shouting advice and jostling the doctor, amid conditions anything but surgically aseptic.

Now the nurse, after months of prenatal consultation and advice, has everything ready long in advance, the well-meaning neighbors know that they can help best by not helping at all, and, to tell the whole story in a word, last year only 7 of the 16,128 mothers delivered under the nurses' care died, and only 77 died out of 12,242 babies born alive.

It is a far cry to the Kentucky hills, but there, too, we see the tireless nurses of the Frontier Nursing Service threading the mountain paths to aid the mothers of Lincoln's native State in their hour of trial. These are the "Nurses on Horseback," made famous by Ernest Poole, and organized and led by Mary Breckinridge, of an aristocratic old Kentucky family. In the middle of a winter night, perhaps, a boy will appear at one of the nurses' cabins with a lantern, horse, and, of course, hound dog, and summon the nurse to "the head of the creek," where "mam's punishin' terrible."

The nurse mounts her own horse and climbs the steep track, over rocks sheathed with ice, fording the roaring creek half a dozen times, to reach the slab cabin filled with smoke from the leaky stove and chilled by the wind whistling through crevices in the floor.

In former days the midwife would be some neighboring granny, whose chief recourse, if any complications appeared, was to repeat "spells" woven from Bible verses. Hemorrhage was treated by putting an ax, blade up, under the bed. The twilight of the granny has now arrived, however, and soon the hills will know her like no more.

The horseback nurses are not merely graduates of training hospitals in this country, but take courses in midwifery in England and Scotland. Just why it is necessary to cross the Atlantic to get adequate midwifery training would seem to call for heart-searching or investigation of some kind in our own institutions. At any rate, the records show that in 1,000 births handled by these nurses only one mother died at childbirth, and she was a hookworm-cardiac! Another lesson for us here evidently.

The cavalry brigade of the Frontier Nursing Service covers only a small part of the Blue-Grass State, however. The State has an efficient Bureau of Maternal and Child Health, with a woman as director, Dr. Annie S. Veech, who has held this post for twelve years. Seventy-five counties have full-time health units, with a graduate physician at the head of each, with assisting nurses. Many have permanent prenatal clinics. More and more mothers attend as the gospel spreads, and when too distant they study the literature. "I had my baby by the book," is their boast.

CHILD health is having a great boom, too, in Kentucky, through the award of blue ribbons to children who have all dental and other defects attended to and all immunizations taken. The idea is borrowed from the award of blue ribbons to the finest live stock at the fairs. Parents have no rest. "I am broke now and it's your fault," said one father, "for my children needed their teeth corrected to get blue ribbons. They kept worrying me till I had to have it done." Dentists declare the department is trying to work them to death. During the depression an extensive campaign is on to keep the children's weight and health up to par, often against disheartening odds.

Many readers will wish to know how our America measures up alongside other lands in the birth rate, which forecasts a country's future, and the infant death rate, which shows how well or how badly we treat the little strangers. Well, Japan and the U. S. have about the same number of births, 2,000,000 a year each, but while we lose some 120,000 in their first year, Japan loses 276,000, or more than twice as many.

Then the two European rivals, Germany and Italy, receive about 1,000,000 little visitors a year each, but Italy loses 115,000 to Germany's 85,000 before their first birthday with its tiny candle. Our birth rate is 17.3 per 1,000 population, which beats England and Germany, with 16 each, but is quite a bit below Italy's 25 per 1,000, and is far behind Japan's 32.

Of course when it comes to death rates, we all know that New Zealand has cast some sort of spell over the Grim Reaper, so that every one lives longer there, babies and grown-ups alike. New Zealand has the amazingly low infant death rate of 31 per 1,000 live births. Holland, Norway, and Sweden have excellent records, around 45 to 50. Our own U. S. A. makes a fine showing at 58. England and Germany are not so good, at 64 and 79 respectively. Italy is worse at 113, and Chile is the horrible example, at 258, losing more than one child in every four.

New Mexico has the proud record of having the highest birth rate of any State in the Union. North and South Carolina are tied for second place, followed by Alabama, Mississippi, Virginia, and West Virginia. At the foot of the class stand California and Oregon, tied for lowest birth rate, with Nevada and Washington neck and neck for third and fourth place from the bottom. But while Oregon and Washington get black marks in the birth-rate roll-call, they stand forth as the banner States with the lowest infant death rate under the flag. New Jersey is next, then Minnesota and Utah, followed by Connecticut, Idaho, and Iowa.

Here, then, we have some light on the question: Where is the best place to be born? We get an inkling, at least, of the locality where baby will have the best chance to see that little candle on its cake. The mother, too, may well ask where she will be most likely to come through her ordeal in health and safety. Fortunately, we have the figures on this interesting, not to say vital, question. And an intriguing fact is that we discover an entire region where the maternal mortality is very low.

Start with Wisconsin, strike west to Minnesota and Iowa, then to North and South Dakota and Nebraska, and on to Utah, Idaho, and Oregon, and you will find nine States ranging from the Great Lakes to the Pacific that have made motherhood safe for mothers.

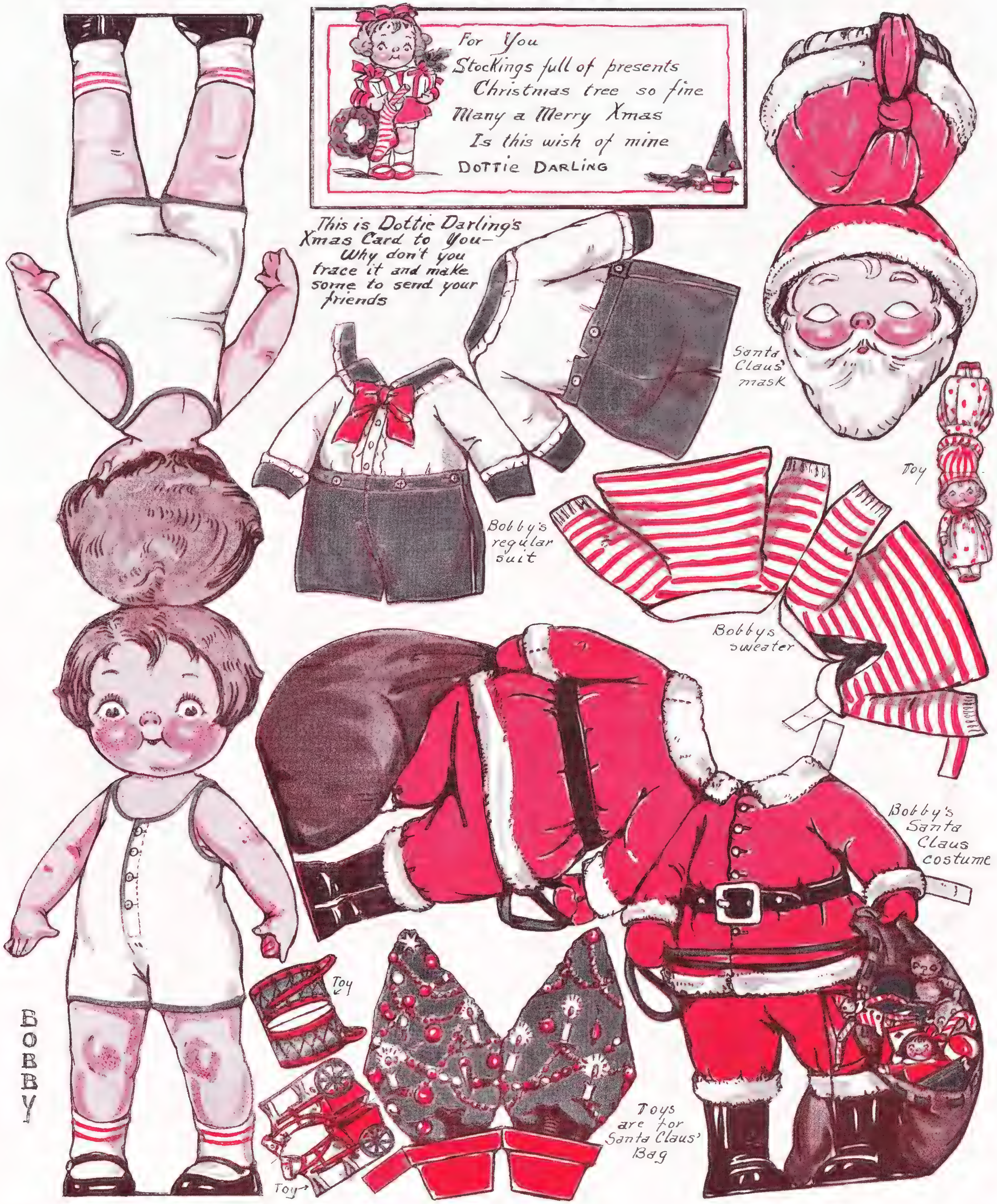
In the East, Connecticut and Maryland also show records that rank them in this fine company. All these States have maternal mortality ratings of from 37 to 54 deaths per 10,000 live births, as against 63 for the entire United States. South Dakota stands first. It is not necessary to mention the ones with low records, as they are all straining every nerve to save the life of every mother and every baby.

Special bouquets should be handed to six States that have actually cut their infant death rate in half in the last fifteen years. All are in the East, and four of them are in New England. They are New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. Equally large, handsome, and fragrant clusters of flowers are due two States that have cut their maternal death rate in half—Oregon and Utah—and five more that have reduced

Continued on page 44

DOTTIE DARLING'S *Brother Bobbie Dresses as Santa Claus*

By **Corinne Pauli Waterall**



For You
Stockings full of presents
Christmas tree so fine
Many a Merry Xmas
Is this wish of mine
DOTTIE DARLING

This is Dottie Darling's Xmas Card to You— Why don't you trace it and make some to send your friends

BOBBY
Bobby's regular suit
Santa Claus' mask
Toy
Bobbys sweater
Bobby's Santa Claus costume
Toy
Toys are for Santa Claus' Bag
Toy

Uncle Sam's War for Better Babies

Continued from page 42

it almost as much—Pennsylvania, Maryland, North Carolina, Indiana, and Kansas.

This is an effective reply to our friends who have been filling the public prints with statements that we are doing nothing to reduce the death rate of mothers in childbirth. As a matter of fact excellent progress is being made. The rate for the entire registration area in the United States has fallen nearly one-third in fifteen years, from 92 deaths per 10,000 live births to 63, and, what is more, we now know what causes most of these deaths and know what to do to prevent them.

Nothing but incredible indifference and stupidity can keep this death rate from continuing right along its downward way, and we know well that stupidity and indifference are two qualities that are totally absent from our medical and nursing professions and our public-health service, which have made the splendid reductions noted above.

Let us hand one rose each to two cities, one East, one West, Swampscott, Mass., and Hoquiam, Wash., which had 132 and 111 births respectively, and no deaths at all of infants under one year in 1933. What care, what skill, what devotion are back of that fine record pass imagination. Swampscott, in fact, had no deaths of children under 10 in 1932, and none under 15 in 1933, an amazing record. An honor roll of cities and towns with no baby funerals for a year would make a striking exhibit in our Children's Bureau in Washington.

It would seem only natural, as the eye runs over the States that scored the high marks just listed, to ask them how they did it. Take Oregon. Oregon is a leader, along with Washington, in a low infant death rate, and is one of the two States to cut its maternal death rate in half. What is its secret? An inquiry put to Dr. Frederick D. Stricker, the State Health Officer, brings the answer that "it is the coöperation of the voluntary health organizations with the physicians and the health departments that has given Oregon the lowest infant mortality rate in the United States." "An endeavor has been made," he adds, "to enlist the aid of every possible organization in the State."

The counties are divided into community health centers embracing 500 to 1,000 population each, where clinics, illustrated lectures, and demonstrations are held once a month. Local physicians participate and conduct the centers, and hold prenatal and child clinics in their offices at suitable fees. High-school girls are organized and trained in "little mothers' classes." Letters are sent to expectant mothers giving advice on the care of themselves and the baby.

A characteristic note is that Oregon is not satisfied! The death rates are not low enough. A folder sent out by the State Health Department declares that the medical students and nurses should have better training for childbirth cases and the maternity hospitals could be better than they are. "This situation must be remedied," we read. So the lowest death rates are to be driven lower! Watch Oregon.

IN THE East, Connecticut and Maryland are the two States of this region to be in the low maternal mortality group, and at the same time are in the honor list of those that have halved their infant death rate. Inquiry reveals the fact that Maryland's counties are all staffed with full-time health officers and nurses, who begin by sending every bride a pamphlet on "Home Making." Expectant mothers are invited to the prenatal clinics and are referred to competent hospitals or physicians.

They receive a booklet of "Talks to Mothers About Their Babies," written by Dr. J. H. Mason Knox, Chief of the Bureau of Child Hygiene. It speaks frankly on the unwisdom of the marriage of persons whose intelligence is below par or who have social diseases that will curse home and children. The expectant mother is told to look to her doctor for advice rather than to the gossip of irresponsible neighbors or relatives, and is advised to talk to the public-health nurse "as woman to woman," for "she is the waiting mother's friend in need," and "recognizes signs and symptoms of danger and calls the doctor in time to avoid trouble."

Every possible peril of the mother is discussed in page after page, even to the groundless superstitions that birthmarks are due to the mother's fright, or deformity due to her sight of a deformed person. These things are impossible, she is assured, but more real harm may come to the child if she fails to observe the simple rules of diet, sleep, and exercise while baby is on the way. These directions then follow in detail for nearly a hundred pages, and we must conclude from the splendid results that Maryland's mothers have been observing them pretty faithfully.

Connecticut's Commissioner of Health, Dr. Stanley H. Osborn, carries on a tremendous health campaign the year around, with weekly radio talks by his staff, weekly and monthly health bulletins, and a continual flow of material to physicians, health officers, nurses, milk inspectors, water officials; every one in the health picture.

Photo by George Munson

Expectant mothers receive a letter of detailed advice every month. These letters go out in thousands. Every baby is given a birth certificate, and on each one is a blue sticker urging the parents to have the child immunized against diphtheria. Hundreds of "well-child conferences" are held all over the State, attended by thousands of children. "Summer round-ups" find and remedy dental and other defects. Connecticut is deluged with health, and it is evident that the Grim Reaper finds the going rougher and rougher.

Nowhere, however, is the secret of mother's and baby's health told so crystal-clear as in a letter from Dr. Henry F. Vaughan, Health Commissioner of Detroit, where the infant death rate has been halved in thirteen years. The cause, he says, may be summed up in just two words, "health education." Detroit doctors have coöperated with the 362 public-health nurses who visit the mothers and impress upon them the need to care for themselves and the babies. The result is too plain for doubt or argument.

Year after year the figures reveal the fact that the Detroit mothers who attend the prenatal clinics have a better chance of life than those who do not, and the babies whose mothers attend have a better chance too. And not only that, but the figures show that the mothers who made the mistake of waiting four months before attending had a higher death rate than the ones who started earlier, and the ones who waited seven months had a still higher mortality. Those who did not come at all had a rate twice as high as those who came. It is no mere coincidence that the infant death rate shows the same trend. The earlier the mothers came, the more babies lived. The later they came, the more died.

There it is. There is the root of the matter. We have the key of life for mothers and babies in our hand. The fateful figures for the coming years merely depend on how we use the knowledge that lies clearly before us.

A mine of information for those who wish to aid in this life-saving enterprise is located in Washington—in the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor. Two of its publications are best sellers. The one on "Infant Care," in fact, has run to a total of over 7,750,000 copies, beating all other government publications, and its booklet on "Prenatal Care" has reached more than 3,400,000 copies.

The bureau carried on a large work under the Maternity and Infancy Act from 1921 to 1928, when Congress failed to continue the appropriation for it. The bureau points with pride to the fact that during its period of activity America's infant mortality rate fell, while the general death rate was rising. The work for infant and maternal care is now carried on mainly by the various State Health Departments.

Whether the bureau shall be restored to its former place of influence, to give aid wherever needed, is a much-debated question. The debate pivots around the issue whether more power shall be centralized at Washington or shall remain in the hands of the States. If the present centralizing or socializing trend goes on, it would seem natural that Federal work for mothers and babies should share in the accession of power. If there arises a revulsion of popular feeling against centralization, then the work will remain in State control.

The feeling of most people will be that they care little who does it, but care mightily that it shall be done by somebody, and done well. Ten thousand deaths of American mothers every year are declared to be preventible, needless. Think of the storm of wrath if even one American mother were shot by an alien government, said Dr. Howard W. Haggard of Yale in a recent address.

"Why, then, do not the needless deaths of thirty mothers a day, 10,000 a year, rouse the American public to concerted action to end this atrocity?" If the Children's Bureau can show that it can end, or largely reduce, this tragedy of motherhood, the vote for it will be unanimous.

Foreign governments look out for the mothers' welfare by laws providing that women employed in industry shall not work for several weeks before and after childbirth, and the mothers receive pay during this time from sickness insurance or other funds. In all, 38 countries have made some provision for rest periods for expectant mothers; in 32 of them cash benefits are provided for, and in 18 the medical expenses are also met.

In the United States only five States and the Philippine Islands have laws providing vacations for expectant mothers, and in one additional State an order of the Industrial Welfare Committee has a similar effect. These six states are Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont, New York, Missouri, and Washington. In addition a large number of employers in this country carry sickness-insurance policies for their employees, which provide for rest periods before and after childbirth on the same basis as illness.

It must be kept in mind, however, by friends of social-welfare laws that too drastic legislation tends to keep the employer from hiring married women, and so does the mother more harm than good.

Employers, of course, are of all kinds, good and bad, just like everybody else, but they probably would have no objection to going through a depression like the present one without a shutdown, employing a bigger force in 1934 than in boom times, and never experiencing a strike. Investigation reveals many firms with many policies in the treatment of the mother, but the firm with the glittering depression record sketched above happens to be the one that gives mother and baby a send-off that is perhaps unparalleled anywhere.

This firm, which makes shoes, employs 19,000 people in factories and tanneries in five towns and cities in New York State, with families that total around 60,000. The workers pay twenty-five cents a week each into their sickness fund and receive twelve dollars a week from it when ill, but the medical and hospital service is provided free by the company. The medical staff includes 34 physicians, 26 graduate nurses, 4 dentists, 10 expert laboratory scientists, and 4 ambulances. Each of the three medical centers operates a hospital exclusively for maternity cases, and more than 1,000 babies are born in them every year.

The president of the company gives every baby its first pair of shoes and starts a savings account of ten dollars for it as soon as it has a name to write on the book. The president's wife gives every mother a crisp new ten-dollar note. The mothers remain in the hospital about two weeks and, when they leave, are given instructions in the care and feeding of their babies. Then they return at frequent intervals to a well-baby clinic for advice and any needed treatment.

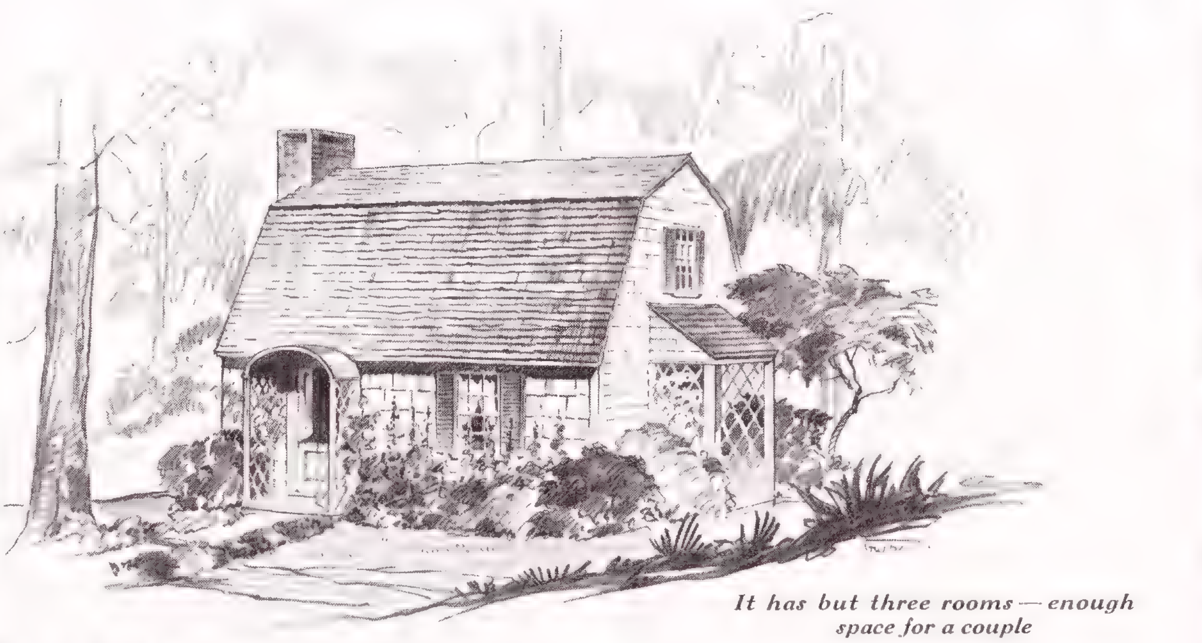
Critics may say this is paid for by giving the workers lower wages, but the astonishing fact appears that the wages paid have been for a quarter of a century from 25 to 50 per cent higher than the average in the field. Labor agitators who come to urge strikes are said to get a cold reception by the workers, which hardly seems strange. If there is any lesson here for other employers they are abundantly welcome to it.

America is building its future. The great scientists of yesterday assured us that mighty peoples were produced by the survival of the fittest. Hardships kill off the weak, so the theory runs, while the strong survive to propagate more strong ones, and the race grows ever stronger by nature's merciless elimination of the weaklings. Our best plan, then, according to this gospel, is to let the weak die, and, if anything, to make the battle of life harsher, to sift out only supermen for survival.

ALL around us, however, we see in fact just the opposite gospel being practiced. The weak ones are rescued from disease and death and with a care and skill almost miraculous. The unfittest are the very ones to have the most devoted attention. The weak mothers, the weak babies, are led gently from the Valley of the Shadow of Death to the sunny pastures of life.

According to Darwin's school, then, our world should be a parade of invalids, cripples, the lame, the halt, and the blind. Instead what do we see? We behold such an athletic race of young people as never before trod this green earth. The young men and women stand inches taller than their grandfathers and grandmothers. Our young men run faster, jump higher and farther than has ever been known before, while the athletic performances of our young women have absolutely nothing in the past for comparison.

The whole world hailed the famous theory of natural selection, which would save the strong and leave the weak and sickly to perish. No new Darwin has proclaimed the new gospel of saving all, strong and weak alike, but it is here; it is winning its way, and it is filling the world with strong, laughing children and happy, healthful mothers. The fame of it does not ring through the world, perhaps because it is not new. It is as old as the human heart. *Amor omnia vincit.* Love conquers everything.



It has but three rooms — enough space for a couple

Tiny but
BIG ENOUGH FOR TWO

THEODORE WHITEHEAD DAVIS
Architect

FOR the childless couple who are now living in a small apartment but who yearn for a modest home of their own with a bit of ground about it, the charming little Dutch colonial shown above may supply the answer to their quest. It provides the same amount of space as the average three-room apartment, but has the added desirability of having the sleeping quarters on the second floor.

This little house is so compact that it can be placed on a forty-foot lot, and the architect has estimated that it should cost about $2,500 to build at the prevailing rates for construction in the neighborhood of New York City, exclusive of ground, of course. This price may differ somewhat in other localities because of varying costs.

Even at the low price estimated by the architect, the cottage is well built of standard construction and is fully equipped. It has a full cellar with a pipeless warm-air furnace, a laundry stove, and wash tubs.

The house is of frame construction, shingled, with hand-split shingles on the front, where they add a touch of quaintness much to be desired. Insulation under the roof provides a maximum of comfort on the second floor both in winter and in summer, and the design of the roof assures ample headroom. Incidentally, it is the roof construction that makes for one saving in the construction of the house, it being possible to use smaller timbers in its framing because of the design.

Multipaned windows, characteristic of the houses of the early days, are used throughout, and these are flanked by colorful slat shutters of pale sea-green, which form a pleasing contrast with the oyster-white of the walls and the buff trim. The doors are the same color as the shutters. The roof is a dark brown.

Attractive latticework has been used on each of the porches, providing ample growing facilities for climbing roses and other suitable flowers and vines that add so much to the appearance of a home. Another interesting feature is the Dutch door at the main entrance.

Although this cottage is extremely tiny and compact, the rooms are all of good size and ample for their purposes. The living room is 18 feet long and has a width of 13 feet; the kitchen is 12 feet by 9 feet, and the single bedroom measures 12 feet, 6 inches by 13 feet.

The living room extends the entire depth of the house and is particularly well equipped with ventilation facilities, having windows at two sides, and air from the front being also available with the main door open. The fireplace is on the side wall, which has pine paneling to give an informal atmosphere to the room.

On the opposite wall is the entrance to the kitchen, adjacent to the corner of the living room most likely to be used for dining purposes. This location simplifies the handling of food from the kitchen to the dining table. If desired the two rear windows could be changed to French doors and a small terrace built at the rear of the house to provide an outdoor living and dining room for the warm months.

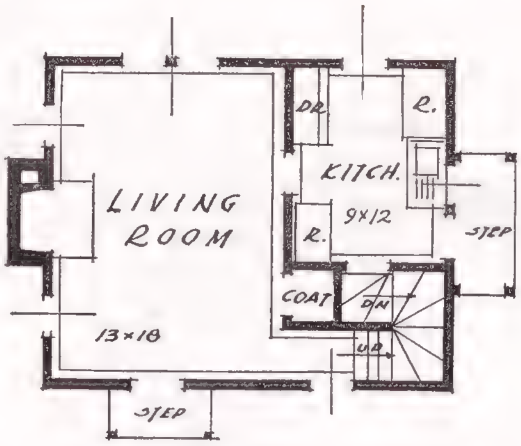
The kitchen is compact, but has room for the usual range, refrigerator, cabinet, and sink, at the same time providing ample space for the housewife to carry on her duties. The side entrance to the house leads into the kitchen.

The stairway starts in a small jog off the living room, at the front and to the right of the main entrance, and leads directly into the chamber on the second floor, which is above the living room. There are two closets in the bedroom, one for the garments of the occupants and the other for linen. The bath is adjoining.

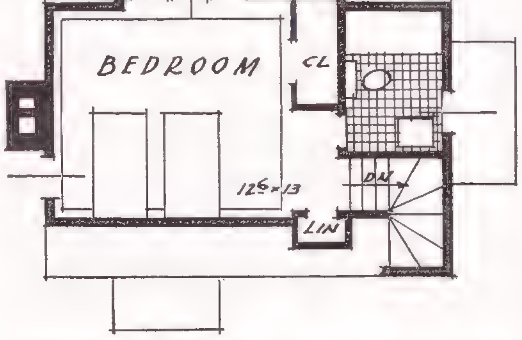
Good ventilation is a feature of the second floor as well as the first, an important consideration in a dwelling of this size. This feature, coupled with a satisfactory job of insulating, should make this floor comfortable at all times.

Of course, any couple interested in building this "tiny but big enough for two" cottage may have other ideas on the question of outside painting, and may select their own color schemes. The paints indicated have been suggested by the architect as being one combination that should be very attractive in this particular case.

It is unusual to find as tiny a house providing as much for the money as the cottage pictured on this page.



Its rooms are ample in size and provide plenty of light and air



A bedroom and bath comprise the second floor

THE HOME BUREAU

And I had to be Scolded into trying it

"A friend who knew how I suffered every month kept scolding me until I had to try Midol. How glad I am that she did! Two tablets see me through my worst day *comfortably*. I tell every girl I discover who is still suffering the way I used to."

Many users of these remarkable tablets have given them endorsement as strong as that! Many are grateful enough to spread the word at every opportunity. For Midol *does* bring definite relief, and prompt relief from periodic pain even to those who have always suffered severely. You can go through this trying time without those severe pains if you use Midol.

The best way to use these tablets is, of course, to anticipate the time for any expected pain—or at least, take a tablet the first moment there is the slightest indication of the pain coming on. There is no need to postpone the comfort of this special medicine, for there is no harmful effect from its use—no after-effects.

Midol is as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache. Don't be afraid of the speed with which Midol takes hold, for it is *not* a narcotic. All drug-stores have these tablets; just ask for Midol—today, so you'll be ready.

B-3

An Invitation

to try it without expense; mail this coupon to Midol, 170 Varick St., New York, for trial box.

MIDOL

Name..

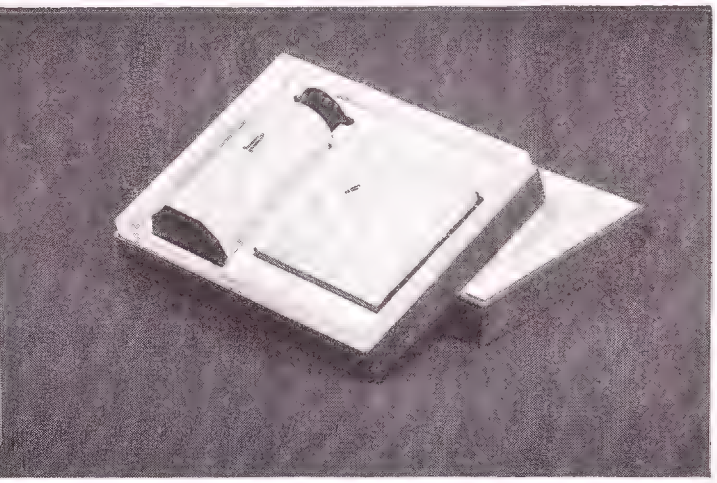
Address..

Gift Suggestions

By **Doris Lee Ashley**

This is the type of gift you can give to any woman, whether she is young or old, a housewife, desk toiler, or lady of leisure. The black-and-silver Christmas box contains three products: a beautifully soft face powder, a skin freshener, and a jar of a famous all-purpose cream.

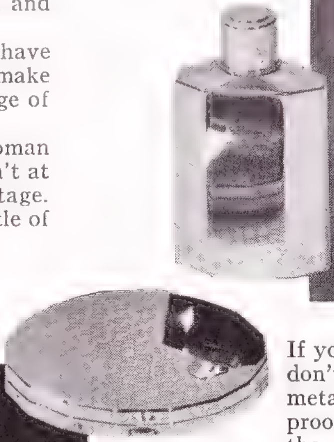
Men undoubtedly love to barber themselves, or else they wouldn't receive so many shaving devices. But this set is something more than the ordinary Christmas shaving set. It's refillable; won't break or wear out. There's an after-shave powder and a very fine soap. Both are in black-and-ivory plaskon containers.



HALF the fun of giving Christmas presents lies in the knowledge that you are giving the right gift to the right person. Usually gifts fall into two groups. The sheerly practical items that one uses day after day but give little pleasure because they are really necessities that you'd have to buy for yourself if somebody didn't give them to you. Then the strictly useless affairs, such as toy kangaroos, penholders that you can never find a use for, and costume jewelry that you never wear.

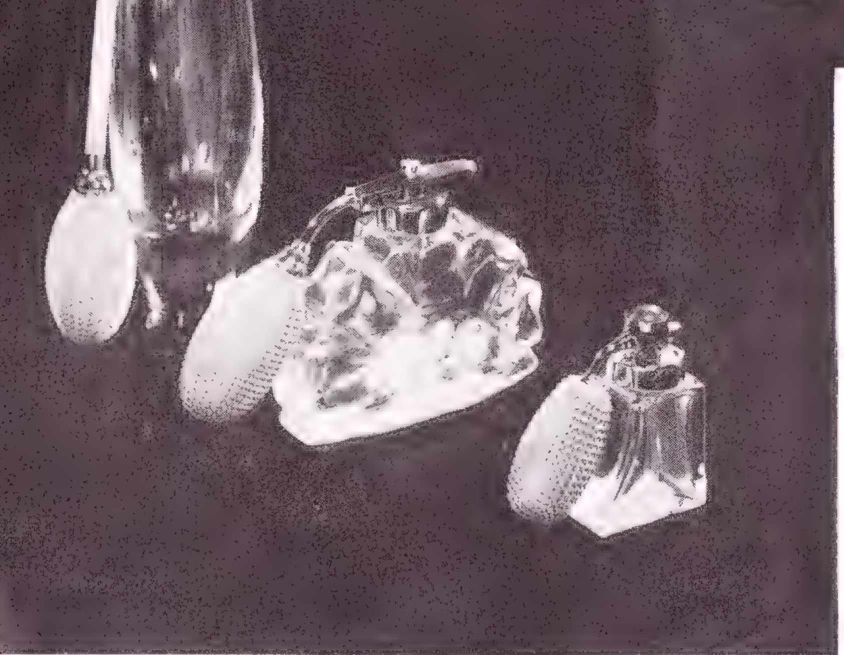
Out of the deluge of lovely Christmas items from the cosmetic houses we have selected a few appropriate gifts for both men and women. They can and will make a better man or woman of you with their proper use; they include every range of price to fit every need, and they all have a holiday spirit about them.

First are the perfumes. They are undoubtedly the gift supreme. If a woman has one perfume she wants another of a different type. And if a woman hasn't at least one good perfume on her dressing table she's been robbed of her heritage. There are perfumes to fit into every budget. If you cannot afford a huge bottle of one of the better-known brands go to one of the department stores, where they sell it in bulk and have a small beautifully designed bottle (or your own bottle for that matter) filled with an ounce, half ounce, quarter ounce, or even a dram of your favorite but expensive perfume.

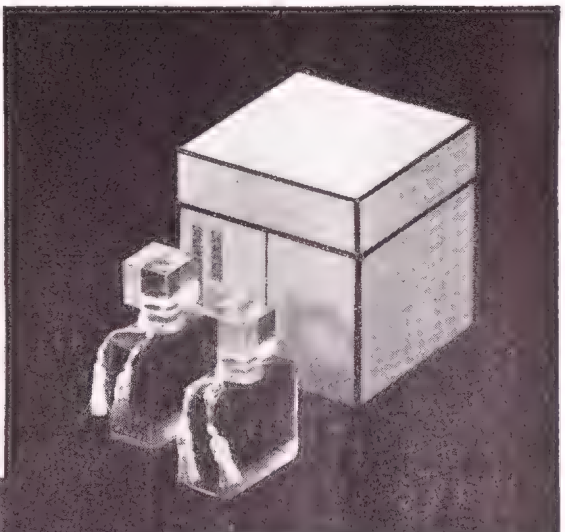


If you have a young college girl to remember don't overlook this metal powder compact and metal perfume container. Both are breakproof. The perfume is of England's best, and the container is easily refilled at any time.

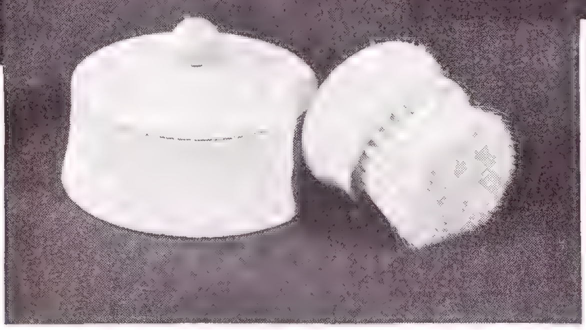
For a woman of discrimination nothing could be nicer than this white kit from one of the Fifth Avenue salons. It holds seven products. Everything a woman needs for a leisurely facial at home or a quick clean-up when traveling. In spite of its good looks it's modestly priced and it's good for the skin. What more could you ask of a gift?



Good-looking atomizers always make grand gifts. The tall crystal one is for eau de Cologne users. The handsome cut crystal (center) is for your best perfumes. And the small one is a cute leak-proof container for traveling.



Two small correct bottles of perfume called "Blue Grass" by its famous maker. A perfume for the very gay; the woman who has dash and verve and wears lots of velvet and rich fabrics.



This set is a grand new product, and we suggest it as a beautiful and practical gift. The pink wooden container with a handy knob on the top holds soap—a new kind of soap made with milk to keep the skin supple, soft, and nourished—and clean. The complexion brush in the set is famous for its soft but strong bristles.

MAKE YOUR GIFT FOR REMEMBRANCE A THING OF—AND FOR—BEAUTY

A new perfume from this royal maker is always greeted with a chorus of "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" This new odor in the famous crown bottle is a richly blended concoction named after a famous Metropolitan opera singer who went Hollywood. She's a beauty, but we're still inclined to believe the perfume flatters her. Undoubtedly this is every woman's dream of a perfect and handsome Christmas gift.

PARIS
PARIS

The bottle on the left is of all things—a perfume for men. We realize perfectly that the idea is startling and even sensational—but only to women. For men have taken to the custom like penguins to zero weather. It is strictly a masculine odor—lavender and clean-smelling. The bottle on the right is another Christmas perfume for women. This one is a heavy, long-lasting jasmine and orange-blossom combination. Particularly good on furs and heavy fabrics.

America's best-known and perhaps the best-beloved perfumes are made by Coty. For the yuletide season they have brought out a new one, and it is destined to be a sensation. The rotund bottle is made of clouded glass encircled by raised flowers and mounted on a black plastic pedestal with four red feet. The perfume is a rich, warm, and sensuous odor.

Face powder is always a welcome gift, but few powder boxes lend themselves to the Christmas spirit so well as this new white-and-gold crown container. The sheer, fine powder makes the face feel like a baby's and is fragrant with the maker's famous perfumes. Furthermore, the box can always be refilled when the powder is gone.

Give her a bath set! Here is a black-and-ivory combination that will fit into any bathroom and please any woman. There is a bottle of one of our loveliest eau de Colognes and a huge box of fragrant bath powder with a white woolly puff.

Weekly manicures are a ritual with almost every woman. For the most stunning and outrageously good-looking affair of its kind we recommend the zipper kit shown below. It's made of pigskin, which means that it lasts for years. It comes in various colors, so pick your favorite shade. Its contents are so complete that no woman could find fault with it. And it would shame any person of the feminine gender to have shaggy nails with this handsome kit around.

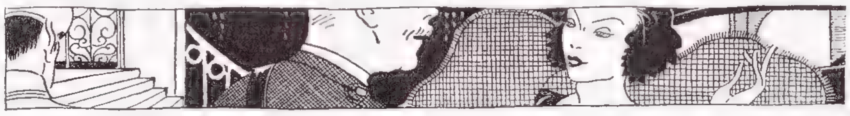
FOR the woman who does not like a strong perfume there is always the happy choice of a good lasting eau de Cologne. It has a dual purpose. To refresh, invigorate, and leave a delightful fragrance lingering about the person. These preparations are beautifully bottled and very handsome in appearance. To make a perfect gift ensemble we suggest that you include in the package one of the tall eau de Cologne atomizers shown on this page.

Then the kits! Big, luxurious ones that look and indeed are traveling cases outfitted with every type of product a woman could ever use, even including manicure implements and perfume. Or the small condensed one for home use, office facials, and traveling purposes. They make a grand gift because every type of woman uses them.

You can hardly go wrong in selecting a manicure package. And, again, you are not limited by the age of the receiver. School girls usually count that Christmas lost that they do not receive a manicure kit. Even the woman who has her nails professionally cared for once or twice a week must have implements and polish around for the once-a-day going over. And of course the woman who is her own manicurist considers one of these kits an absolute necessity. The luxurious-looking pigskin cases lined with satin and holding, in addition to the regular set, several different shades of polish, would delight and impress any woman. Or there are practical and lovely wooden and leather kits that can be carted around easily.

Don't by any means think we have run the gamut of Christmas suggestions in our list on this page. There are, for instance, vanities and compacts. Singles, doubles, and triples. In gay, mad colors that every smart woman loves. Some in dull blacks and browns that go on serving in their useful way season after season. And lip sticks. They brighten up a woman's outlook as well as her lips.

This is, we think, a representative list, but not at all inclusive. If you do not find what you need here, just send a self-addressed United States stamped envelope for our more complete leaflet of suggestions.



Conquerors from the Stars

Continued from page 21

"Now wait," said Troop. "You've lately been in the hands of Diane and of Segerson. And neither of them is sure of what I know. So they've been taking advantage of your state of mind, hoping you would influence me. But they would never have been able to use you this way if it hadn't been for the circle of superstition that Shaw placed around the death of Stevens."

"But, Hunt, are you sure there isn't something to what Shaw says? I can't put aside his ideas as you do."

"In the end," said Troop, "you'll find that all this evidence is attributable to one Tony Gennetto, or the people behind him. Judging from recent developments, they are planning to extend their business; and having, by chance, contacted American Films they have become suspicious of us. They're afraid of what you and Shaw and I might know. Gennetto himself saw this envelope handed to me; there may have been something in his mind that marked it with suspicion. At any rate they began to work upon it at once."

He told Eileen of the visit Diane had made him at the tower.

"These people are evidently in a state of suspense, and that makes them dangerous. Perhaps it would have been best to let them get possession of this communication of Shaw's. Once they'd grasped the folly of his Venus theory they would have lost interest in us. But let's get down to business." He took up the packet and unfolded the typed sheets of paper.

EILEEN sat in one corner of the sofa; Troop pulled a chair close to the fire and adjusted a near-by lamp. Then he, too, sat down, and he began to read:

"DEAR TROOP: I have been for some time considering if it would be to your advantage to know more of the matter which we have already discussed in a limited way. Increased knowledge very often brings increased responsibilities; and responsibility in this instance, as your friend George Stevens knew, spells danger.

"For some time my feeling in this affair was to say nothing more than I already had said; but things have so progressed I could no longer hesitate. I saw peril growing up about you, and I was positive that ruthless people were deliberately planning your ruin, and possibly your death."

"Hunt!" cried Eileen, with terror in her eyes.

Frowning, Troop regarded her for a moment; then he resumed his reading:

"There is no use in going over the ground of your disbelief in my findings as far as you know them. But I cannot see you walk blindfolded into danger that will end in your death. To make you fully aware of your peril I must go into details.

"Within a few years after leaving college, I had gone through the vast accumulation of data left by my father and grandfather. The material was a monument to independent thinking, but there were great gaps in it. They had been without the aid of the pioneering minds of a later day, and thus were prevented from reaching much that was accessible to me.

"As I have already told you, I was easily convinced that the earth had been a target for an attack from what is called remote space. But I had discarded my father's theory that this had its source in Mars. New discoveries had opened a way for me; I had reasoned my way into the stratosphere of Venus, but stood fumbling in its terrible cold. Then, at the end of the War, the radio was released and I took new courage. Space must be teeming with word of this gigantic malice, and I set about trapping the color of it in the tower room at Smedly.

"I had convinced myself that since the fifteenth century the earth's foe had given up all hope of turning our own hands against us. They had failed with the Asiatic barbarians; the natives of what is now South America had degenerated under their efforts; and before the matter could once more be taken up, the enterprise of Columbus made it forever impossible. For centuries great masses of material had been sent crashing from space into the earth; deluges of water had been loosed upon it; electrical outbursts leveled at it; enormous winds had swept it. These attacks continued, also huge, fabricated structures, of unknown but stupendous strength, were launched into space and directed at our seas.

"Word had come out of the air: a code—unmistakable and untranslatable—but it told me one thing very plainly: there were people here on earth to receive the message! People in touch with the remote spaces of the sky. And this idea led me on to another thought. They must be people in touch with the remote depths of the sky, and situated in the unknown depths of the sea! The structures that had been falling into our waters—and there were records of hundreds of them in times past—contained men. They contained materials. They contained the rudiments of a vast undersea empire! I was convinced that these operations were inspired by the inhabitants of Venus.

"In the journals and volumes of notes left by my father I found no such idea. That the earth was, unconsciously, in a state of siege he well knew; but how the enemy would finally attempt to take it he seems to have had no conception. I was profoundly disturbed. I read all the obtainable literature on ocean bottoms; I spent years in search of facts having to do with projects, anything dealing with great bodies of water, outside the regulation treatises on geography, navigation, or fisheries.

"Here and there something caught my attention, obscure references, seeming to have no point. But investigation of these led nowhere. And then a report reached me from the West Indies of a strange object which had fallen into the sea, off one of the islands, in the night. Authority pronounced it a meteor; but the natives excitedly denied this; it was something apparently under control, something headed for a certain place in the sea, where it had struck and disappeared.

"THIS place was Porto Santos. I went there, and as casually as possible began an investigation. The waters about Porto Santos, so I learned, seemed to invite visitation by heavenly bodies, falling apparently out of space. Elderly people could remember many such occurrences during their lifetime. I considered the situation for a time, then chartered a vessel at St. Thomas, with a native crew and a Liverpool skipper. I fitted out the vessel with all the necessary apparatus, and with it made a two-year search of the sea bottom in the region of Porto Santos.

"Although there was no equipment that would permit me to descend to the levels of great pressure, the descending hillsides of the sea were sufficient for my purpose. I saw evidences of great plantations—possibly the same you chanced upon; I saw traces of a traffic such as must have been made by rational creatures; twice I saw great cones such as Miss Power tells of; and always I felt, as she did, that I was under observation! When my diving bell moved up and down, watchful eyes were always on me. You spoke of a lurking something in the film Stevens had made; there need be no doubt in your mind of an actual presence; it was there.

"Piece by piece I put my findings together; I sounded the sky and searched the bottom of the shallow seas; and I became convinced that there was a link holding the two together. But that the vast terminus of the aërial line over which came the trident code I received in the tower at Smedly, and that the starting point of the many mysterious objects that had fallen into the sea was the planet Venus was not proved to me, until I first encountered Diane Hetherington on the white beach of Porto Santos in the full light of a bright moon."

EILEEN sat up very straight. "I was right, Hunt," she said. "Somehow I knew Diane was the woman we saw on the beach at Porto Santos."

"It seems she is," said Hunt Troop, frowning. "And she's probably deeply involved in this affair. When she told me this morning that she loved Shaw, and he loved her, I didn't question it. In this little drama, in which unfortunately we seem to have been cast, I think we'll find her to be one of the principal characters."

"George was mad about her!" said Eileen.

"Possibly Shaw is also," said Troop. "And what happened to Stevens can also——"

"Hunt!" She stopped him.

"We may as well look possibilities in the face," said Troop. "I'm blind to this wild theory of Shaw's; but at the same time I realize there is something sinister afoot. What dangerous information Stevens had, we don't know; but we can be sure that Shaw knows much more. And if George died because of what he knew, it is quite in line that Shaw should go the same way."

"He expects it," said Eileen. "Remember the leopardess, and what he said about guarding one's self against peril. But now, Hunt, the threat seems to have turned its face toward you!"

"Well, maybe it has. But, after all, we know nothing, and these people will soon find that out." He indicated the sheets of paper he held. "Since you're a little upset, perhaps it would be best to postpone reading this."

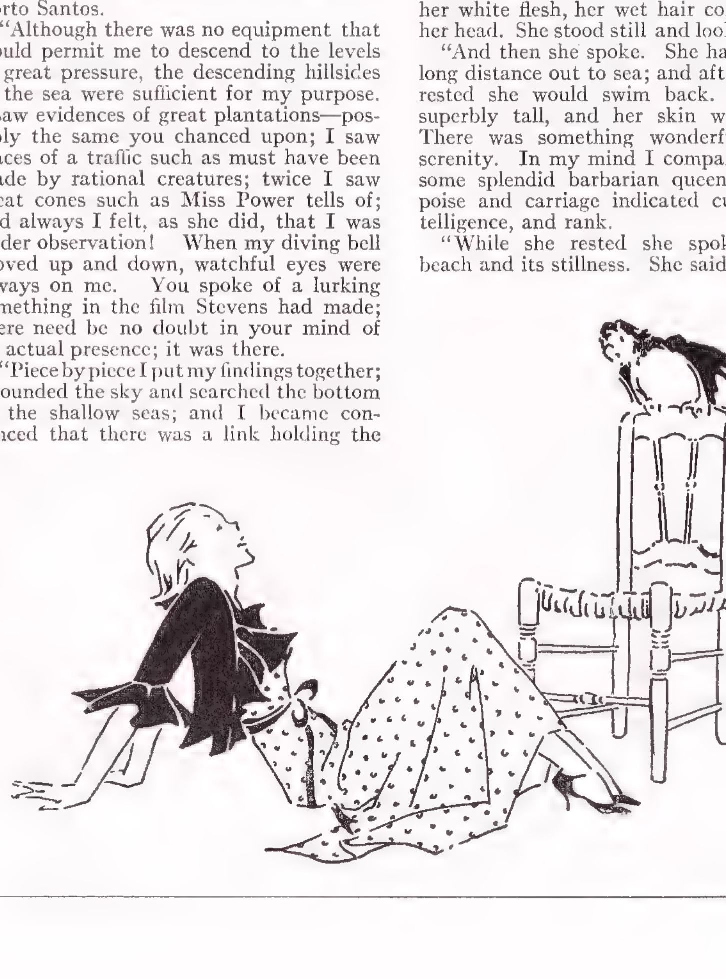
"No!" she said. "I must hear it now. Please go on."

He settled back in his chair, and went on with the reading:

"She came out of the surf, wonderful, dripping with water, the sun shining upon her white flesh, her wet hair coiled about her head. She stood still and looked at me.

"And then she spoke. She had swum a long distance out to sea; and after she had rested she would swim back. She was superbly tall, and her skin was lovely. There was something wonderful in her serenity. In my mind I compared her to some splendid barbarian queen; but her poise and carriage indicated culture, intelligence, and rank.

"While she rested she spoke of the beach and its stillness. She said she loved the sea and the sun, which had a thrill for her that only those who had been deprived of it could appreciate. Then she turned away and slipped into the surf. For a long time I watched her, and then she disappeared.



"A few nights later I smoked a cigarette on the beach, watching the cold glitter of the planet Venus. The sea at my feet was a pond in comparison with the vast waters of that planet, and the great population even of New York was as nothing compared to the swarming hordes that inhabited its waters. Then the land dwellers of that far-off place came into my mind: a proud, wise people; rich, of fabulous talents. Was there no intermediary class? Was there not, in occasional instances, a mixing of their breeds? Were there not, deep in the Venus seas, some who carried marks of the superior class? Were there not, upon the shore, a few who bore some trace of the water dwellers?

"And, then, I became conscious of what had been in the back of my mind. I saw the proud, beautiful daughter of a Venus overlord, her lovely neck bearing the unmistakable traces of the gill slits of a water-breathing ancestor. I stood aghast! The girl I'd seen come naked out of the sea had worn a collar about her neck. A collar of dull green stones, held together by small silver links. My inner self had noted this necklace, and now it passed into my conscious mind. But in spite of my conclusions from my years of research, in spite of what my eyes had seen in the waters about Porto Santos I was not entirely convinced.

"I SLEPT little that night. Then two evenings afterwards I saw her the second time. She came out of the sea into the soft dusk, and lifted a hand in salutation. I do not know if I went to her or if she came to me. But I do know that her lips were warm against mine and that I felt the soft pressure of her body. She spoke to me tenderly; and her words were accented strangely. And then I saw the collar she was wearing: a broad collar of dull green stones and small silver links.

"'I love you!' she said. 'I loved you when I first saw you weeks ago, and I have been waiting for you.'

"There was something lovely in the way she spoke these words, but I fought against them. There are bronchial clefts in the necks of the embryo of all vertebrates. Four fissures on each side: the remains of the gill-slits of water-dwelling ancestors. These eventually disappear in the earth race; but in a case like this they probably had not. So while she talked my fingers touched her throat, and I felt for the catch that held the collar in place.

"'You are different,' she said. 'And that is why I was drawn to you. The books tell of the ancient Greeks; a beautiful people, wise and skillful.' She paused, and kissed me. 'You are one of them,' she said. 'And I love you.'

"I took the collar from her neck. She did not resist, but stood, her proud head drooping. The clefts were there, upon each side of the pharynx.

"'My throat is ugly,' she said. 'Those marks disfigure me. You should not see them. In all other ways I am beautiful.'

"This second time she left me as abruptly as the first. But now I had no fear of her drowning in the sea. I had not asked her name; I had asked nothing. I accepted her for what I believed her to be: a stranger from a far planet, a woman of a race that was an enemy to the earth.

"She came again and again. Always on the beach, and usually at night. Her lovely presence, her deep voice, her caresses, cast their spell upon me. I tried to keep my poise. I was a scientist engaged in great research, and my mind must be kept upon my work. Our earth, turning in space, was in peril; through distant space danger was advancing. And I, of all the people upon the earth, knew of it. I must not give way. But there came a night when I forgot my good intentions; and took her in my arms and avowed my love of her.

"And from that very instant, I noticed a change in her. Her way with me was altered. There was a new pleading in her voice, a careful managing of my emotions.

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Conquerors from the Stars

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I saw in this a desire to fix me irrevocably to her purpose.

"Often, as she talked, I heard but little of what she said. My mind was occupied with the thought of how many times since these strange people first came to our earth had this same scene been staged!

"In the midst of her whisperings she would ask me leading questions. But of my knowledge of her people and their purpose I never spoke. Still she herself told much. And from my various suppositions I came to these conclusions:

"Generations of Venus people had been born upon this earth, some on land and some in the sea, according to their place upon their own planet. The sea dwellers were engaged in enormous operations based upon the plans of the land dwellers; vast power was being created; enormous energy was being stored; material was being accumulated upon the bottom of the ocean.

"The guile, the terrible purpose of the learned class of Venus were being carried through the earth. Generations of these people had passed through our colleges. They had become financiers and lawyers, merchants and physicians, engineers and manufacturers, promoters and politicians. Endless wealth was in their possession; all over the earth where power and preferment were attainable they occupied high stations. The earth's knowledge they absorbed, but their own was locked in the minds of a few who directed the efforts of all the others.

"From Diane I gathered that these strangers knew of my work in the waters off Porto Santos, and that an alarm had gone out among them. I, alone, knew of their presence, and from all the regions of the earth their hands were reaching out for me.

"But she loved me. And I would have died when Stevens died if it had not been for her. It was evident that she was powerful among them, but centuries of effort were endangered by her love for me.

"As the months passed on the island, I grew somewhat to appreciate my peril, and I took steps to guard myself. But I realized that the island Negroes were of little use to me. During this period Diane would often cling to me; and her talk was frantic. I was threatened, but she would see to it that no harm befell me, even if she had to go away.

"It was shortly after this period that Diane disappeared. I asked everywhere about her, but no one could give me any information. I grew apprehensive about my safety and engaged a bodyguard—two Japanese servants left on the island by a trading ship. They were sensitive and suspicious and would guard me well. But it was not until I returned to my place at Smedly that I discovered the use that animals would be to me. I bought two pairs of enormous sheep dogs, trained to silence and to watch. These dogs were stationed outside the house; inside were my Japanese and my leopardess. I secreted firearms and alarm bells everywhere.

"More than a year passed. I worked steadily upon my thesis. But during this period one thing was borne home to me. Slowly seeping through the countryside was the belief that I was insane. I noticed that the farm and townspeople avoided me. If I were considered a madman, no one, no matter what my evidence, would listen to my discoveries.

"ONE morning it was reported to me that my dogs were acting strangely. They were excited; and all their attention was in the direction of Blair-Medway, a place unoccupied for years. Then a day or two later there was a call upon the telephone. From Diane! Her family had bought the Blair-Medway place. She asked me to come to see her.

"In spite of my elation, I armed myself before I went to her. She was still lovely, but there was a change in her; I could see possession in her eyes. When she put her arms about my neck they were like strong chains. She introduced me to her people, handsome, cold, and strange creatures. Corey Hetherington, whom she called her brother, met me with hostility. But Diane herself was very gracious.

"'I have come back to you,' she said when we were alone; 'and when I go another time you shall go with me.'

"Time passed; I saw her every day. But although my love for her increased, I felt Death stalking me. And her uneasiness was marked.

"It was Corey Hetherington she feared. She said he hated me. Corey was not actually her brother, but had been reared in her father's house. He loved her, and that's why he felt antagonistic to me. She had seen him for the first time in years when she had returned to her home.

"'He had heard I loved you,' she told me. 'And when I had convinced my father that it was best for me to return to you, he said he would go with me. And in spite of all I could do, he was allowed to come.'

"About this time, you, Troop, were getting space in the newspapers concerning your adventure on the sea bottom at Porto Santos; and after you'd returned to New York and I finally got you installed in the tower, Diane again disappeared.

"The next news I had of her was when you and Miss Power came to consult with me about George Stevens. When you mentioned the beautiful woman of the Porto Santos beach I knew she was Diane. That she should appear out of the waves to another man grieved me deeply, and that she should reappear at Smedly immediately after Stevens's death shocked me.

"But she spoke quietly of it all when we met. She said she had known Stevens. He was a person whom it was easy to like; nervous, easily attracted, but once he was startled there was no way of controlling him.

"'That may have caused his death,' she said, 'for Corey, my brother, never speaks a word where a blow will answer.'

"It was at this meeting, Troop, that Diane first spoke of you and of Miss Power. She mentioned the letters Stevens had written, the likelihood that a person of his temperament had talked too much. And I gathered that you had placed yourself in peril by listening to him. But I had no feeling that your danger was immediate until the evening of Miss Power's accident. While you were both at Blair-Medway the code began to sound. Then the great space sounds were interrupted; and a message came describing what had been found in the film taken from your ship at Porto Santos. And from that moment your danger has been real, so real that I have undertaken to write this account to convince you.

"Guard yourself and Miss Power always. Never trust Corey Hetherington nor Segerson in anything. And beware of the corpse-like man with the sunken eyes—he is the killer!

"The great work of the Venus people upon the earth is now entering upon its last phase. The secret bases beneath the sea are completed. The work that will arise out of the ocean is now to begin, a work which will be undertaken with the full approval of the nations of the earth. And this approval will be gained by the machinations of the Venus people holding key places in the governments of the world.

"This is all now, but once more I warn you: take great care!

"Richard Shaw."

TROOP put down the papers and sat looking into Eileen's white face.

"Shaw may be mad, after all," he said. "Diane Hetherington may be right. However, put it all out of your mind to-night and get some sleep. To-morrow we must determine what to do."

After he had gone Eileen opened a window. It was a rainy, disagreeable night. She shivered and closed the window and prepared to retire. As she was undressing the telephone rang. It was Diane.

"I am so sorry," she said in a low voice. "I know I've awakened you. But something has happened. Something I must tell you about. I am at Blair-Medway. Corey and I arrived here only an hour ago. Dick Shaw also is here. He is in a terrible state. I think he has gone mad. And I do not know what to do."

"I am sorry," said Eileen. "Is there no way of calming him?"

"I have tried. But it seems of no use. He has called Troop on the telephone; and he tells me Troop is on his way here, too. That is why I am calling you. He must not come here. There is danger for any one, but great danger for him. I tried to reach him at his hotel, but he was not there."

"Not there!" said Eileen, now quite frightened.

"I thought perhaps you'd know where he is. Tell him not to come here. Do anything that will keep him away."

That was all. Eileen began asking questions, but Diane had hung up.

"I must not give way," Eileen said. "It may be only another of their tricks. I don't believe Shaw has gone mad. I don't believe he called Hunt."

She went to the window and looked out. The rain was still falling. Then she went to the telephone and called up Troop's hotel.

"This is the Hotel Argentine," said the voice of the operator. "No, Mr. Troop is not in; he left in a roadster about a half hour ago."

"Thank you," said Eileen, and again she hung up. It was true! Shaw had called Troop. She was not frightened now, and she considered what was the best thing to do.

Shaw! That was it. She must find out if he were actually at Blair-Medway. In a little space she had the operator at Smedly. A Japanese servant answered the telephone. There was suspicion in every tone of his voice. No; Mr. Shaw was not at home. It was not known where he had gone.

"Is it possible that he is at Blair-Medway?" said Eileen.

The Japanese assured her that he did not know.

Then Eileen called the Hotel Stuben. She had heard Troop say that Tommy Loftus was there, and she knew Loftus was his friend. Tommy replied. His voice was dull with sleep.

"What's wanted?" he said.

"Mr. Loftus, this is Eileen Power." And in a few words she told him all that Diane Hetherington had said.

"Hello!" said Tommy, alert and alarmed. "This might mean trouble."

"I feel so sure of it, that I mean to start for Blair-Medway at once. Will you go with me?"

"You bet I will," said Tommy. "In ten minutes I'll be ready."

"Get a cab," said Eileen, "and come to my hotel. I'll have a car waiting."

A QUARTER of an hour later a taxicab pulled up at the curb before Eileen's hotel and Tommy Loftus got out. Almost at once a porter approached him.

"Lieutenant Loftus?" the doorman said. "Miss Power is in the car ahead."

Continued on page 50

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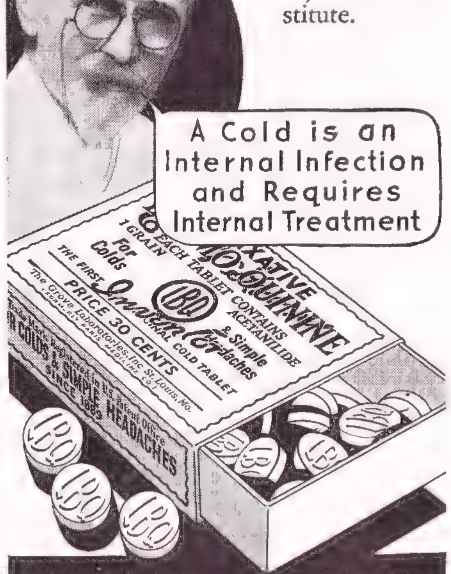
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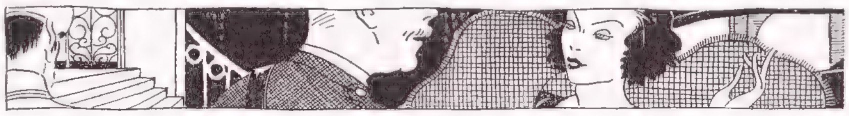

Conquerors from the Stars

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Tommy got into the car and slid behind the wheel.

"I hope," Eileen said, "you'll not think it extraordinary of me to call you out into such a storm."

"If Troop's in trouble, that's enough. Which way do we go?" asked Loftus. Eileen took out a road map and unfolded it.

"It's as straightaway as a road can be," she said. "Here is Smedly. A mile or two further on is Blair-Medway."

"O.K.," said Tommy. "I think I've got it."

They crossed the bridge, and soon were driving through the rain, on the wide Long Island road.

"I don't know how much of this affair has been told you," said Eileen. "But I assure you if I have shown alarm it is not without cause."

"Troop has told me a few things," said Tommy, "but tell me your story."

"You shall know all," Eileen said, and she gave her version of everything that had happened from the Porto Santos mysteries up to Diane's latest message and Shaw's strange theories.

"I'm enthralled by this man Shaw!" said Loftus. "What a mind he must have! Venus, no less! And the inhabitants thereof, boarding the earth like a band of pirates coming over the rail. It's a fascinating idea. This girl Diane must be remarkable."

"She's beautiful," said Eileen. "And extraordinary."

"And Shaw is in love with her. And she with him. To think that she has been protecting him intrigues my heart. To think of her going back to her people on Venus and pleading for her love. And what a game!" said Loftus. "A play for a planet. And to think that this little fellow Segerson is in on it."

There was a red glow ahead of them, and Eileen said:

"That's the airport, outside Smedly. Keep straight on through the town. Blair-Medway is a few miles beyond."

They saw the dim outline of the tower off to the left. A little later Eileen said, pointing toward a series of lighted windows:

"There is Blair-Medway now. Slow down. A short distance on is a road leading to the house."

But Tommy drew the car off the road and came to a halt.

"We had better leave the car here," he said, "and put out all the lights."

Eileen agreed to this. She wrapped herself in a raincoat, and started with Loftus toward the place where the private way opened from the public road. Suddenly she felt Tommy's hand upon her arm.

"Just ahead," he whispered. "There's some one moving about."

EILEEN suddenly saw figures, and at no great distance from them. Then she heard a voice, almost beside them, say:

"Hello! Is that you, Salda?"

There was a pause; and then she heard Loftus hiss sharply, as though in warning. The voice resumed:

"O. K. No one's around. I've just talked with Hetherington, and he won't go along. I'm tired of these fellows, but they can't kid me. I'm going to give them the works. You collect the others and get back to the car. I'll be with you in a half hour."

They heard some one moving away; and Loftus said to Eileen in a low tone:

"I think we might venture along now." And they walked quietly toward the house.

"That name Salda," said Tommy, still in a low tone. "As soon as I heard it I thought of Troop's friend, Tony Gennetto. Perhaps the fellow who spoke to us was Tony himself."

"If it was," said Eileen, "he's all off Hetherington."

They saw no more of lurking figures, and in a few minutes they stopped near the house.

"It's years since I came along this road," said Eileen. "The place looks strange from here. There seems to have been an addition to this end of the building. That tall, rounded section."

Loftus looked at the portion of the building indicated; it was, as Eileen said, tall, rounded, and, as far as he could see, without windows. The peak was slim, but the base was broad and substantial. Around it was a veranda, lightly constructed, with hanging screens swaying in the wind.

"That's something they have built since they came here," said Eileen.

They approached the house from the side. They could see people moving about.

"Look," said Eileen. "There by the mantel; that gorgeous creature in the pale-green gown is Diane."

"Oh!" said Loftus. "I saw her at Segerson's earlier in the evening. No wonder Shaw's mad about her!"

Loftus rang the bell at the door, and as they stood waiting, he said:

"Act quickly. Don't show alarm. And don't say any more than you must."

Then the door opened a crack, and Eileen saw the corpse-like face of "the killer."

"Miss Hetherington, please," she said.

The door opened to its full, and they went in; the man preceded them down the hall.

"I also saw him once before, to-night," whispered Tommy.

There was an open fire burning in a small reception room; and at the door of this the cadaverous man paused.

"Miss Hetherington is expecting you," he said. His skeleton hand was at his mouth as he disappeared.

"I don't like the way he said that," said Loftus. "But don't be afraid. Go through anything just as though you were acting for the screen. And don't forget if these people are from Venus, we have an advantage over them. They are a long way from home."

Diane came quickly into the room. She was entirely at ease.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I must have frightened you by what I said over the telephone."

"I was a little disturbed," Eileen said. "So before we started I called Mr. Troop's hotel. And they told me he had gone. Then I called Mr. Shaw's home and was told he was not there. And as I was rather timid about the night journey I asked Lieutenant Loftus to come with me."

Diane looked at Loftus indifferently.

"I think I have already seen Lieutenant Loftus," she said. "Also I have heard Mr. Segerson speak of him."

"Yes," said Tommy. "I know Segerson a little."

"He is here," said Diane. "When we had word of what was taking place here we all decided to run down."

A MAID had come in, and had taken their wet coats. Diane opened a door, and they passed into the adjoining room. Corey Hetherington was there; and Segerson, who sat at a table, writing. Hetherington came over to them; Segerson arose and bowed.

"An unexpected pleasure," said Hetherington to Eileen. He shook hands with Loftus. "And I'm glad to see you again, Lieutenant."

Tommy replied quietly as he took his stand beside the open fire. He felt that there was danger in the room. Danger all about him.

"I'd like to have a chance to talk with Shaw," said Tommy mentally. "I begin to see these people as he must see them, with all the physical attributes of humanity, but not human. They are cold, unfeeling, insolent. Awake to all material things, but in darkness as to everything else."

The two girls sat upon a sofa at one side of the room. Corey Hetherington was smoking a cigarette, his back to the fire.

"It must have been quite a run down here through the rain," he said to Loftus.

"There were some poor spots," said Tommy. "But, on the whole, it wasn't bad."

"Troop had some trouble," said Hetherington. "But that was because he went to Shaw's before coming here. The road there is difficult."

"Troop's here, then?" Tommy said.

"Oh, yes. He's been here for almost an hour."

LOFTUS regarded Hetherington questioningly.

"Has Miss Power been told?" he asked.

"I'm not sure." Hetherington glanced at the two girls. "But, no doubt, she will be."

Here Segerson put down his pen—he had returned to his writing—took off his eyeglasses, and looked at Hetherington.

"A report of this nature," he said, "is very distasteful." He fingered the sheets of paper upon the table before him. "And I'd never send it. It practically amounts to a confession of failure."

Hetherington looked at him hard-eyed.

"It is failure," he said. "Slackness always brings disaster."

Loftus, as he looked at the dapper Segerson, saw ferocity in his eyes, but when Segerson spoke his manner was suave.

"To properly develop any important affair," he said, "requires a certain amount of elasticity." He arose and surveyed Hetherington agreeably. "You have been here only a short time," he said. "Not long enough to be entitled to fixed opinions."

Hetherington's handsome mouth wore a sneer.

"You'll admit," he said, "that my judgment in this affair of Diane's was good."

"The matter of Diane," said Segerson smoothly, "is not one singular to this place. It is an ebullience of emotions natural to any background. In that you were as likely to be right as I was. But in matters of business I don't think you are so well qualified."

Hetherington laughed.

"For the present," he said, "I think we'd better let that pass. I know I'd never agree with you in the way you've dealt with Tony Gennetto."

"You are not experienced in dealing with such people," said Segerson. "Where you came from you gave an order, and it was carried out. Here it is different. And Gennetto is a man of action himself. How much harm you've done to-night in our relations with him, I don't know."

"What I've said to him will show him what to expect from us," said Hetherington. "It should have been shown to him some time ago."

Segerson made no reply to this; he turned smoothly to Loftus.

"To be sure, Lieutenant," he said, "I'm delighted to see you. But I'm sorry you have been drawn into this matter. I had pleasanter things arranged for you. Also for Troop, if it could have been managed."

Tommy nodded good-humoredly.

"I haven't noticed anything out of my line to-night."

"Of course, I refer to this matter of Shaw," Segerson said. "It's true we've been expecting some sort of outbreak."

"Miss Power said something about his sudden breakdown as we came along," said Tommy quietly. "Some one had telephoned her."

"Yes," said Segerson. "A magnificent intellect broken down by years of overwork."

Just then Loftus saw Eileen arise suddenly.

"Then he's here!" she said. "How strange that you did not tell me before!"

Diane sat, relaxed, against the cushions of the sofa. She smiled at Eileen.

"I thought you understood," she said. "And as I fancied he'd return at any moment, of course I said nothing." She gestured carelessly toward a door at the end of the room. "He's in there, talking to Dick Shaw."

"I wonder," said Eileen to Diane, "if I'd disturb them if I knocked."

"I think not," Diane said softly.

Then she turned her look from the girl to Hetherington and Segerson. Loftus saw triumph in her eyes.

"Knock," she said to Eileen. "And go in. I am sure they will have a great deal to say to you."

Eileen moved toward the closed door, and Tommy Loftus felt his spirits chill. A sharp alarm was clamoring through his nerves, but he kept a steady check upon himself.

He took out his cigarette case and opened it; he watched Eileen as she approached the door. And then he heard a sound, and his look shifted in the direction of it.

The man who had admitted Eileen and himself had come softly into the room. His sunken eyes were fixed upon Eileen and his pale lips were parted in a horrid smile.

Loftus moved quietly after Eileen.

"Miss Power!" he called.

She paused and looked back. He took her hand and led her back to the center of the room.

"Those two men have a great deal between them," he said. "Perhaps it would be best if you let them talk it out."

"That's true" she said. "I hadn't thought of that. I'll wait."

Loftus lighted his cigarette; through the small blaze of the pocket lighter he caught a bitter look upon the face of Hetherington. The air seemed to be electric.

BUT Tommy had lost interest in Eileen's capitulation, as he had just marked a singular thing. There was something different about the door at the far end of the room, the door behind which Troop and Shaw were closeted.

His brooding mind halted before it. It was a narrow door, not the sort one would expect to find in a house so old and commodious. As his eyes went over it he saw that the molding about it was different from that of the other doors in the room; furthermore, the door itself was different.

"It's new," he said. "Put there within the last few years; with light, modern molding about it, and painted a different shade from the rest of the room."

A new door! An improvised door, framed and hung, and painted in haste! And why? Where did it lead? He stood smoking and calculating. Then he recalled the structure to which Eileen had called his attention as they stood outside the house, with its flimsy veranda and its obviously false trimming.

"That's at this end of the building," he thought. "She said she thought that it was new. It certainly is new; and this doorway opens into it."

Loftus threw his cigarette into the fire, and his attention drifted to the people about him. Hetherington was speaking to Segerson.

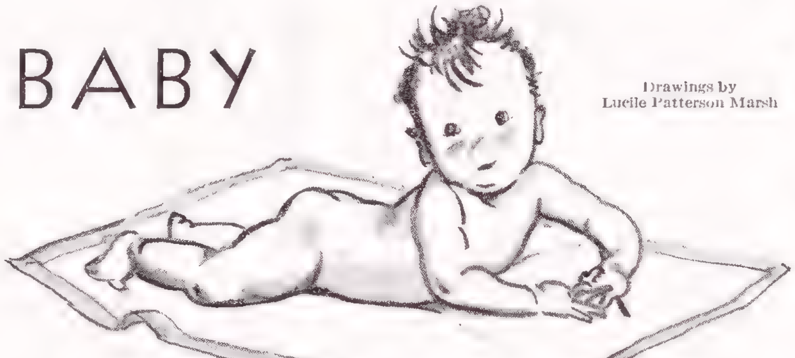
"I've been patient," he said. "I've never believed in your methods, as you know, but as you have had long experience I've done nothing, up to this time, to oppose you." He looked at Diane. "To some extent it has been the same in your case. I've bitterly resented your attitude toward me. Because of your infatuation for this man Shaw you have imperiled all our prospects."

Diane smiled.

"It has been quite plain to me for some time," she said, "that nothing I could do would please you." She moved away slowly, gracefully; but the nerves at the

Continued on page 52

THE FIRST BABY



Drawings by Lucile Patterson Marsh

By

DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

III. His Sun Baths and Water Baths

THE baby's sun baths and water baths are of almost equal importance, but as we discussed water baths in the August issue, we will devote most of this space to sun baths. Letters received through our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft contain many questions about both kinds of baths for babies and children, and indicate great interest on the part of mothers.

The sun bath is not a new idea. Hundreds of years ago the value of sun treatment was recognized by many nations. The Inca Indians worshiped the sun as their god. It has been spoken of by one of its greatest advocates as "nothing but a return to the natural laws of existence."

We now apply heliotherapy, or the treatment of disease by sun baths, both for its prevention and cure. This treatment prevents rickets, raises the resistance to colds and other infections, as tuberculosis, heals some skin diseases, provides a general tonic action, and is otherwise beneficial. Correct food, fresh air, sleep, and other general hygienic care are also needed, of course, in connection with this healing agent.

To be effective the sun must shine directly on the bare skin of the baby. Ordinary window glass and clothing do not allow the all-important ultra-violet rays to pass through and be effectual. Sun baths may begin when the baby is 3 to 4 weeks old. If he is born in spring or summer he may begin his outdoor sun baths earlier than if he is a fall or winter baby.

The climate in which one lives must be taken into consideration in determining just when to begin the young baby's sun baths. In the north temperate zone even a young baby may usually begin his outdoor sun baths by March or early April if he is kept out of cold winds. He should be placed in his baby carriage, with its hood and baby's head covering pushed back, so that the sun shines directly on his cheeks. His head should be so turned as to prevent the sun from shining directly in his eyes; the exposed side should be changed frequently. His hands may also be exposed.

About 10 or 15 minutes will be long enough for the first outdoor sun bath, the time being increased every day by 3 to 5 minutes. The skin will be gradually tanned but not burned if care is used. As the weather grows warmer more of the body surface may be exposed. The arms, legs, feet, and finally the whole body may receive the beneficial rays by the time summer arrives.

Begin to expose each new part only 10 to 15 minutes at first, just as in the case of the face and hands. One hour in the morning and another in the afternoon is the limit for exposing the entire body in warm weather, half of this time being for exposure of the back and half for the front of the body. In warm weather the sun baths should be given before 11 A. M. or after 3 P. M.; in winter between 10 A. M. and 1 P. M.

Indoor sun baths must be given in winter when it is too cold to go out of doors with a young infant. The window must be open, the room well heated, and the doors closed so there is no draft, and the sun shining directly on the infant. In this manner, if the thermometer is above 30 degrees F., most babies can stand an indoor sun bath.

The baby is stripped, and 1 minute front, then 1 minute back exposure is given; the second day 2 minutes front and back, increasing by 1 minute daily until you reach 15 minutes. Turn the baby very often. For this sun bath the hours between 12 M. and 2 P. M. are best. Do not give the indoor sun bath, however, until you have consulted your own doctor, and never give it to a sick baby.

When not advisable to give a sun bath, either outdoors or indoors, in cool weather, the use of a really reliable sun lamp is valuable. Consult your doctor before buying one of these, because some of them are of no use whatever. Get a good lamp and have it carefully demonstrated to you before you attempt to use it. Never leave the baby alone a second while he is having his lamp treatment. His eyes must be protected, and the one who gives the treatment should wear goggles.

DO NOT experiment, but follow directions faithfully, or you may burn the infant. Premature babies are often given these sun-lamp treatments while very young. They are also used to prevent and heal skin troubles, as well as for general tonic effect, and to prevent or help cure colds, etc.

Not only are babies treated by ultra-violet rays, but certain foods and milk as well as cod-liver oil are now being irradiated. These are often spoken of as "Vitamin D" milk, oil, etc. They are all valuable to a greater or less degree, depending upon the reliability of their production. The doctor who is guiding the mother in her care of the baby should be the one to decide just which kind to use. Preventive medicine is far more valuable than the treatment of disease in most cases where infants are concerned.

The water bath is needed by all healthy babies every day. The newborn infant is first well oiled, then later given a sponge bath of warm water and pure soap. This sponge bath is given daily until the navel cord is off and healed. The oil rub is continued in many cases, after the water bath, until the baby is several months old. Premature babies are usually given only the oil bath for some months.

THE tub bath is often begun by the time the baby is 2 or 3 weeks old, and must be given in a warm room (70 to 72 degrees F.) without drafts. The temperature of the bath water should be about 100 degrees F., as indicated by a bath thermometer, then gradually lowered to 98 degrees by the time the baby is 3 months old; at 1 year of age it may be given at 95 degrees F. A rubber tub on a stand of its own or to fit over the large tub, and a good dressing-table combination will be found extremely convenient. Or if preferred an enamel or metal tub may be used. If one of these is selected place a soft blanket in it while the infant is very young.

A special canvas article with a spray arrangement attached is now liked by many mothers. In many hospitals a spray bath is given infants. The baby is usually given a basin bath with soft wash cloths lightly soaped, first, then placed in the tub of clear warm water for a rinse or sprayed. A sponge off at night in addition to the morning tub bath is advisable.

Speed and deftness in handling the delicate little body are soon developed by the mother after a little practice.

Cold showers must be prescribed by the baby's doctor, if given at all. Many infants cannot stand them while they are very young. A little pure toilet powder dusted in the folds and creases of the baby's flesh helps prevent chafing.

Detailed attention to the eyes, ears, nose, mouth, and genitals must be given at bath time. We have discussed the care of these organs before, so will not repeat it here.

The scalp must receive just the right care to prevent scales, or what is sometimes called "cradle cap." A good baby oil, or pure olive oil, should be gently massaged into the scalp at bed time, then washed with a little pure soap and water at bath time, and dried very carefully at once.

THE BABIES' HEALTH DEPARTMENT

IF YOUR BABY is under 6 months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, by which you will receive monthly help free until the baby is 2 years old. Send us the baby's name and age, together with a snapshot, if possible, and a stamped envelope addressed to yourself, and an admission blank will be sent you.

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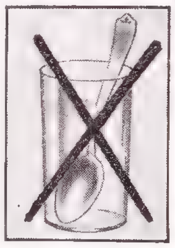

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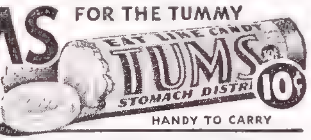

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Conquerors from the Stars

Continued from page 50

base of Tommy Loftus's skull began to prickle.

"However," she said, "the agreement I made with you to-night I mean to keep. I would have preferred to use a quieter method; but as long as you keep your word in regard to the one thing important to me, do as you please."

Tommy saw Hetherington nod to the death's-head, saw him step toward the narrow door. Segerson, set of face, said to Hetherington:

"This is a mistake; I must protest against——"

He tried to place himself in Hetherington's way; but the man suddenly struck him down. Appalled at this sudden violence, Eileen called out, but Diane held out a hand toward her.

"Don't be frightened," she said coldly. "It's nothing." The death's-head threw open the narrow door. In the room beyond Loftus saw Troop sitting at a table; Shaw was opposite him. "Come," said Diane to Eileen, and she took her by the hand.

At the sudden opening of the door, Troop arose and advanced toward them, but Diane called out, "Stay where you are. She will come to you."

Then Loftus saw a black, heavy pistol in Hetherington's hand, and he leaped forward to meet him. There were screams and shouts; Loftus heard the pistol explode, and felt blood trickling down his face. He stood swaying on his feet, trying to collect himself, when there came a dreadful crash, a blinding light. And he knew nothing more!

TOMMY LOFTUS, still rather pale, was reclining in a rolling chair on the wide veranda of a seaside hotel. Some six weeks had passed; the early summer sea was rolling up on the white beach, and the sun was at high noon. Troop, looking brown and muscular in a black bathing suit, sat with his back to the rail. Eileen was opposite him, the sun gleaming upon her beautiful skin.

"I like the water here in the North," she said. "It puts life in one. After Porto Santos it's wonderful."

"Well," said Troop, "no matter what the quality of the water about Porto Santos, I'm glad you are through there."

"I think," said Eileen, "Tom Hammond wishes he was, too."

"He's tired, I guess," said Troop. "You see, there's no danger of a fellow like that going the way Stevens did."

"No," said Eileen. "He hasn't the same imagination."

"You are willing, then, to admit the trouble with Stevens was imagination?" Troop said.

"I don't know," said Eileen. "I never will be sure."

"When American Films is through at Porto Santos," said Troop, "all that unpleasant business will fade away."

"Some of it will take a good deal of fading," Loftus said. "But of course I only came in for a little of it; still since that night at Blair-Medway when I got those two bullets in me, and the whole side of the house was torn out, I've been thinking of what Eileen told me of that communication of Shaw's, and candidly I'm not ready to laugh it aside."

"There are two to one against you, Hunt," said Eileen.

"Returning for a moment to that last night at Blair-Medway," said Tommy, "nothing will ever convince me that Diane Hetherington, when she telephoned Eileen at her hotel, did not mean to frighten her into running down to their place, and so putting herself, also, in their power."

"I agree with you in that," said Troop. "Other than Shaw and myself she was the only person who had any actual information about them all. But the information they feared was not this mad idea of Shaw's about the planet Venus. It had solely to do with illegal trade in liquor. What they meant to do with us I don't know; for the bomb thrown by Tony Gennetto put an end to their plan."

"You still think, then, that the explosion, if it was an explosion, was caused by Tony's crowd?"

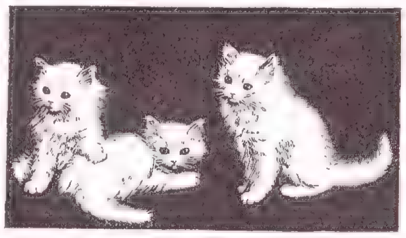
"Didn't you hear an almost direct threat to that effect before Eileen and you entered the house?"

"Right enough," said Tommy. "But we can't prove it. And what about the new and peculiar portion of the house that Eileen and I saw? What about the door opening into it? What about Diane having you and Shaw go into this new section to discuss your affairs before saying anything to Hetherington or Segerson? She did get you to do that, didn't she?"

"She did," said Troop.

"And when the time came she cleverly let Eileen know you were there; and Eileen, eager to see you, was about to knock on the door and go in, when I stopped her.

"I was an unexpected element in their little layout," said Tommy. "They hadn't counted on me. Segerson told me so rather plainly; and I see now that he was apologizing for the necessity of putting me out of the way. He'd have carried the thing out smoothly if our friend Hetherington had agreed. But he's one boy that takes things with a rush. And it may have been a good thing for us that it turned out so. For, thinking with Shaw's mind, once we'd got on the other side of that door, no one on this planet would ever have seen us again."



"Oh, no!" said Eileen with a shudder. "Please!"

"What you took to be an addition to the building," said Loftus, "if we pick up Shaw's thought, was an apparatus for the annihilation of space. You, Troop, wouldn't credit that, of course. Well, then, suppose you tell me what it was—and why these people were so anxious to get both you and Eileen into it."

"I can't tell you," said Troop, "unless they had it in mind to lock us up there. Or possibly the reason you saw that portion of the building as peculiar was due to an overexcited state of mind."

Loftus grinned good-naturedly.

"I have too much sense to reply to that suggestion," he said. "But, coming back to the other thing: what the nature of such a vessel could be, I couldn't say. However, I gathered from your statement of Shaw's theories that he mentioned the possibility of discoveries in Venus as to space and time; also he spoke of the uncovering of vast stores of atomic energy. At any rate," he said, "that's a line to start from."

"ALL right," said Troop. "But, remember, I've been over this before with you, and we reached nowhere."

"O.K.," said Loftus. "But we've got to do something about it for our peace of mind. So let's go on. Diane was in love with Shaw; he was in love with her. And her love for him saved his life more than once. Then the time arrived when she couldn't protect him any longer. So with the help of Segerson she planned to take Shaw away; where, I don't know. And, though this may have been Segerson's idea, she arranged to take both of you along at the same time. You knew too much and must not be permitted to talk."

"In a way," said Troop, "it would have been quite an experience. Maybe we did the wrong thing in not allowing it to go through."

"I have your word for it," said Tommy, "that there was one instant, after I went down and Hetherington's gun was ripping away, and when we were all inside the room beyond the door, that Eileen saw the death's-head press a button in the wall—give a signal."

"He may have been calling some of the servants for help," said Troop. "Or he may have been one of Gennetto's people, and gave the signal for the throwing of the bomb."

"Have it as you like," said Loftus, "but it will always be in my mind that the bell was for the closing of some great unseen doors; and that it was the power that closed these, and not a bomb, that shattered the house. I think that the roar you heard and the glare were from the carrier tearing itself loose and making away into space. And if you hadn't dragged me out of the place beyond the doors so quickly and if Eileen hadn't instantly followed you, the three of us might have been carried off into the unknown."

"Tommy, for Pete's sake, never let the Navy Department hear you going on like this," laughed Troop. "You'll lose your job."

"The débris after what you call the explosion," said Tommy, "was a lot of scantling and other light stuff which made the fake veranda. The other false work I saw around the structure, I think, was a ship. And if the thing you heard was an explosion, what became of the bodies of Diane, and Shaw, and Hetherington?"

"Segerson and the death's-head were not in the room beyond the door," said Troop. "But, I can also ask, where are they?"

"Skipped out," said Loftus.

"Also, you'll find, some day," said Troop, "that Shaw, infatuated with Diane, has gone off with her. How they escaped injury in the explosion I don't know. But I call attention to the fact that we, too, escaped; and we were quite near it."

Loftus shook his head.

"BUT you may be right," he admitted. "I'll not say there's nothing in your favor. However, it's a thing nobody could ever take into court. All the things Segerson said he was, you've found proof for; he was actually a promoter of various big projects. Tony Gennetto wouldn't be even held in bail if you had him arrested. You could prove nothing on him."

"Not a thing," said Troop. "Though I think Tony had a hand in everything that really happened."

"That really happened?" Tommy looked ruefully at Eileen. "Here's a man who would deny the evidence of his own eyes. What of the lurking thing you saw in the film of 'Sea Mansions'? What of the planted fields you saw at the bottom of the sea? What of the hatred of the neighborhood dogs for the people of Blair-Medway?"

Troop clasped his arms about his knees.

"As I said at the time I first saw the film projected, the lurking figure might have been a state of mind. People who have seen the picture since have noticed nothing. The regularly laid-out fields of sea plants were, most likely, a species which grows that way. As to the dogs about Smedly hating the people of Blair-Medway, there was only one dog who was actually an offender. As far as the horses were concerned, it was fright at the sudden appearance of Diane."

"But, Hunt," protested Eileen, "what of the strangeness I noticed in the Hetheringtons and their friends?"

"For the most part," said Troop, "I'd take them to have been people recruited from all classes, for the purpose of Gennetto and his backers. You said they all seemed to be playing parts. And quite likely they were."

"All right," said Tommy Loftus; "throw all the cold water you like. But don't forget the code that came direct out of space."

Troop smiled.

"I'll admit the code thing has me stuck. But I've said more than once wireless is young; it has many unexplained mysteries."

"Anyway, I'll hold on to the code," grinned Loftus. "It's a thing that'll keep the Shaw theory alive in my mind. On midsummer nights, when Venus is sparkling in the sky, I'll imagine him there with his fair bride, on the slope of some green hill. Happy with her, but unhappy in everything else; for all around him the scientists of Venus will still be plotting the conquest of the earth."

"SHAW and Diane are in Chicago," said Troop, "or perhaps in the high hills of Mexico. And some day they'll be back."

Loftus had some opened letters in a pocket of his linen robe; he took them out and sorted them.

"I say," he said to Eileen, "what sort of a fellow is this Tom Hammond, who took up the directing of 'Sea Mansions' after Stevens's death?"

"He's very nice. But, as I've said, not at all like George."

Loftus looked at Troop.

"Not the fellow who'd be likely to get ideas—I mean of the kind we've just been talking about?"

"Absolutely not," said Troop. "He'd put that kind of a thing down at once as hooey."

"I've just had word from Bob Elders," said Tommy, unfolding one of the letters. "He's a captain in the service, and is in command of the vessels sent to Porto Santos to do the navy scenes for 'Sea Mansions.' And he tells me that Hammond was moody, and often would stop in the middle of what he was saying, and stand silent, as though he were listening to something. A number of times, Bob says, he saw him give up his hand at a bridge game, and go out. And it might be an hour or two before he came back."

"Why, that's just how George Stevens behaved!" said Eileen.

"I hope," Troop said with a frown, "that thing isn't going to start all over again."

Tommy Loftus smiled as he folded up the letter.

"I don't think it will," he said. "For, after all, Hammond must be very different from Stevens. I gather that from something he asked Captain Elders to do."

"What's that?" asked Troop.

"He asked him if they had any depth charges on board any of the ships. Elders said they had. Hammond told him he had a new idea for 'Sea Mansions'. The pearl pirates must be destroyed. At a time when the film showed the criminals to have gone down to the sea bottom in diving suits to rifle the treasure grottoes of the mermaids, he wanted the vessels to steam up, cover quite a lot of sea surface, and begin dropping depth charges. He desired that this be done in a way to create the impression in the film that it was impossible for any of the rascals to escape, having first been careful to get all the actors safely out of the way.

"Also he said American Films would pay the expenses."

"And did Captain Elders do it?" asked Troop, amazed.

"The letter was written the day afterwards," said Tommy. "He said, under Hammond's directions, they covered about five miles or so of surface, and that it was the most thorough going over he'd ever seen anywhere." Those depth charges must have worked terrible destruction on the bottom of the sea.

THE END

The First 100,000 Miles

Continued from page 19

hadn't thought of it before. A car was the thing he needed. It was very annoying to have to depend on the family for transportation. A friendly young policeman pointed out the Ascot. "Do you know whose car that was?"

Rudolph shook his head.

"Gino Corsarro's. He was driving it the night they got him. Look!"

Rudolph stared fascinated at a scratch where the bullet-proof glass had been grazed. "Gosh!" he murmured. "Imagine sitting right there when they got him. Say, I'll bet a girl would be surprised if you took her out in this car and all at once you said, 'I bet you can't guess who got bumped off right where I'm sitting.'"

Magnificently Rudolph outbid his two competitors.

WHEN he left the yard he had paid one-tenth down on the Ascot. To-morrow he would return with the balance, and the car would be his. There wasn't an Ascot in the whole family, not even counting the snooty second cousins. And the very Ascot Gino Corsarro had been driving when——

His father hadn't approved of the new car. But there wasn't much he could do about it. "It's a crazy car for a boy still going to high school."

Rudolph listened tolerantly. His father was old. Why, he'd been retired for five years now.

And his mother had added, "I don't like the idea of my son riding around in a car once owned by a notorious gangster."

Rudolph had grinned. "Don't let it get you down, mom. The fact that that car used to belong to Gino gives the girls a thrill."

His mother shuddered.

There was no doubt about it: Rudolph, with his tailored clothes, his car with its fascinating history, and his bank account, was the hero of the hour. And girls—they got in his hair. Life was smooth. Life was high. The Ascot ran like a million dollars. Just a touch and she'd do seventy. Five dollars to a head waiter for a better table when he took Dorothy Frazer dancing.

Sometimes his father waited up for him. "Okeh," Rudie would say. "Get it out of your system."

"You're a stupid young fool, throwing your money away like a drunken sailor. It's too bad your grandmother left you a cent. Much as it embarrasses me to be forced to curtail the liberty of my own son, I'm going to do something about it. After all, you're a minor."

"Now that we've had the song, whyn't you go into your dance?" Rudolph yawned. "Good night, Pop."

Then one day, not long after, Rudolph came home to find his father sitting chalky white and silent. His mother's eyes were red. "What's the matter? It looks like a funeral," he said.

His mother spoke. "The United Security failed to-day, Rudolph."

Rudolph sank into a chair. "Say, my dough was in the United Security!"

His mother nodded. "You're only eighteen, Rudie. Your father is fifty-eight years old. Everything your father had in the world was in the United Security."

Rudolph rubbed his chin. Gosh, he had been going to take Dorothy Frazer out dancing that night! "Heck, that darn old bank! What did it want to go and fail for just when everything was so swell? Of all the lousy breaks!" he shouted. He kicked a footstool halfway across the room.

"That's not going to help matters, Son," his father said.

"Well, what is going to help, I'd like to know?"

He drove the Ascot to school the next morning. It needed gas. He hadn't any money, and the man at the filling station hadn't been any too gracious about waiting until the next time.

A few days later he overheard his father and mother talking. "Imagine, Helen, I tried all day—a measly thousand dollars. You wouldn't believe it the way money is tied up."

Rudolph questioned his mother. "What'd dad want the thousand dollars for?"

His mother smiled a little sadly. "He saw a chance to make a new start. All he needed was a thousand dollars."

Rudolph had a date with Dorothy Frazer that night. Dorothy hadn't been very pleased when she learned that the evening promised no more than a movie and an ice-cream soda. But once she was ensconced in the Ascot her mood softened slightly. "I love this car," she said. "Honestly, I feel just like a movie star the minute I get into it."

"Well, this is probably the last time you'll feel like a movie star in this car. I'm selling her the first thing in the morning."

"You're selling the Ascot?" There was anguish in Dorothy's wail. "Oh, you're kidding!"

Rudolph laughed shortly. "Well, if you don't like it I guess you know what you can do. My old man needs a thousand dollars, and no dame is going to talk me out of it. See?"

But when he put the Ascot away that night for the last time, there was an ache in his throat. "I hope the guy that buys you takes you a long way away from here. So long, honey. Having you was sort of like knowing Greta Garbo."

THE Ascot didn't stand very long in the used-car lot this time. Two men who moved like shadows stole in one night. They were men who knew their business—something about certain wires that could be twisted, and a locked car could be driven away. There was no more than a gallon of gas in the Ascot, but it was enough to bring it at top speed to a garage that didn't look like a garage.

But at the very moment the doors flew open to admit them something shot like a flash under the very wheels of the car. The shadow whose name was Bob was driving. He brought the car to a shrieking halt. "Did you see that?" he demanded of his companion. "That was a black cat!"

Three hours later the Ascot emerged. Its color was gray, and it had new license plates.

"She's a swell job," the shadow whose name was Vic said.

"Yeah, but I don't feel so good about her," said Bob. "Things are getting pretty hot around here. I already had a hunch, and that black cat settled it. I can smell trouble. After all, she's an Ascot. I think I'll drive her down toward Philly."

Bob felt better once he was out of town. The spring breeze was soft and balmy. He slowed up to study the directions on a sign-board.

"Tell your fortune, Mister?"

A Gypsy girl stood at the side of the road, a pretty little thing with smiling black eyes.

First she had to have some silver. Bob parted with a half dollar, and the little Gypsy squinted her eyes and studied his palm. "I see trouble," she whispered. "Plenty of trouble, and it's almost here. Mister, you'd better be careful!"

"You're not kidding me, Sister? Can you really see something?"

"Gypsy never tell lies. There's trouble, all right. It looks like you're walking right into it."

Bob could see the Gypsy camp, not a hundred yards away, under some trees. A giant of a man was coming toward them. "My father," the little Gypsy said.

The Gypsy walked around the car. "Swell car," he remarked. "How much is a car like that worth?"

"How much will you give me for it?"

The Gypsy shrugged. "How much will you take?"

Bob considered. The funny feeling—the black cat—and now the fortune teller. "Say, you can have this car for a thousand bucks, and that's a gift!"

"Four hundred dollars," the Gypsy said.

"Not a cent less than five hundred!"

"Four hundred and fifty!"

"Sold!" Bob took his four hundred and fifty dollars and started to walk to the next town. Suddenly he stopped short. "Walking," the Gypsy girl had said, "walking right into it." Bob didn't stir from where he stood. He raised his thumb in a pleading gesture as a car approached.

GYPSIES need big cars, sturdy cars, for always the Gypsies keep moving. Why? Even a Gypsy can't tell you.

The Ascot wended its way westward along the Lincoln Highway at the head of the little caravan of substantial, unwashed cars. In the back seat rode Sophie Lee, daughter of the stalwart John Lee, whose word was law to the members of his tribe. It was John Lee who had purchased the Ascot.

Sophie was just fifteen. She held her head proudly, which was not strange, for the powerful Steve Ruschik, whom some hailed as king of the Gypsies, had chosen her as worthy to marry his oldest son. Six thousand he had paid to her father, no small compliment to Sophie's beauty and virtue.

Sometimes the Gypsies stayed in one place for two or three days, but as a rule they departed in great haste, sometimes at the sheriff's suggestion.

But everything went well until they were halfway across the country. Then one night they stopped to camp by the clear waters of a little stream. Tents were set up and fires lighted. Sophie was sent to the nearest farm to buy milk and eggs.

A tall, thin boy, sitting on the back porch of the farmhouse, looked up to see the Gypsy girl come swaying like a huge and gorgeous poppy along the little path that led from the back road. The sun was setting behind her, and her little red shoes twinkled in the dust. She had a shiny tin pail over each arm. The farm boy thought that in all his life he had never seen anything so pretty.

The little Gypsy girl smiled at him. "I come to buy milk and eggs, please," she said. The boy's aunt came out on the porch. She was very brusque with the little Gypsy, but willing to sell her milk and eggs.

The Gypsy girl and the lanky boy stood facing each other. "Tell your fortune, Mister?" the girl said.

The boy put his hands in his pocket and shook his head. The Gypsy girl laughed, a gay, tinkling, little laugh.

THE boy's aunt returned with the milk and eggs. Disapprovingly she studied the little Gypsy, her green satin apron embroidered in gold threads, the gold loops in her ears, her necklace of gold pieces, and her gayly flowered skirt. "My land, don't you ever feel you'd like to get your hair cut and wear clothes like other girls?"

The little Gypsy laughed heartily. "My father would take his belt and beat me if I did any such thing." She paid for her milk and eggs and went swaying along the back road that led to the Gypsy camp.

That night camp fires gleamed. There was the thin, sweet cry of a violin, and Gypsies' voices were raised in song.

The farm boy stole up the back road toward the Gypsy camp. He hid in the bushes and watched and listened. After a while the rich, wild voices were still, but the cry of the violin grew higher, sweeter.

Continued on page 61

Don't neglect your CHILD'S COLD

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Murine relaxes tired eye muscles, and relieves that drawn, tight, haggard feeling caused by loss of sleep, or exposure to wind, dust, sun. Combined with hot applications, it helps to revive normal circulation in eyes, eyelids, and hollows under the eyes. Headaches due to eye fatigue are relieved quickly. And your eyes feel wonderfully refreshed, sprightly, gay!

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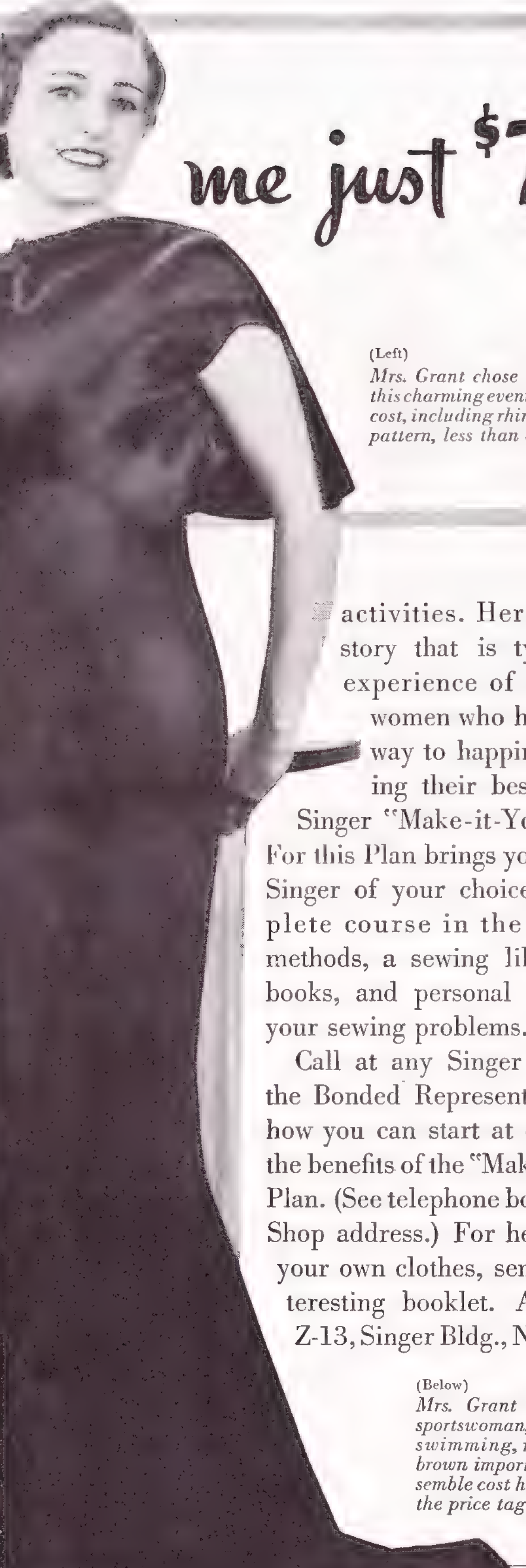
"My $225 wardrobe cost me just $70.25

and I Used Only the Best Materials,"

says *Mrs. James J. Grant,* of Dallas, Texas.



(Left)
Mrs. Grant chose black satin for this charming evening gown. Total cost, including rhinestone clip and pattern, less than $16.

"I think I have no more natural talent for sewing than the average young woman," writes Mrs. Grant. "But since I bought my Singer four months ago, I have made eight garments (including two suits) of the best materials, at a total cost of $70.25, which, if bought ready-made, would have cost at least $225. The economy of home sewing is obvious. And I have discovered through my Singer Sewing Course that making attractive clothes is a matter of knowing my machine and paying close attention to the styles and fabrics best adapted to my own type and figure.

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(Left)
"With a Singer, sewing could never be anything but a pleasure," says Mrs. Grant.

(Left) *This is the Singer Sewing School at 1104 Elm St., Dallas, Texas, where Mrs. Grant learned to sew.* (Inset) *Mrs. Johnnie Prue Borders, the Singer Sewing Instructor.*

(Left)
Like most college women, Mrs. Grant has many club activities. This is a favorite costume and a favorite color scheme... black and oyster-white combier crepe with rhinestone clips. She made it herself on her Singer.

This button identifies bonded Singer Representatives. It carries color border and month during which it is valid. Border is green for November.

(Below)
Mrs. Grant is an enthusiastic sportswoman, fond of sailing, swimming, riding. This smart brown imported linen sports ensemble cost her $8.25. In a shop, the price tag would say $24.50.

You, too, can make it yourself on a SINGER

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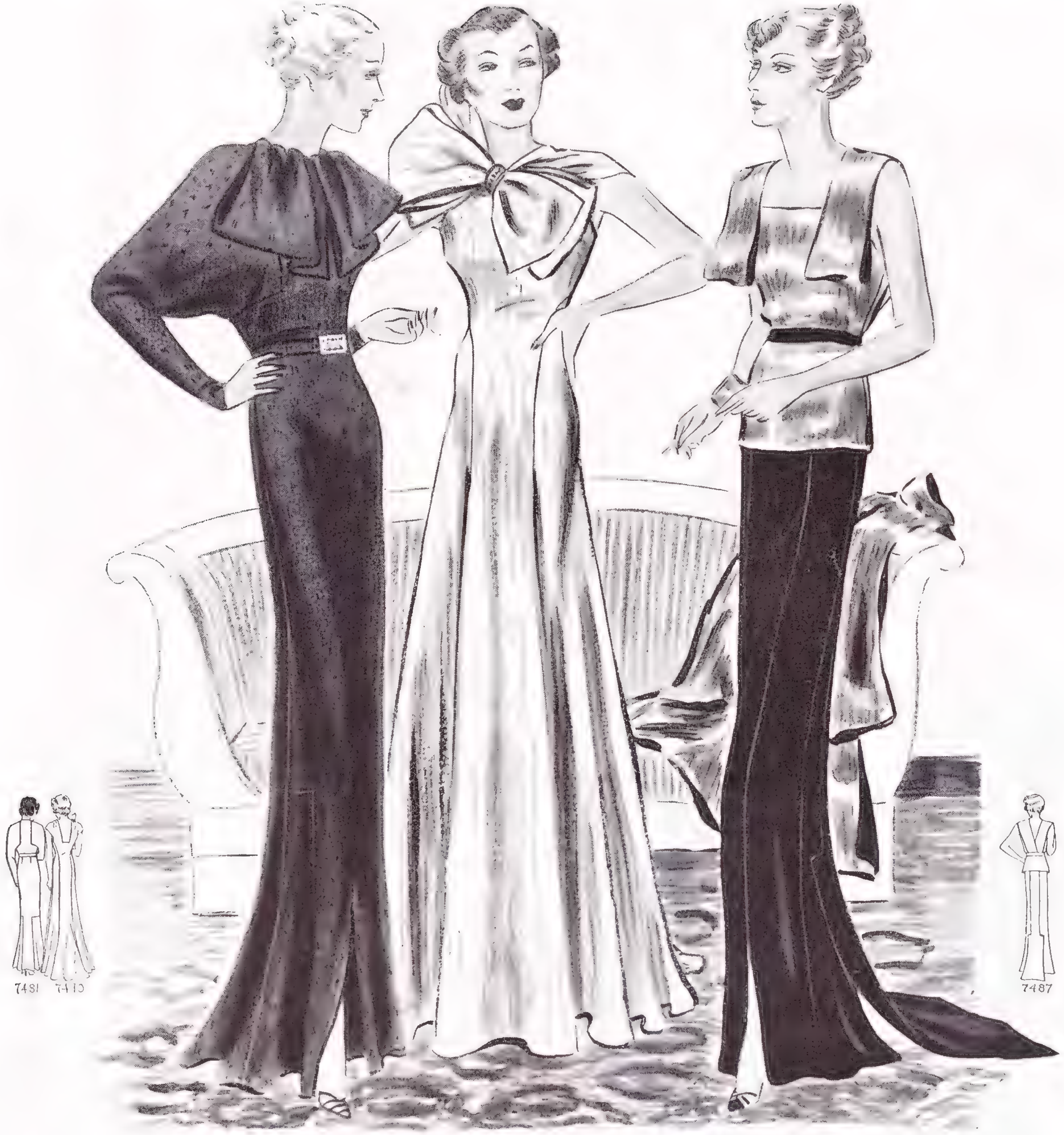


NEW! The rôbe de style with a billowing skirt or dresses as slim as a stem

THREE advance models to show how you'll look when the season is at its height. And the biggest excitement among them is the rôbe de style, handled with a sophistication you've never dreamed possible. So discard any preconceived notions about this fashion's being ingénue. The new rôbe de style molds the figure in knowing lines and flares out in waltz-time fulness at a low point. But skirts go from one extreme to the other — from yards wide to inches narrow. Many of the season's outstanding successes are built on stem-like lines, sometimes flowering out in bulk at the top, more often than not broken by tunics or the newer peplum-tunic.

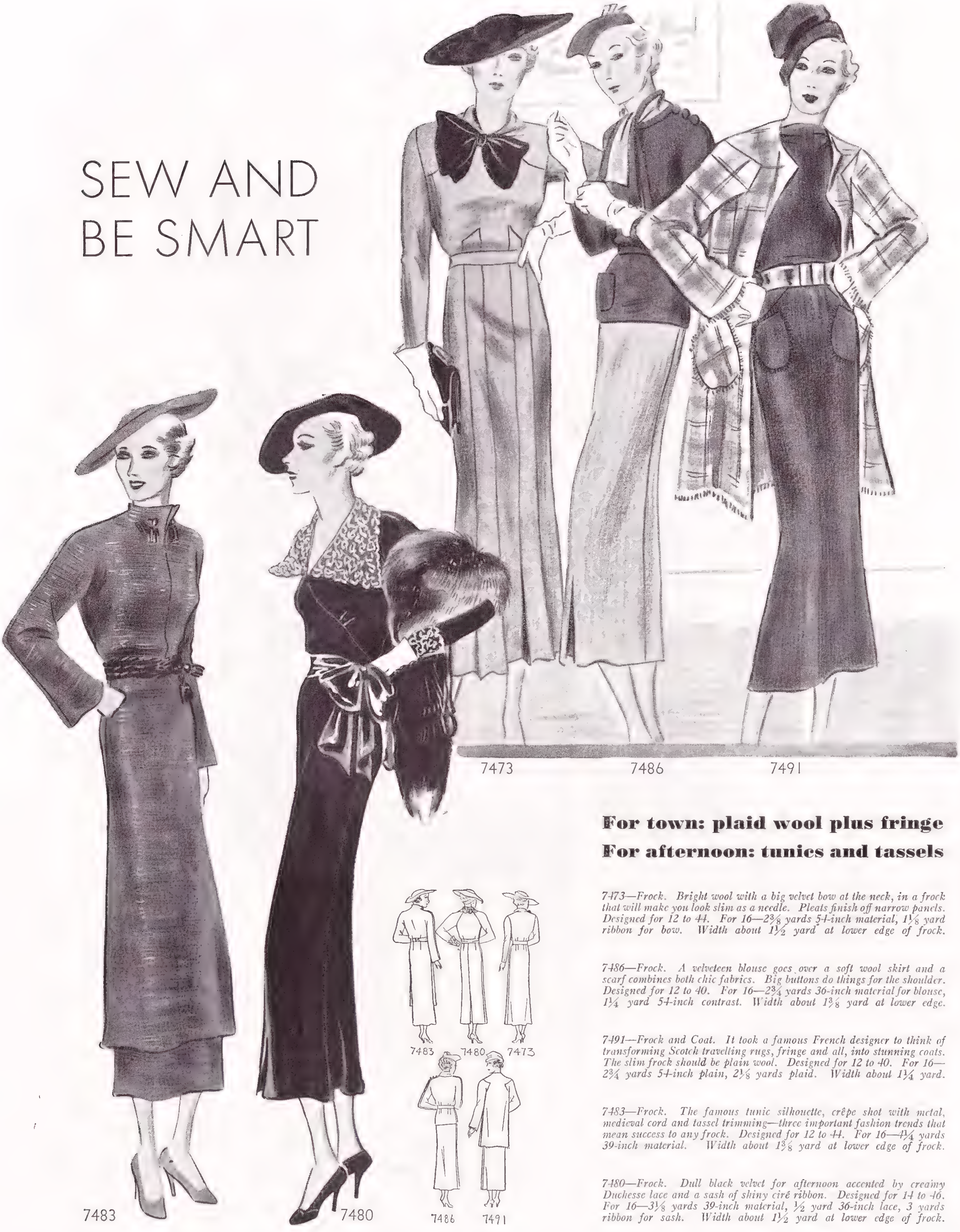
Stiff fabrics are having things their own way, now that picture frocks are so good—taffetas, moirés and damasks, both plain and metal-shot—stiffened velvets and slipper satins. The more slender gowns are lovely in crushed or uncut velvets, clokys woven with circle or leaf patterns, supple satin and heavy dripping lamés. Black is better than ever, under the new picturesque influence. Regal petunia and church purples, sapphire and emerald look "right," and so do startling cerise and cocktail reds. New thoughts in accessories are—hats with all but the most formal gowns, sandals with toe-tips filled in and twenty-five inch gloves.

7481—Frock. The newest interest rises to the top in a flowerlike ruff and dolman sleeves, and drops to the bottom in the daring slash. Cloky crêpe in a deep rich shade is an appropriately chic fabric. Designed for 14 to 42. For 16—4¼ yards 39-inch. Width about 2¼ yds.

7490 — Frock. A famous fashion in its most famous version, the rôbe de style in moiré with an enormous bow. There's sophistication in the way it molds the waist and hips and flares at a low line. Designed for 12 to 40. For 16—6¼ yards 39-inch material. Width about 4⅛ yards.

7487—Frock and Coat. Important because the slimness is broken by a peplum-tunic, because the skirt is slashed, and because there's a lamé mandarin coat. Designed for 14 to 42. For 16—5⅝ yards 36-inch material for blouse and coat, 3⅝ yards 39-inch contrast for skirt.

SEW AND BE SMART



For town: plaid wool plus fringe
For afternoon: tunics and tassels

7473—Frock. Bright wool with a big velvet bow at the neck, in a frock that will make you look slim as a needle. Pleats finish off narrow panels. Designed for 12 to 44. For 16—2⅜ yards 54-inch material, 1⅛ yard ribbon for bow. Width about 1½ yard at lower edge of frock.

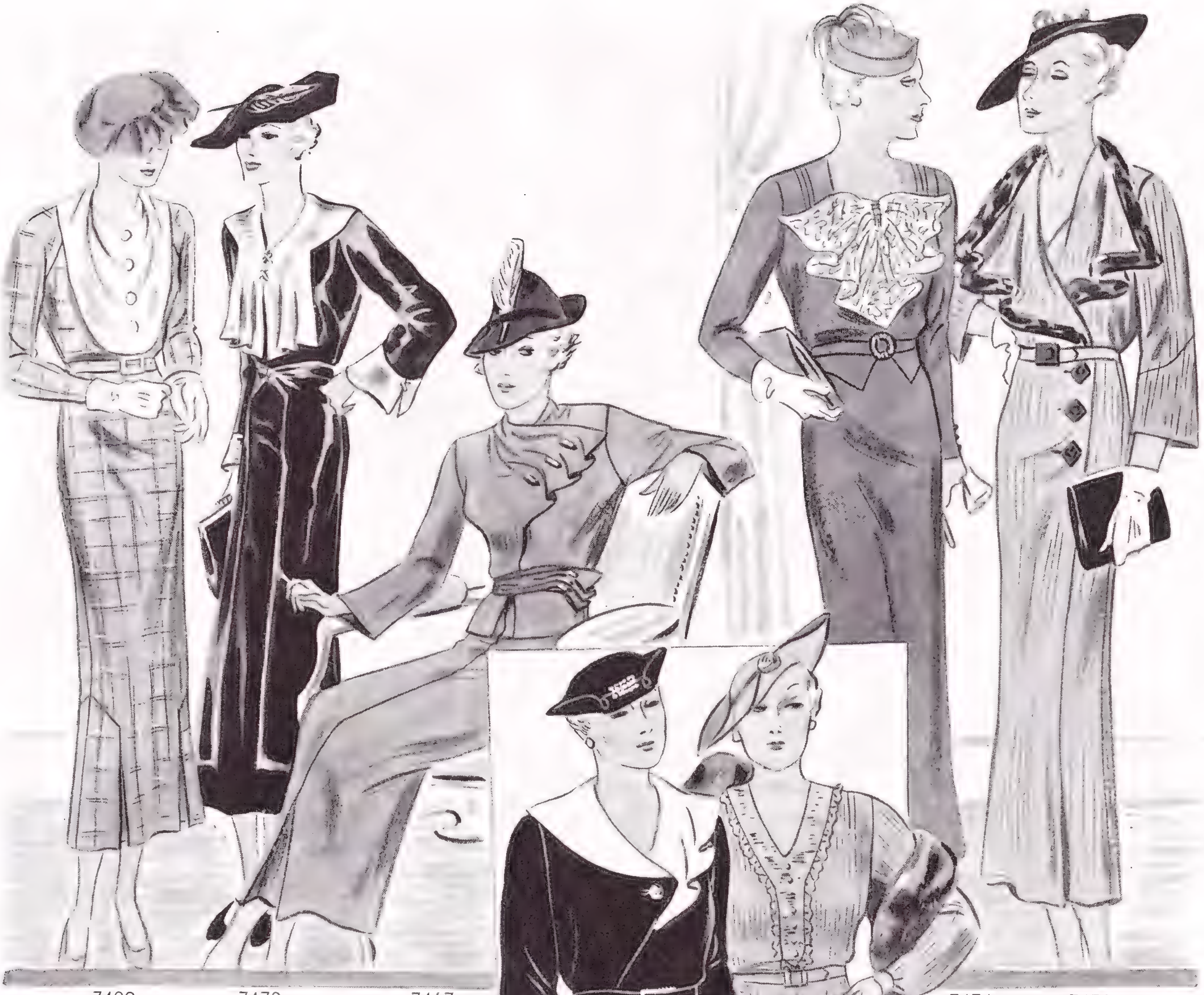
7486—Frock. A velveteen blouse goes over a soft wool skirt and a scarf combines both chic fabrics. Big buttons do things for the shoulder. Designed for 12 to 40. For 16—2¾ yards 36-inch material for blouse, 1¼ yard 54-inch contrast. Width about 1⅜ yard at lower edge.

7491—Frock and Coat. It took a famous French designer to think of transforming Scotch travelling rugs, fringe and all, into stunning coats. The slim frock should be plain wool. Designed for 12 to 40. For 16—2¾ yards 54-inch plain, 2⅛ yards plaid. Width about 1¼ yard.

7483—Frock. The famous tunic silhouette, crêpe shot with metal, medieval cord and tassel trimming—three important fashion trends that mean success to any frock. Designed for 12 to 44. For 16—4¼ yards 39-inch material. Width about 1⅜ yard at lower edge of frock.

7480—Frock. Dull black velvet for afternoon accented by creamy Duchesse lace and a sash of shiny ciré ribbon. Designed for 14 to 46. For 16—3⅛ yards 39-inch material, ½ yard 36-inch lace, 3 yards ribbon for sash. Width about 1½ yard at lower edge of frock.

Patterns, including Pictograf—"step-by-step" directions for Cutting, Sewing Together and Finishing—are obtainable at leading shops and at Pictorial Review offices; prices given on Page 63



7409 7470 7467 7474 7456

Slimming lines designed to fit and flatter every type of figure

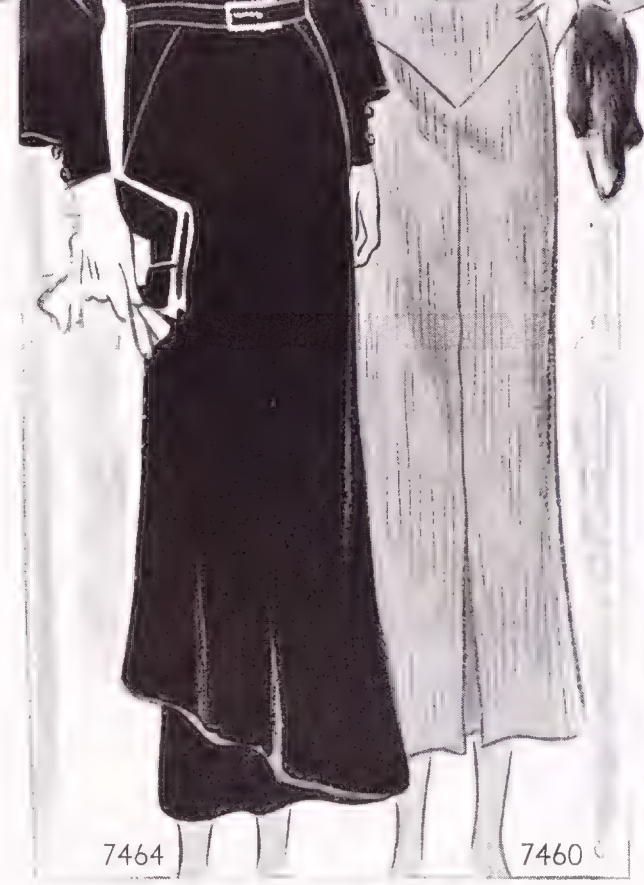
7409—Frock. A bib that drapes to frame the face is the newest thought in flattery. Little women can wear plaids in a height-giving frock such as this. Designed for 12½ to 42½. For 20½—2½ yards 54-inch plaid, ⅞ yard 39-inch plain. Width 2½ yards at lower edge.

7470—Frock. The secret of this tall willowy look is in the deep jabot and the new long skirt tunic divided at center-front. A Little Women's frock. Designed for 12½ to 40½. For 20½—4¾ yards 39-inch material, ¾ yard light. Width about 1½ yard at lower edge.

7467—Frock. An amusing closing which cuts across the front of the blouse is highlighted by rectangular buttons. This is really made in one piece but it looks like two. For Little Women. Designed for 12½ to 40½. For 20½—4¼ yards 39-inch material. Width 1¾ yard.

7464—Frock. A successful fashion at its best—the tunic with diagonal slenderizing lines. Don't overlook the rhinestone buckle and buttons. A Larger-Hip model. Designed for 35 to 49. For 41—3¼ yards 54-inch material, 1 yard 39-inch light. Width about 1¾ yard.

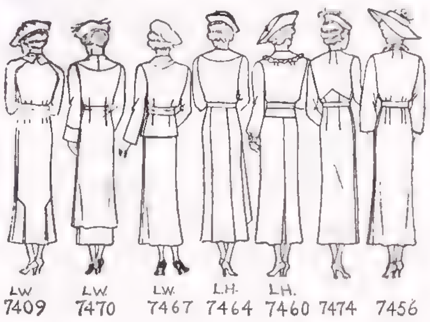
7460—Frock. It's the youthful touch of lamé at the neck that flatters and smartens a pebbly crêpe model. Slenderizing—and easy to make. A Larger-Hip frock. Designed for 35 to 51. For 41—3⅞ yards 39-inch material, ⅞ yard 36-inch to trim. Width about 2⅛ yds.



7464 7460

7474—Frock. Poise, slenderness and chic—achieved by artful simplicity and dull black velvet. You'll want the butterfly jabot posed at the new square neckline in lace. For Beginners. Designed for 14 to 52. For 34—3⅛ yards 39-inch fabric, ⅝ yard 36-inch allover lace to trim. Width about 1⅜ yard.

7456—Frock. The coat-frock is one of the smartest and slenderizing of fashions. Make it in dull ribbed crêpe and accent its rippling collar with flat fur. Dark green is important. Designed for 34 to 50. For 34—3¼ yards 54-inch material, 2⅛ yards 3-inch fur banding. Width about 1¼ yard at lower edge.



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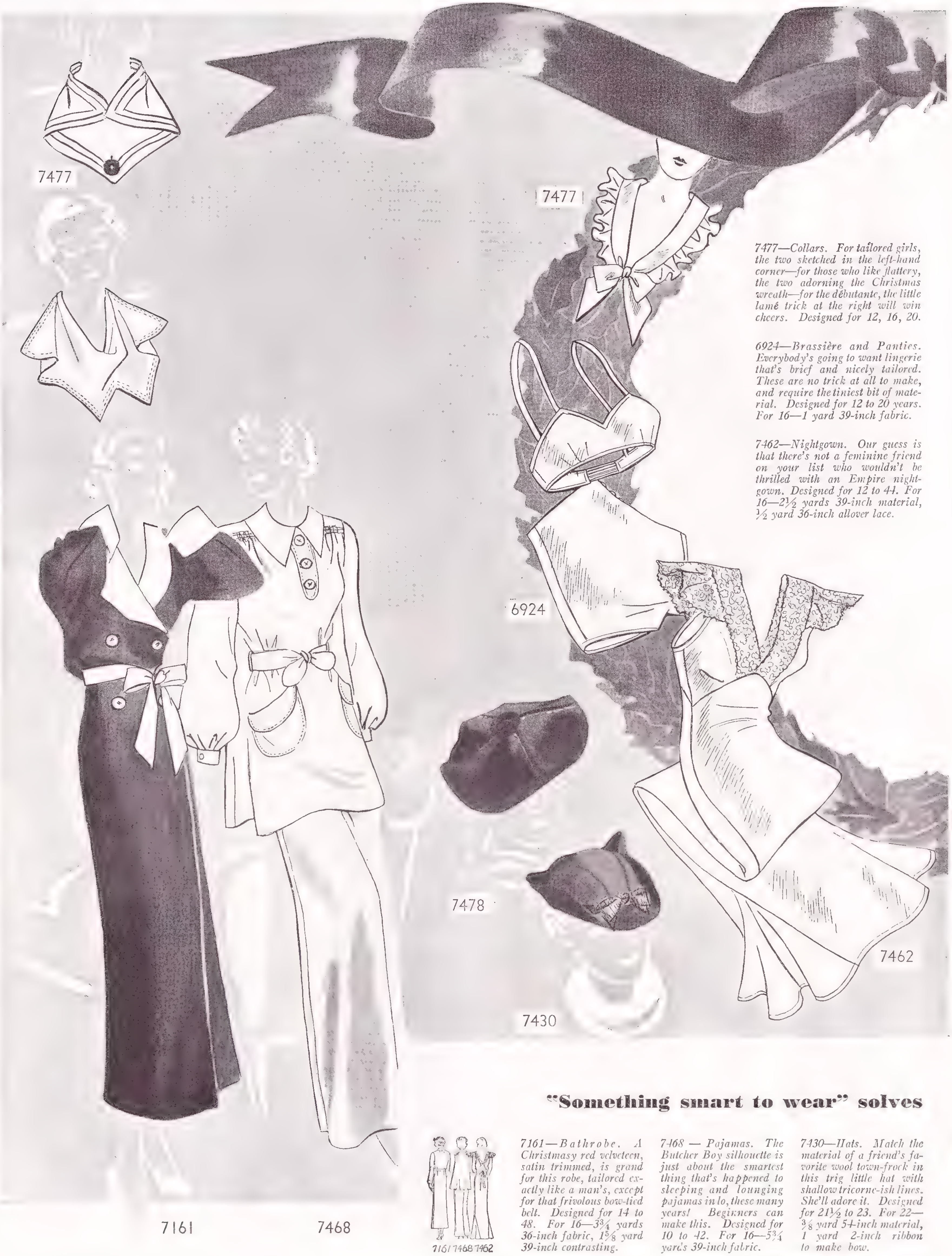


7477—Collars. For tailored girls, the two sketched in the left-hand corner—for those who like flattery, the two adorning the Christmas wreath—for the débutante, the little lamé trick at the right will win cheers. Designed for 12, 16, 20.

6924—Brassière and Panties. Everybody's going to want lingerie that's brief and nicely tailored. These are no trick at all to make, and require the tiniest bit of material. Designed for 12 to 20 years. For 16—1 yard 39-inch fabric.

7462—Nightgown. Our guess is that there's not a feminine friend on your list who wouldn't be thrilled with an Empire nightgown. Designed for 12 to 44. For 16—2½ yards 39-inch material, ½ yard 36-inch allover lace.

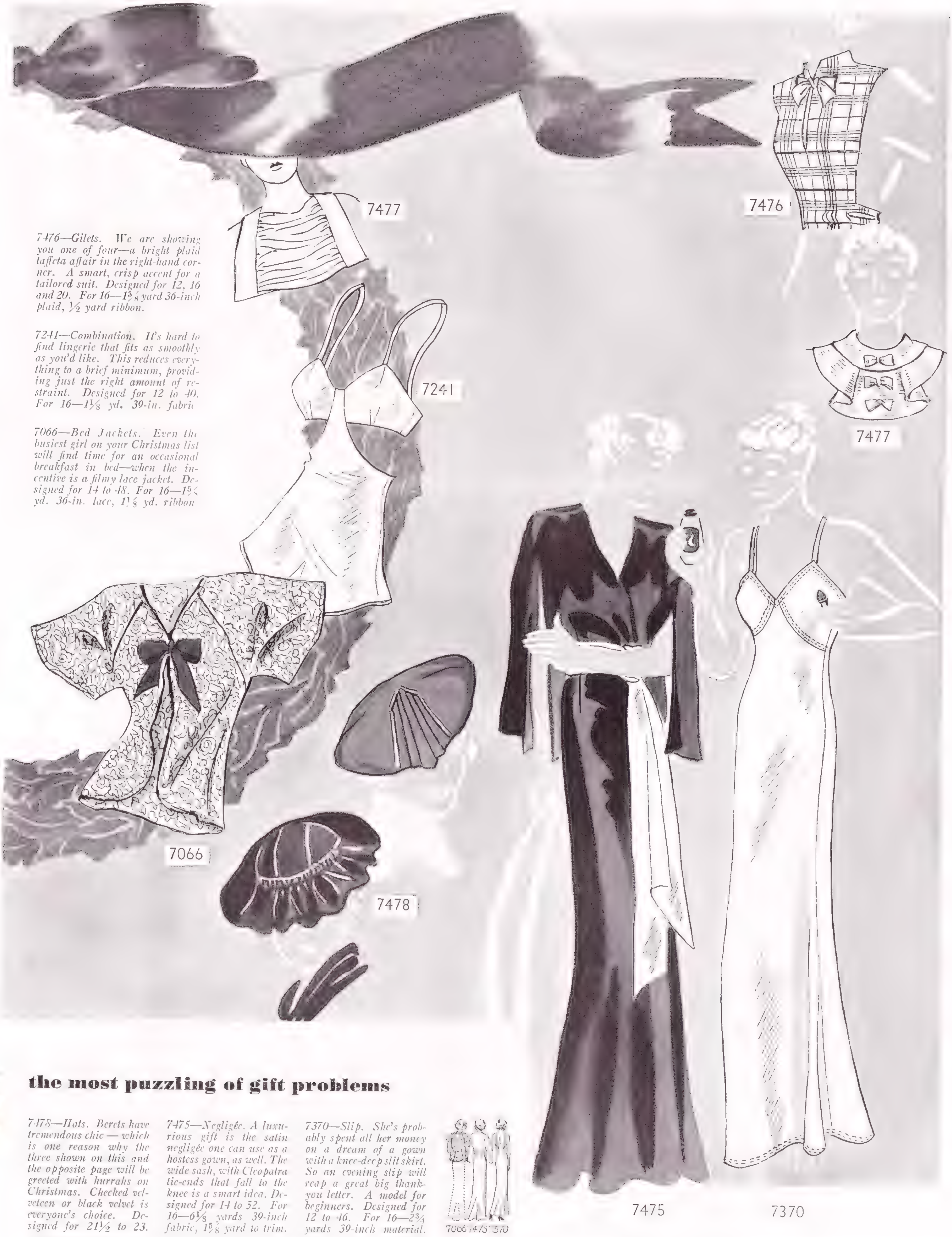
"Something smart to wear" solves

7161—Bathrobe. A Christmasy red velveteen, satin trimmed, is grand for this robe, tailored exactly like a man's, except for that frivolous bow-tied belt. Designed for 14 to 48. For 16—3¾ yards 36-inch fabric, 1⅝ yard 39-inch contrasting.

7468 — Pajamas. The Butcher Boy silhouette is just about the smartest thing that's happened to sleeping and lounging pajamas in lo, these many years! Beginners can make this. Designed for 10 to 42. For 16—5¾ yards 39-inch fabric.

7430—Hats. Match the material of a friend's favorite wool town-frock in this trig little hat with shallow tricorne-ish lines. She'll adore it. Designed for 21½ to 23. For 22—⅜ yard 54-inch material, 1 yard 2-inch ribbon to make bow.

Patterns, including Pictograf—"step-by-step" directions for Cutting, Sewing Together and Finishing—are obtainable at leading shops and at Pictorial Review offices; prices given on Page 63



7476—Gilets. We are showing you one of four—a bright plaid taffeta affair in the right-hand corner. A smart, crisp accent for a tailored suit. Designed for 12, 16 and 20. For 16—1⅜ yard 36-inch plaid, ½ yard ribbon.

7241—Combination. It's hard to find lingerie that fits as smoothly as you'd like. This reduces everything to a brief minimum, providing just the right amount of restraint. Designed for 12 to 40. For 16—1⅛ yd. 39-in. fabric

7066—Bed Jackets. Even the busiest girl on your Christmas list will find time for an occasional breakfast in bed—when the incentive is a filmy lace jacket. Designed for 14 to 48. For 16—1⅝ yd. 36-in. lace, 1⅛ yd. ribbon

the most puzzling of gift problems

7478—Hats. Berets have tremendous chic — which is one reason why the three shown on this and the opposite page will be greeted with hurrahs on Christmas. Checked velveteen or black velvet is everyone's choice. Designed for 21½ to 23.

7475—Negligée. A luxurious gift is the satin negligée one can use as a hostess gown, as well. The wide sash, with Cleopatra tie-ends that fall to the knee is a smart idea. Designed for 14 to 52. For 16—6⅛ yards 39-inch fabric, 1⅝ yard to trim.

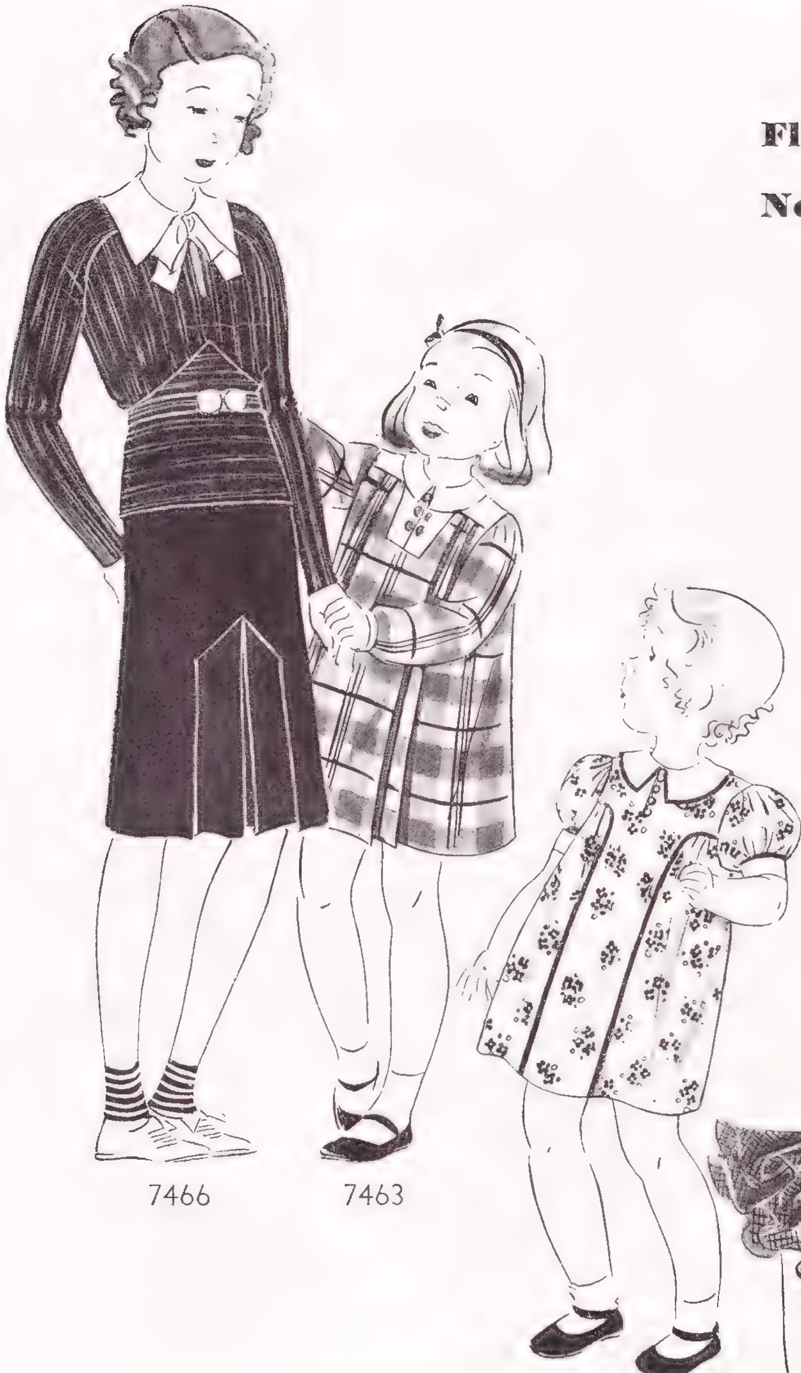
7370—Slip. She's probably spent all her money on a dream of a gown with a knee-deep slit skirt. So an evening slip will reap a great big thank-you letter. A model for beginners. Designed for 12 to 46. For 16—2¾ yards 39-inch material.

Flannel and velveteen go to school —
Net and moiré look grown-up at parties

7334—Frock. It's smart to be correct and the correct thing for dancing class is luscious taffeta with a collar that's as becoming as it is new, and bright velvet bows to set it off. For Beginners. Designed for 8 to 16. For 12—2⅛ yards 36-inch material, 1 yard 1½-inch ribbon, 1½ yard 5-inch ribbon, 3¼ yards edging.

7291—Frock and Jacket. It's moiré, of course, and it has that important lower neckline and the yards-wide hemline you've been hearing about. The panel seams and shoulder frills are bright ideas in chic, especially for young dressmakers. Designed for 12 to 20. For 14—4¼ yards 39-inch material.

TEACH THE CHILDREN TO SEW



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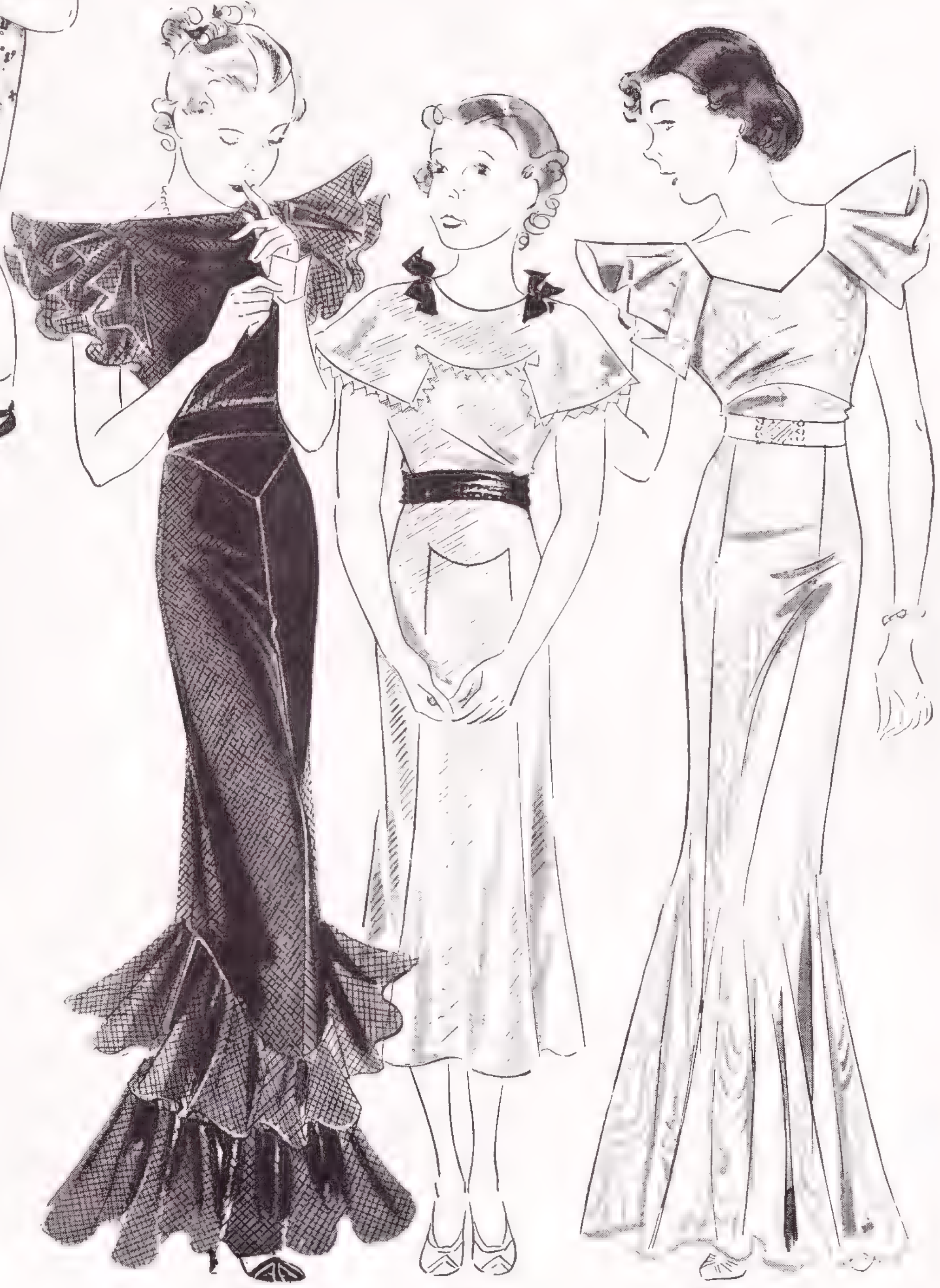


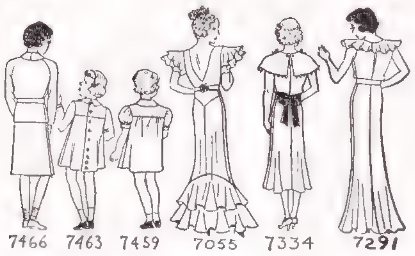
7055 7334 7291

7466 — Frock. The British influence is the smart thing in school clothes, cropping up in crisp tailoring, new combinations of plain and plaid wool, and fresh white touches. Designed for 8 to 16. For 12—1¼ yard 54-inch striped material, 1¼ yard 54-inch plain, ½ yard 36-inch contrast for collar and bow.

7463—Frock and Panties. Sturdy plaid flannel or cotton with a brand new trick at the neckline very much like the vestee and collar of mother's frock, played down to suit tiny wearers. Pleats are for comfort and chic. For Beginners. Designed for 2, 4 and 6. For 6—2½ yards 36-inch plaid material, ½ yard plain.

7459—Frock and Panties. If quaintness is your small daughter's forte, here's the latest news—demure collar and puffed sleeves in a cheery cotton frock all bound up with yards of bright bias binding. For Beginners. Designed for 2, 4 and 6. For 4—2⅜ yards 36-inch printed, ⅜ yard plain, 3⅜ yards binding.

7055—Frock. Frills on her shoulders and flounces to her toes give the sub-deb that important assurance that she is wearing the very latest thing. In airy net or warp-printed taffeta it has that smooth look that "makes" a dance frock. Designed for 12 to 17. For 15—7⅛ yards 36-inch, 1⅛ yard 2½-inch ribbon.



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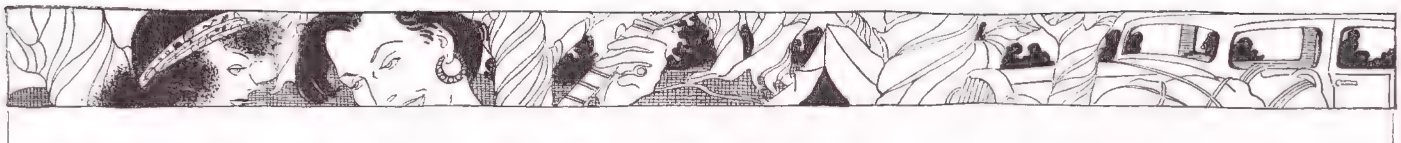

The First 100,000 Miles

Continued from page 53

"Hello," somebody said, and he looked up to see the little Gypsy girl. She sank down on the ground beside him. "What do you want?"

"I wanted to see you once more," he said.

She laughed softly. Her teeth gleamed like little jewels in the moonlight. The boy laughed too. They were very young. The moon was full. There was Gypsy music. The fragrance of clover, of summer, was all around them. Hands roughened by toil touched slim, brown Gypsy hands. Arms hardened by a hundred daily chores enfolded a figure that was soft and yielding. A farm boy learned the age-old witchery of Gypsy kisses.

The little Gypsy tore herself free. "I'm crazy," she said. "You go away. My father would kill me if he knew."

"Why?"

She told him of the fiancé whom she had never seen and who waited in Los Angeles, of the six thousand dollars that had been paid her father, of the wedding that would last for many days of celebration and of the silk dresses and jewels she would receive.

"Let the Gypsies go on alone," the farm boy begged. "You stay here with me. We'll get married. I love you, Sophie."

The little Gypsy was in his arms again, but she was pushing him away from her. "A farm boy can't marry a Gypsy girl! Gypsies and other people never mix. You don't like us; we don't like you!"

But under the magic spell of the June moon an ecstatic madness possessed them. The farm boy hated the farm.

He and the little Gypsy would go forth and face the world together. They outlined a plan of escape. The girl crept back to where her people slept, the boy back to the farmhouse. After a little while the boy returned. The Gypsy girl was ready. She gave him a signal to follow her. The Ascot stood in the light of the camp fire's dying embers. They slid into the car. The little Gypsy had the key.

In a second they were off, but it seemed less than a second later that the whole camp was in an uproar. There was almost immediate pursuit, but the farm boy who had never driven anything but a cheap car before, pushed the Ascot over the rough country road. After a while it seemed that they had outdistanced their pursuers, and the little Gypsy screamed with delight.

By the time the dawn was rosy in the sky they were in a country new and strange to the farm boy. He drove off the main highway and stopped the car beneath a clump of trees. There was a little town ahead, a spick-and-span little place with a white church steeple.

"WE'LL get married as soon as the town wakes up," the boy said. "Then we'd better let your father know where he can get the car. You don't have to be afraid of him once we're married."

Sophie didn't look so confident. Her eyes were heavy with sleep and the farm boy ached with exhaustion. In a few moments they were asleep, locked tight in each other's arms. It was thus that the Gypsies found them. John Lee, himself, wrested them apart. Sophie cried out in terror. "Don't hurt him! Please don't hurt him!"

John Lee picked the farm boy up bodily and tossed him to the other men who were with him in the car. His daughter he shook until her teeth rattled. Ancient Romany curses fell like hailstones on her head.

It wasn't long before the rest of the caravan arrived at the scene of the excitement. John Lee flung his daughter in the back seat of the car beside her mother. The farm boy lay in a broken little heap at the side of the road. Before they moved on John Lee addressed his people. "If any one ever speaks of what happened last night I'll cut his tongue out!"

The caravan started off, and when the farm boy recovered consciousness he was full of strange aches and pains, and the Gypsies were at least fifty miles nearer Los Angeles. He never saw Sophie again. Some times he felt that it had all been a dream.

Its beauty marred by blistering sun and torrential rains, the Ascot limped into Los Angeles. Repairs on an Ascot come high, and a Gypsy hates repair bills. Better to buy a new car, and so the Ascot was traded for a long green touring car.

"WHAT I really should have is a truck," the broad-shouldered young rancher with the bronzed face explained, "but as I can't afford two cars right now, I thought I might get some kind of a big old car and sort of combine business and pleasure."

The Ascot no longer came very high. The young rancher, whose name was Bill Carter, thought it might be just the thing. So he drove the Ascot back to the ranch. He hoped that Marion would be satisfied, but it was pretty hard guessing what would please Marion these days. And it wasn't very nice for a young couple to see nothing ahead but a break-up when a baby was coming.

Dorothy Bayley

Of late Marion had talked of little else than how much she hated the ranch. She complained bitterly of the loneliness, the monotony, although they came all the way into Los Angeles once a week for dinner and a show even when they couldn't afford it.

But Bill adored Marion, even in her trying moods. If times had been a little better he would have gladly abandoned the ranch and sought a job in Los Angeles, but the ranch offered security. Often he attempted to point out to Marion that there were a lot of people worse off than they were, but Marion invariably burst into tears.

Marion was pleased with the Ascot. She and Bill went for a ride. They called on old Mrs. Gill and the Connors family. "It's grand, Bill," she said. "It makes me feel that we might get somewhere after all."

For the moment Bill felt that way, too. But Marion's soft mood didn't last long. Bill had to use the Ascot to deliver his ranch products, and the next time they went for a drive Marion insisted that the car smelled abominably. "I can't even enjoy this old secondhand car," she wailed. "You should have married a peasant woman, Bill Carter!"

THE weeks dragged themselves out. Bill tried hard to overlook and forgive Marion's tantrums. Then there came a day when everything went wrong.

"Bill," she said, "I'm going back to my mother. I'll have my baby and I'll find a job. I'm still young and I can take care of myself!"

"I'm sorry you feel this way, Marion," Bill said, "but I'll always take care of you and the baby the best way I can, whether you stay with me or not."

The ride to Los Angeles began in heavy silence. There was a smell of sage, and the stars seemed very near. Bill wondered how any one could hate the place as much as Marion did.

They were halfway to the city before Marion said anything, and when she spoke her voice was no longer angry, but small and frightened. "Bill, I feel so funny. What do you suppose it is?"

He stopped the car. "How do you feel?"

Her eyes met his. "I think it's the baby."

Bill stepped on the gas. The Ascot did its best, but before they had gone very far Marion moaned. "I'm afraid you'll have to stop, Bill."

He banged on the door of a little house. An old Mexican woman appeared. "Do you know anything about babies?"

Before she could answer he dragged her to the car. She looked at Marion with ancient comprehensive eyes. "Not much time," she muttered. "You come—help."

When it was all over Marion was wan and white, but she smiled vaguely at Bill. "Poor little boy," she murmured, "born in a car that takes chickens to market!"

Bill began to sob. "Don't, Marion, please, don't."

When Bill visited her at the hospital the next morning she looked fresh and rested. She had on a pretty pink nightgown, and Bill's flowers were on a little table at her elbow. Shyly Bill bent and kissed her. "I saw the baby," he said. "He's the best-looking baby out there—husky."

Marion laughed. "Well, he's got a pretty good-looking daddy."

Bill took her hand. "I've got something to tell you, Marion. I'm putting the ranch up for sale. You're going to be happy. I can find a job."

Marion smiled. "What that baby wants is plenty of fresh air, and when he gets a little bigger he'll want a pony to ride. I've been doing a little thinking lying here. Why don't you sell that Juggernaut we've been joy riding in and get a truck? Bill, Junior, and I will sit up in front with you."

FOR weeks the Ascot stood unnoticed in a rather hopeless corner of the used-car lot. One day a woman came down the street carrying a tiny baby. A little chap just able to toddle clung to her skirt. A chow dog with a neglected coat trotted ahead. She turned in at the used-car lot.

She was a shabbily dressed woman with reddish hair. "Something we can show you, Madam?" the salesman inquired hopefully.

The woman smiled. "No. Just for fun I'd like to look at that old Ascot. I used to have a car like that, only mine was black. That same model, though."

The salesman looked bored. Suddenly the woman with the reddish hair was annoyed. "You don't believe me, do you?"

The salesman shrugged.

"Oh, no, you don't. You think I'm just bragging. Well, I once did have a car like that. It was a wedding present."

The salesman walked away.

"Another screwy woman," he said to himself.

But except for the woman with the reddish hair no one was interested in the Ascot. The weeks stretched into months. At last they sent it over to Joe's.

THE telephone rang shrilly in Joe's little office. Joe ran to answer it. A few seconds later he stood in the doorway. "Say, hold everything on that Ascot. If you've pulled her apart put her back together again."

Pete started doing reverse things to the battery. "Why do you want us to put her together again? What's happened?"

"Combination Studios called. They want a big car to go over a cliff in a scene they're shooting to-morrow."

Dave whistled as he replaced a hub cap. "What's making you feel so chipper all of a sudden?" Pete wanted to know.

"Oh, don't you see, Pete, that's the way she ought to end—plunged to utter extinction—in a blaze of glory—all of her together!"

"Who?"

"Who? Why, the Ascot, of course! What did you think I was talking about?"

Pete removed two screws from his mouth. "Kid, are you dead sure no one ever dropped you on your head when you was a baby?"

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Child of Adventure

Continued from page 4

and she dared not trust her own judgment. She needed the word of an impartial person and decided to get it.

During the spring vacation of 1927 she took the train for New York. Since her photographic interest was definitely architectural, she decided to visit the offices of several well-known architects, who never knew that such a person as Margaret Bourke-White existed. One afternoon late, just about quarter of five, when desks were being closed for the day, she entered the office of a well-known architect and asked to see him. Word came back that he was about to leave for the day and that she would have to come back some other time.

She replied that she must see him, that it was very important, and that she was leaving town that night—she was returning to college. Impatient and hurried, he finally came out. Quickly she opened her portfolio and took out her pictures. He glanced at them and looked at her sharply. "Did you take these—yourself?" When she assured him that she did he picked up her portfolio and pictures and ushered her into his office, called in two or three of his staff, and for that day closing time was quite forgotten.

THAT was all she needed. In spite of the fact that when she graduated a job was waiting for her at the Museum of Natural History in New York City she knew that photography was to be her life-work. Herpetology had become a second interest.

College over, she went back to Cleveland and established herself in a small apartment. Her kitchen became her developing room, her breakfast nook a printing room, and her living room a reception room. She made the rounds of the architects' offices and obtained her first job. It was a new school, just finished; the surrounding grounds were still a wasteland, with pieces of old lumber and scaffolding waiting to be removed. It was not a particularly encouraging prospect.

After several hours' reconnoitering, however, she found that her most interesting picture was to be made at sunset. But the sunset was most unobliging, for it turned out to be on the wrong side of the building so there was nothing for it but to take the building at sunrise. To do this meant being on the ground at least an hour earlier, with camera focused to catch the strategic moment in the shifting panorama of the rising sun.

She knew, however, that even the glory of the sunrise could not hide the gaunt and barren aspect of the surrounding land. Not in the least daunted, she purchased a bunch of asters from a florist, placed her camera very low, and ingeniously stuck the asters in the ground directly in front of the camera. The focus caught the tops of the asters very much in the foreground. The illusion was perfect, and an amazed architect quite delighted.

In those days she took everything that came her way. One day as she was crossing a public square she saw an old darky preacher earnestly exhorting from a soap box. No one was paying the slightest attention to him. At his feet, however, a flock of pigeons pecked busily. It was a rare picture, but she was without her camera. She thought quickly. Dashing up to the old Negro, she told him if he would wait just a little longer she would come back in a few moments.

On the other side of the square was a camera-supply shop. Breathlessly she ran in and demanded the loan of a camera from the surprised proprietor. She got it. On the way back she bought a bag of peanuts. The old man was still there. Throwing peanuts to the pigeons, she set quickly to work. A small company of people gathered, attracted by her camera. She gave them peanuts to throw to the pigeons lest they fly away. And she got her picture while the old Negro preacher triumphantly proclaimed "De prodigal son returned. Praise be de Lawd."

But jobs were slow in coming and life was pretty much a hand-to-mouth existence in those days. Always a sublime faith in her work carried her along. If the morning mail brought her an overdraft of eight dollars from the bank, before the day was over she was sure to get a check for ten dollars. When life could seemingly go no lower and she wondered about the rent, fate was kind and helped her sell a couple of pictures. She was never discouraged. With the optimism of youth and a strong body she knew that if things were bad this week they would certainly be better next.

Smokestacks had an irresistible attraction for her camera. The power and fascination of industry were a constant lure, and she shot it whenever she got a chance. She was keen to do a steel mill. When every one discouraged her, desire assumed the proportion of a challenge, but opportunity continued to elude her.

Throughout the fall her work had progressed slowly, but some successful interiors of a bank brought her considerable recognition and an eventful introduction to the president of the Otis Steel Company. It was the moment for which she had been waiting. I can well imagine the amused tolerance of the gentleman as he looked at this slender slip of a young woman, little more than a girl, possessed of a strange eagerness to photograph a steel furnace.

He was quite sure, very sure in fact, that it couldn't be done; it never had been done successfully. But he fell before her enthusiasm, gave the necessary permission —and immediately went off to Europe and forgot all about her. This was probably the most fortunate circumstance that could have happened. Though a constant annoyance to the workmen, she worked without interference, and no one dared gainsay her right to be there.

NIGHT after night she was on the job, taking endless pictures. Every extra penny that she could scrape went into film and supplies. But there was no one to give her advice, and dozens of pictures went into the scrapbasket. She became very tired, very self-conscious of the impatience of the workmen, but she doggedly persisted. Finally utterly discouraged and with all sense of perspective completely gone, she had just about decided to stop, when, as it happens in romance and sometimes in life, the president of the company returned.

He was reminded of the young woman who had been taking pictures of the steel mill, and asked to see what she had done. And the tired little photographer took her last dozen out of the wastebasket, so to speak. To his utter amazement the pictures were not only good, they were beautiful; to her amazement and utter delight he expressed his appreciation by taking a dozen of them at one hundred dollars apiece and making them into a privately printed book. And Margaret Bourke-White came into her own, and life had not been lived in vain.

From that moment her camera was eagerly sought to record one type of industry after another, and she became an assured and unique figure in the photographic world. She was sent here and there; often to New York to photograph local industry. Her pictures began to figure prominently in beautiful advertisements.

THEN came an invitation from *Fortune*, that magazine of bankers, millionaires, and industrial potentates, to join its staff. She accepted, and finally, just five years ago, in November, 1929, moved to New York.

As an associate editor her pictures continue to lend no small distinction to the make-up of that exclusive magazine, and her photographic files now contain such prominent names as the Aluminum Company of America, the Van Sweringen Company, the Standard Oil Company of Ohio, the Chrysler Corporation, the Rosenbaum Grain Corporation, the William Wrigley, Jr., Company, the Swift Packing Company, and a further list too long to enumerate. Nor is it complete without adding the industries of Germany and her pictures for the Soviet government. Her files are now a rare and invaluable record of a leading industry of the world.

By this time she was successfully established in her profession. Overdrafts from the bank had long since ceased to be a regular part of everyday life. She was settled in a smart and luxurious studio looking out upon the world from the sixty-first floor of the Chrysler Building. And American industry was an established and substantial client. Many another person would have been content to rest awhile and enjoy the fruits of his or her labor.

But it was inevitable that Margaret Bourke-White should wish to go to Russia. Her constant contact with American business men and industrialists drew her quite naturally into the widespread interest in the five-year plan. Russia seemed to her a land of embryo industry; to understand its industry was to understand its people.

The unprecedented and gigantic undertaking of the five-year plan was to her a tremendous scenic drama being unrolled before the eyes of the world. Her curiosity became an overpowering force, and when in the summer of 1930 *Fortune* sent her to photograph leading industries in Germany, the trip became a stepping-stone to Russia, the land of her desire.

Her few weeks in Germany were not without great interest—and considerable adventure. She began by photographing the North German Lloyd shipping docks, and continued down through the Ruhr Valley. Her camera recorded the A. E. G., Germany's electrical trust, and was set up on the movie lots of UFA at Babblesburg. When she took pictures of the I. G. Farben Industrie she was the only living woman who had ever stepped inside the world's largest silo, one half mile long.

Once she was arrested on suspicion of being a French spy, and stayed nine hours in a small German jail while the suspicious activity of photographing industries and her nationality were being investigated. These were busy weeks, during which she photographed by day and danced by night But the undercurrent of her thought was always Russia, and the visé for which she had applied.

Eventually her work was finished, and weeks had grown long with impatient waiting finally passed. It began to seem as if she would have to return to New York without the first series of industrial pictures to come out of Russia; and then her visé came. Undaunted by weird tales and conflicting rumors, she departed for Moscow, thrilling only to the new adventure.

Once in, she had only to display her pictures, and in two days' time found herself the guest of the Soviet government, with all her expenses to be paid. Space forbids me going into the adventure of those few weeks. She herself, however, has recorded the experiences of that first trip in her own delightful book, "Eyes on Russia," with a clarity of pen that is matched only by the beauty of her pictures.

A second trip followed in the summer of 1931, and as I write the date has been set for her third sailing. By this time you well understand that Margaret Bourke-White never does anything by halves.

It is impossible to attribute the success and the beauty of Miss Bourke-White's pictures to any one characteristic. The indomitable will to see the thing through is a driving force. But the power of the locomotive must be coupled with the skill of the engineer. The faculties and talents of Margaret Bourke-White are extraordinarily well coördinated.

A keen sense of form, the intuitive power of seeing things as they really are, plus a marvelous physical endurance, transform her photographs from mere reproductions into revelations of the movement and drama of life itself. She spares neither effort nor pains. Dozens of pictures are taken to catch the one perfect moment. She is an entirely objective person. Camera in hand, the picture is the thing; self is completely forgotten.

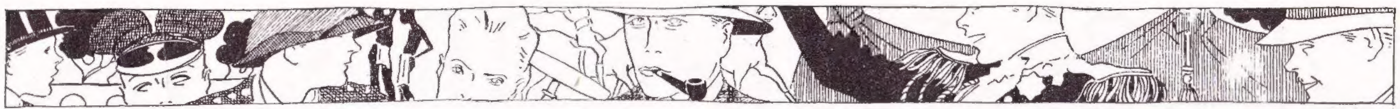
I THINK she scarcely knows the meaning of fear. Once I asked her if she were ever afraid. She had been telling me of the cold, windy day when she photographed the skeleton framework of the Chrysler Building. A thousand feet above the sidewalk and the milling crowds below, she climbed slender ladders and crawled along narrow girders to catch a dramatic angle.

"Only once," she replied in answer to my question, and I expected to hear some wild tale of clinging frantically to the moving arm of a crane, with a caldron of seething metal below.

"I had been photographing in the coal mines for several days. One day we decided to photograph in a certain section about four miles underground from the foot of the shaft. It was a very gaseous district and dangerous. Our lines were insulated and every precaution taken against explosion. Slowly and tediously we made our way. We were a long half day making the trip, but eventually we arrived, the camera was set up, focused, and all was ready for the picture. Then the switch was thrown." Here I gave a little shudder. "But it was thrown too fast, the power came on too quickly, the fuse was blown, and our light bulbs burned out.

"There was nothing particularly alarming about that until we suddenly discovered

Continued on page 63



Child of Adventure

Continued from page 62

that we did not have a single extra light bulb in our equipment. It meant the long, weary trip back again and the day over by the time we got there. Needless to say there would be no more pictures that day."

"But what was so frightening about that?" I asked with some relief.

"The miners are a very superstitious lot. If the least thing goes wrong they become sullen and fearful, and the foreman came up to me and whispered, 'If you would sing to the men I think everything would be all right.' I had never sung before anybody in my life, and I was frightened to death." And Margaret Bourke-White, to whom taking pictures in a highly explosive mine was a mere incident felt her voice tremble and her knees shake as she sang everything from "Annie Laurie" to "The Star-Spangled Banner" before a group of humble miners.

Miss Bourke-White's approach to a photographing job is very interesting. She always spends at least a day "on location" reconnoitering, familiarizing herself with the processes of the industry, studying the workers in action, and picking out interesting faces. She becomes acquainted with every detail before taking a single picture. From then on she works with an indefatigable energy that leaves those around her exhausted at the end of the day.

Miss Bourke-White, still fresh and vigorous, merely goes on to the next thing. A recent photographing sojourn at a paper mill in the Province of Quebec is typical. Here she worked under the most trying conditions in an atmosphere of dense moisture and heat. Focusing her camera in some difficult position, perhaps high, from the end of a traveling crane, she would pose her workmen and climb back to snap the picture, only to find that great drops of moisture had condensed on her lens and blurred and distorted the focus.

Before she could wipe it off, the workmen, thinking that the picture had been taken, would resume their labors. Down she would come from her trapeze to pose them once more, only to find that by the time she returned the same thing had happened again. Again and again she repeated the performance, succeeding finally at the end of two hours in taking a picture that would ordinarily require only ten minutes. A trying day, even she will admit. But no matter; she is all ready for the next adventure.

WHILE at work on this job one of the world's biggest fires took place: a tremendous pile of cut wood, a veritable small mountain a third of a mile long, was burning in unquenchable fury about sixty miles away, at the head of the Saguenay, almost the highest point of navigation in Canada and about as far north as civilized human beings are to be found. But what was sixty miles?

Jumping into a car at the end of her day in the paper mill, she arrived on the scene by twilight. The heat was intense as she climbed over the logs. She burned her shoes as she walked through the dull, hot embers to follow the path of the fire working its way into the heart of the pile. Always she was soaked, for the firemen playing the hose could not see her for the steam, and she was a constant victim of their streams.

Night after night she repeated this performance, tearing into the twilight after the day's work and back again at midnight, adding one more thrilling experience to all that had gone before.

Perhaps you wonder why she felt it necessary to go back so many times. In just a night or two it might seem as if she might take enough beautiful pictures to satisfy even a Bourke-White. Let me tell you a secret, one which I am proud to say I am the very first person permitted to divulge. Margaret Bourke-White has gone on to the next thing; she is taking movies, and that fire represented to her fast-clicking film exactly what seven years ago the Otis Steel Company meant to her still camera—a chance to show what she could do.

It is an idea that she has been thinking about seriously for several years; one that she has been saving up for her old age, so she tells me. Not that she thinks she has reached that point yet. But several months ago she saw a particularly poor industrial movie and she felt that she could wait no longer.

The average industrial film is a prosaic affair, literal and unimaginative. Margaret Bourke-White feels that by injecting into her moving film the same dramatic quality that she achieves in her stills she can make the industrial film not only beautiful but far more helpful. She maintains that both its artistic and educational success depend not only on good photography but also upon the rhythm with which the film is pieced together. The camera must catch each separate phase as significantly as possible, but one must use the glue pot and scissors to give the feeling of the whole. The dramatic sequence is just as important as in the story film; consequently in the editing lies the final touch of artistry.

SHE is still in the experimental stage, but progressing rapidly. Ceaselessly she searches for grist for her mill; every spare moment and all her spare cash are invested in this newest of adventures. I have seen two of her reels, one of them the fire. They are films of extraordinary beauty and absorbing interest. It will not be long—perhaps even by the time that you read this—that you who frequent the moving-picture theater will be able to see for yourself the incomparable beauty and dramatic significance of industry as unrolled by a Margaret Bourke-White film.

But back of this singleness of purpose, this superabsorption in a more than man-size job, is in reality a very normal feminine young woman. Step into her studio for a few moments. You may find her eagerly running through one of her new reels, studying it very thoughtfully. On the radio-victrola over in the corner Stokowski is conducting his Philadelphia Orchestra through a Brahms symphony. She is very fond of music; intelligently and genuinely appreciative of its real beauty. You would expect her to like Stravinsky. She does, very much, but she prefers the romantic composers.

On the terrace outside, in silent companionship with a Chrysler gargoyle, two small alligators and a box turtle or two bask in a metropolitan sun or consume their daily lettuce. In the studio exotic little fishes swim in a sophisticated aquarium, which is one of the chief decorative features of the room. It is placed high above a small bar or cellarette.

Wide, satin-like bands of stainless steel frame the glass; the bottom is lined with glass pebbles in blues and greens; a huge piece of deep sea-green crystal is flanked by glass cylinders of varying heights. At night electric bulbs, which are concealed beneath the bottom, illuminate the tank with prismatic brilliance.

THE decoration of the studio is characteristic—modern to a degree. Any other background would seem incongruous and absurd for one who thrills so to every adventure of modernism and is so stanch a champion of its cause. John Vassos, one of our most modern artists, was its decorator. Functional furniture of tawny walnut, cabinets for photographs chiefly, bookshelves of maple and plate glass, the radio of maple and walnut, fit into a background formed by rose-colored carpet, warm tan walls, and oyster-white ceiling. Green and tan curtains are at the window.

A dramatic note is thrust into the picture by an aluminum-metal chair upholstered in green fabrikoid. The room is rich in its color contrast, play of texture and grain of wood, and many books. Outside the studio is a private foyer, and an office where an efficient secretary takes complete charge of all details. There are the other necessary rooms for the pursuit of photography, rooms designed by Miss Bourke-White herself.

Here the technical details of her picture work are executed by an assistant. Sun pours in at the window. The din of the tremendous city below reaches them like a gentle murmur. Sometimes they are isolated, alone, completely enveloped in cloud; again the dramatic play of the approaching thunderstorm is unrolled before their very eyes.

Married? I knew some one would ask that question before I got through. No—not even in love. Except with life itself. Ask her about it and she will tell you that she hasn't time. But she has many friends, for she is fun-loving and gay, and adores dancing. She thinks she enjoys it more than anything else next to her photography, but it doesn't stand a chance when the call comes to go to the Canadian wilds, or to the Chicago stockyards, or to photograph the government's newest dirigible—she was the official photographer of the *Akron* and caught her train on ten minutes' notice when the call came.

And smart! She buys all her clothes in Paris. Marcel Rochas is her *couturière*. When she leaves Russia she gives away all her clothes to the Russian girls that she knows and that are pathetically eager for pretty things, and comes away with just her traveling togs. On her way home to America she stops in Paris and stocks up. And she is as keen about clothes as she is about everything else. The excitement of getting something new and pretty becomes the adventure of the moment when that time comes.

BUT Margaret Bourke-White doesn't actually think of life in terms of adventure. It is her eagerness to be in on its making, a splendid curiosity, that makes adventure an inevitable result. It is a logical by-product, as it were, of an extraordinary and vivid personality. What she has achieved is hers by no mere luck. Hard work, a quick eye, a constant readiness for opportunity have brought rich and varied experience as its reward. You feel it in her work. It sparkles in her eye. It glorifies the path that lies ahead and forecasts a brilliant future.

True, the world has a way of opening up before her—from a well-known New York department store which kept its staff on duty an hour after closing time while she shopped at the eleventh-and-a-half hour for clothes for her first trip to Europe—she had been photographing till the last minute—to visit the Soviet government. But that is all hers by right of achievement. And all the world loves a quick smile and a thrilling tale.

Prices of Patterns

These patterns may be obtained at stores throughout the world, or they will be mailed at the price mentioned, postage free, if you write Pictorial Review at any of the following addresses: 222 West 39th Street, New York; 560 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal.; 417-423 Camp St., New Orleans, La.; 206 S. Market St., Chicago, Ill.; 489 College St., Toronto 4, Ontario, Canada; 3-5-7-9 Heddon St., Regent St., London, W. 1, England.

No.	Cts.	Prices in United Kingdom s.d.	No.	Cts.	Prices in United Kingdom s.d.
6725	45	2/–	7462	25	1/–
6733	25	1/–	7463	25	1/–
6805	35	1/6	7464.L.H.	50	2/–
6924	30	1/3	7466	35	1/6
7055	45	2/–	7467.L.W	50	2/–
7066	30	1/3	7468	25	1/–
7161	35	1/6	7470.L.W	50	2/–
7241	25	1/–	7473	35	1/6
7265	35	1/6	7474	25	1/–
7291	50	2/–	7475	35	1/6
7334	25	1/–	7476	25	1/–
7370	25	1/–	7477	25	1/–
7409.L. W	50	2/–	7478	25	1/–
7430	25	1/–	7480	50	2/–
7433	25	1/–	7481	50	2/–
7435	25	1/–	7483	50	2/–
7444	50	2/–	7486	50	2/–
7456	45	2/–	7487	$1.00	4/–
7459	25	1/–	7490	$1.00	4/–
7460.L.H.	45	2/–	7491	50	2/–

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by the Act of March 3, 1933, of PICTORIAL REVIEW, published monthly at New York, New York, for October 1, 1934.

STATE OF NEW YORK }ss.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK}

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Fred Lewis, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the PICTORIAL REVIEW, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher—LAURELTON CORPORATION, 214-226 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

Editor—HERBERT R. MAYES, 214-226 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

Managing Editor—NONE.

Business Manager—FRED LEWIS, 214-226 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: LAURELTON CORPORATION, 214-226 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

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(Signed) FRED LEWIS,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me
this 28th day of September, 1934.

[SEAL] ABNER GERMANN,

Notary Public, Queen's County Clerk's No. 508. Queen's County Register's No. 4570. New York County Clerk's No. 656.

My commission expires March 30, 1936.

The PACE OF THE ARTS

A Monthly Survey of Events in the Creative World

CURTAIN GOING UP. Life may begin at all sorts of times and places, but "Life Begins at 8:40" in the brilliant world of the stage, and the mildly amusing musical revue that called the matter to our attention, announced that another hopeful season was on its way. Those salty sinners "Rabelais, De Maupassant, Boccaccio *and* Balzac," who songfully lament that they've grown tepid in these torrid times, aroused some hearty laughter that had to keep up the spirits of playgoers as they sped from one opening night to another, carrying only their theater programs and regrets home with them. Even such playwrights as Elmer Rice and Owen Davis failed to make a hit. But the producers are just warming up, and if the advance notices mean anything, there will soon be a rush of successes.

TONIT
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SEC
mary highsmith

FOOTLIGHT ADVENTURES FOR YOUNG FOLK. While mothers and fathers at the breakfast table are holding post mortems over last night's show, the junior members of the family counter with a barrage of conversation about their own footlight adventures. Two theaters for the younger generation have gotten under way in New York City. Taking a lesson from Russia and Germany, where full-fledged commercially artistic entertainment for children has become a part of the scheme of things, American entrepreneurs have planned a season including plays, motion pictures, concerts featuring folk dancing and folk music, indoor circuses, trained animal acts, and illustrated lectures.

The Heckscher Foundation once tried to establish a theater for children, but the attempt ended in failure. Clare Tree Major has, of course, for a number of years been successful, in a small way, with children's plays, traveling as far south as Virginia and the Carolinas. Perhaps the time is ripe at last for a real theater for young America, and we have the beginnings of what will become a national enterprise.

WOMEN WRITERS LEAD LISTS. The hopelessness of wresting a living from mortgaged land plays its part in molding the personalities and directing the fate of the *Haldmarnes* in "Now in November." After ten years on the farm, *Marget* reviews their life—their passionate and significant experiences—some ending in insanity and death. Always sensitive to smells, sounds, and colors, *Marget's* life is permeated with her love for the land itself, "changing and beautiful in a thousand ways each hour." Yet her story is one of character—of her worried and irritated father, of her long-suffering mother, of her highly strung and willful sister *Kerrin*, of the apple-cheeked younger sister *Merle*, of *Grant Koven*, strong, solid as bedrock. *Kerrin* and *Marget* are in love with *Grant*. He loves only *Merle*.

"Now in November" is poetic—but none the less virile and dramatic. The toughness and cruelty and beauty of life are compounded and presented in rhythmic, simple style that is so sincere it sears the consciousness with a never-to-be-forgotten impression. Josephine Johnson is twenty-four. This is her first novel.

Ethel Boileau's "When Yellow Leaves" is published while her preceding book, "The Gay Family," is still on best-seller lists. Of the two we liked "The Gay Family" better. Both are stories of English family life. "When Yellow Leaves" portrays the life of a country squire and the sanctity of tradition in contrast to the American millionaire who thought everything had a price tag. Although this is excellent reading, Miss Boileau has written a more original and a more human book in "The Gay Family." A modern mother finds tradition and the younger generation in conflict. Yet her womanly wisdom is able to encompass both. Written as informally as a personal journal, it is the self-revelation of a witty and charming woman.

For something very remote from your own personal experience pick up "Black God," by D. Manners-Sutton. You will be transported to the African Congo, where superstition and the black man's magic are invaded by the white man's civilization. *M'Kato*, at the command of a witch doctor, sat for twenty years on the bank of Little River, watching and waiting for a chance to get revenge on his enemy. Seemingly intent on his own affairs, he sees the coming of the missionaries, the building of a hospital, the white elephant hotel, and a ferry across the river. Ironically enough, it was an official in Brussels who brought his enemy within his range, only for the river to snatch away. Miss Manners-Sutton has lived in the Congo, and has a deep respect for the mysterious ways of the black man.

CHILDREN'S BOOK WEEK is a national institution that will celebrate its sixteenth anniversary this November. The publishers seem to have survived the slump, and offer many gay volumes by old stand-bys and newcomers in the field. It is a good omen when two such distinguished adult authors as L. A. G. Strong and Phil Stong write juvenilia. Mr. Strong has written a historical story for boys, "King Richard's Land," with the same charm and simplicity that characterized "The Garden."

Maud and Miska Petersham have done another book about *Miki*—this time "Miki and Mary" go on a grand tour, designed especially for children.

Our favorites among the new books are the animal stories. Phil Stong and Kurt Wiese present in story and in pictures the varied interests and joys of an American farm. A prominent character is that haughty hog, *Blue Boy*, of "State Fair" fame.

"Midget and Bridget" are two wild and frolicsome burros from Mexico who lead adventurous lives on the plains, in cities, and in the army. The Berta and Elmer Hader books now run into the dozens, and this last one, "Midget and Bridget," is one of their best.

Two books for the very youngest are "Nicodemus" and "The Little Black Pig," by Inez Hogan. This new "Nicodemus," mostly pictures, is as amusing and as full of fun as his earlier exploits. A satisfactory book to spread out on the nursery floor is "The Travels of Babar," which is about the king of the elephants and his wife—a translation from the French.

The novelty of the year and probably the best seller is the "Mickey Mouse Waddle Book." It is unbelievable that paper walks, but Walt Disney's famous characters leave their pages at the flip of a finger and waddle down a scenic runway.

fairy Tales
KIDDIE'S BOOK SHOP
STORIES

BARRET
OF
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23-29

"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET." Love enters the house of the *Barretts* in the Wimpole Street of an 1845 London, and has again proved the old adage that love laughs at locksmiths, for it has come in the *Barrett* household despite the sternly cruel watchful rule of a selfish, half-mad, tyrannical father whose selfishness and parental code demand of his sons and daughters implicit, unquestioning obedience to the fount of authority and knowledge. Obedience he has secured, but it is only on the surface. Under it all he has established only fear of himself, and has sown the seeds of alienation, unspoken disrespect, and hatred.

Into such an atmosphere there came the poems of *Robert Browning*, followed by an exchange of letters with *Elizabeth Barrett*, the favorite daughter of old *Barrett*. And in those poems and letters were the things which even this fanatic father could not prevent from blossoming and bearing fruit—one of the sweetest romances the world has ever known.

Between *Elizabeth* and *Robert* the word "love" was really unnecessary, so natural and so predestined did everything seem to be. But that was because they understood each other even before they actually met for the first time in that delightful interlude of which *Browning* himself said: "We have spoken but a few minutes, and in that time we have touched upon life and death and friendship and have almost quarreled." And both laughed in happy understanding of each other and of the things which made such understanding possible.

If "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" does nothing else it serves to put a halter upon the superb English menace to the American screen actor—Charles Laughton. For once, and in a part which furnishes every opportunity to do so, Charles Laughton does not run away with the picture. Instead, with the feeling of a true artist in the building of a perfect thing, he has fitted his character snugly within its own particular niche instead of seeking personal honors. And that, alas, still leaves him more than ever a superb English menace to the American screen actor.

The picture which Laughton paints of *Edward Moulton Barrett*, the father, is etched in fine lines upon a background of indomitable will, self-pity, hypocritical love, and an insincere, word-of-note religious complex. Laughton knew his character and painted him without flattery or pity. He gives none and asks for none.

Are there words fine enough to speak of the two who finally put a stop to Mr. Laughton's unconscious "stealing" of pictures—Norma Shearer and Fredric March? We fear that any praise which we can bestow will be totally inadequate to express the appreciation we have felt at their performance.

Norma Shearer has never had a part which called for so much understanding and artistry. To her everlasting credit let it be said that no actress has yet so completely, so sincerely depicted the soul of her character by outward utterance and action as has Miss Shearer.

And of Fredric March as *Robert Browning* we can say no more and no less, for he was called upon to contribute in exactly the same measure of the same things. And failed not once.

The film bears all the earmarks of much thought and work before the cameraman was even called upon to be present. Every word of dialogue, every scene, every sequence is well planned and falls easily and gracefully into the allotted place. The build-up of atmosphere and character is gradual, unhurried, logical. Perfect coöperation among all concerned is quite apparent; there is no striving for individual glory. It is the work of unselfish artists creating a truly inspiring work under the guidance of an inspired and keen, directing mind, Sidney Franklin. Surely this well deserves the title of being "a perfect picture."

A lady from Oklahoma writes

Copr. 1934, The Bon Ami Co.

"after eleven years

my stove is just as bright and clean as the day I cooked my first meal on it"

"Eleven years ago we purchased a new enameled range, trimmed in nickel plate and white porcelain," writes a housewife* from Oklahoma. *"Being a newly-wed, I took mother's advice and used absolutely nothing else but Bon Ami in keeping my stove clean. Now, after eleven years of housekeeping, the porcelain and nickel plate are just as bright and pretty and clean, as the day I cooked my first meal on it!"*

This letter is typical of many we receive. They come entirely unsolicited. Women just have such a genuine liking for Bon Ami that they enjoy telling us about it. They appreciate Bon Ami because it protects surfaces—preserves all the original lustre and beauty. They're grateful because Bon Ami doesn't redden their hands. And they like working with Bon Ami because it's so soft, white and fine . . . so odorless . . . so efficient and speedy a cleanser.

Use Bon Ami for your bathtubs—for your kitchen sink—*for everything around the house.* It's the finest cleanser you can buy!

*(Name and address of writer upon request.)

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HOW SPENDING 24 ORE ON FLOUR

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No more "Dime-Wise, Dollar-Foolish Buying"... No more Baking Failures FOR MRS. PORTER

Mrs. Carleton D. Porter VICKSBURG, MICHIGAN

Urges Women Who Want an Easier, Simpler and Surer—Hence More Efficient, More Economical—Way to Baking Success to Adopt the New "Kitchen-tested" Method

IT ISN'T the cost of the flour that counts—it's the cost of the cakes, pies, etc. that fail that's expensive. If you want an easier, simpler and surer—hence, more efficient, more economical—way to baking success, then you are urged to adopt the "Kitchen-tested" method so many women are switching to. You'll agree with Mrs. Carleton D. Porter, 414 East Division Street, Vicksburg, Michigan, who, after trying a cheaper flour, wrote Betty Crocker:

"I was tempted to buy a 24½ lb. sack of flour which cost 24c less than GOLD MEDAL. But I soon found I was being penny wise and pound foolish. Because when I made a cherry pie which was my husband's favorite, I didn't even dare serve it to him, it was so bad.

"Since then I learned from a domestic science lecturer that the cost of the pie that failed was 55c. I also learned that the cost of 1½ cups of flour used to make the crust for the pie was only about 1½c. The same amount of GOLD MEDAL "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour would have cost only about 1.8c or only .3 of a cent more. And I'd have had successful results.

"Putting it another way, instead of saving 24c on the sack of flour, I lost 55c on the one cherry pie alone. And the 95c that I paid for the 24½ lb. sack of flour was in my opinion entirely wasted since I could not use this flour for my bakings. Therefore, including both the cost of the pie and the flour, I actually lost $1.50 by trying a false saving policy."*

What Mrs. Porter has found, you, too, will find when you change to GOLD MEDAL "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour.

A More Efficient, More Economical Way

By the development of a new type of flour—GOLD MEDAL "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour—baking has been remarkably simplified. *And the principal cause of costly baking failures banished*—lack of uniformity in the flour used.

GOLD MEDAL "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour means flour, made from the finest wheat grown, that has been tested in an ordinary oven, just like yours, for *uniformity of results*, BEFORE it goes to you. Every batch tested scientifically for perfect results in baking cakes, pies, pastries, breads, by a number of experts directed by the noted GOLD MEDAL "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour cooking authority, Betty Crocker.

The 15 recipes for "Foods Men Rave About" (*given free inside every size sack and changed every three months*) are likewise "Kitchen-tested" for simplicity, economy and perfect results.

Thus, the flour acts the same way, the recipes the same way every time you bake. No guesswork, no uncertainty. And—no costly failures. The most efficient, most economical way to baking success.

Betty Crocker SHOWS

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*Cost of shortening, eggs, milk, chocolate, candied fruit, nuts, Gold Medal "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour, and other ingredients for 4 batches of Holiday Cookies	$1.2255
Value of Your Own Time (2 hrs. and 25 min. at 35c per hr.) and Fuel Cost (estimated at $.0811)	.9269
Total	$2.1524
Cost of 7-3/8 Cups of Gold Medal "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour	$ .1129
Cost of 7-3/8 Cups of 25% Cheaper Flour	.0848
Difference Between Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour and Cheaper Flour	$ .0281

★ *Average cost of ingredients based on prices obtained during the week ended April 28, 1934, in New York, Chicago and San Francisco, reviewed and confirmed by Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Co., Accountants and Auditors, Minneapolis, Minn.*

Do you wonder now why in one month alone 282,268 women switched to GOLD MEDAL "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour?

Now—if you want to test GOLD MEDAL "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour before buying, we will send you enough with the recipe to make the cookies shown here, free and postpaid. Simply write to address below.

Try GOLD MEDAL "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour with the Holiday Cookies shown here. (This recipe and 14 others given free *inside every size sack*.) Get a sack at any grocery store.

*This is only one of thousands of similar letters voluntarily written to Betty Crocker every year. 1329

DEPT. PR-12, WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY
of
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Children and Grown-ups Both Love These Supremely Delicious Holiday Cookies, Made This Failure-Proof Way

When you want a delicious cake or pastry, or any kind of bread, remember the easiest way of all is to order it from your grocer or your baker direct. Your baker today, with truly professional skill, transforms wheat, our outstanding energy food, into delicious nutritious foods for your table. Abundant energy, such as these baked wheat foods give, is essential to Vitality. Thus, your baker provides your family with

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PRICE 15¢
Eventually
Why Not Now?

Note the Betty Crocker Recipe Folder containing 15 recipes for "Foods Men Rave About" given Free inside every size sack. Back cover of this folder is Gold Medal Silverware Coupon good for Wm. Rogers & Son Fine Quality Silverware.

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

DECEMBER, 1934
PICTORIAL REVIEW
TEN CENTS